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ROBERT DUNLOP SMITH



F. Duley Smith.

ROBERT DUNLOP SMITH

1892-1917

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"TO
HIS BROTHER AND SISTERS

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PART I.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE YEARS.

YOUR brother, Beppo, was born on the 25th September, 1892, at 91 Fountainhall Road, Aberdeen. This date has always been a signal one in our family—from that Sunday when our second little son came to us, through all the years when his birthday, generally combined with Maisie's, was made the point of some happy celebration. It was often spent in the country, and a birthday at Kingussie in 1895 when three little candles lighted his cake, a lovely autumn day on Loch Lomond, and some beautiful days by the sea at Ballantrae stand out vividly in my mind.

In 1915 a new and sacred meaning became attached to that date—for it was then, at the battle of Loos, that George, your eldest brother, fell when charging at the head of his platoon of the Gordon Highlanders. When that fateful morning broke over the trenches in France, during the hours of waiting to start the attack, I feel sure that George would remember the birthday of his brother away in India.

On the anniversary of this day in 1916, Beppo sent us a beautiful silver frame for his brother's photograph, with the inscription "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori". Before the anniversary came round again he had joined his beloved brother. And now the day is one of double association and remembrance to us.

In recalling their early years, it is impossible to think of Beppo apart from George. He was devoted to his elder brother, and his one aim was to do what "Dodo" did, and to follow where he led. His first words were "Me too," and his father used to call him "the little echo".

When he was little more than two months old—having been christened in Queen's Cross Church by our dear friend the Reverend

David Eaton, under the name Robert Dunlop Smith—our home was moved from Aberdeen to Glasgow, on your father's appointment to the professorship of Hebrew in the Free Church College. Glasgow was for eighteen years the background of our lives, and as they grew up our boys shared in our interests, and made abundant ones of their own, in that dear friendly city.

Our friends of those early days remember Beppo's charm as a little boy—the pleading look in his blue eyes, and his courteous little manners. With these he combined a remarkable amount of persistence and determination. Throughout his life he retained these qualities of charm and persistence, and when, in later years, they were joined to a steadfast Christian faith, the result was a character of great strength and beauty.

The little name “Beppo” descended upon him when Maisie was born and he was no longer “baby”. It was the suggestion of Miss Maud Marwick, sister of Mrs. John Burnet, with whom the two little boys were staying at Rosaburn, Brodick. Somehow it so suited the little fellow that it stuck to him all his life. I remember how, in his school days, we made a valiant effort to call him Dunlop and succeeded for a time—till at the Academy sports, when he was running the mile race and nearing the goal, we heard the whole school shouting “run, Beppo”. And the name then stamped by the affection of the school was continued to the end of his days.

If Beppo was devoted to his big brother, he was no less so to his little sister. In all their games he found a place for her. George might be the engine-driver, Beppo the guard, but the train was not complete without Maisie as passenger. Or the two boys would lead opposing armies, and Maisie was the umpire, or the prize for the winner. Or he was the army-doctor (his ambition in those days !) and she the nurse. This happy companionship became stronger and more devoted with the years, and Maisie's welfare was always a matter very close to her brother's heart.

In 1900 Beppo followed George to school at the Glasgow Academy. A finer school or school staff it would be hard to find. Its esprit-de-corp and school friendships were among the strongest influences in the lives of both the boys, and they upheld its traditions with the utmost loyalty.

As a scholar, Beppo was remarkably slow, generally coming out bottom of his class. When asked one day what he had got inside that thick skull and shock of fair hair, he replied, "Bones and funny things". It certainly did not seem as if brains took up too large a proportion. He was constantly getting into trouble because he would see the funny side of things, and try to turn his answers into a joke for the amusement of the class. He was friendly and popular, as time went on he developed resolution and purpose, and in his slow progress up the school he became one of its most trusted members, and at last gained not only the coveted velvet cap of the 1st XV. but also the prefect's badge. One of his teachers wrote us on his death : "Beppo has always been, and must remain, I think, to me, absolutely the most lovable boy I have ever known. It was my great privilege to see much of him at the most formative period of his character-making—though I knew, of course, he took his radical decisions for good much earlier—and it seemed to me that his mother's report of him that she and you had never known him to lose his temper summed him up on his most distinctive side. Never did he meet my hardest words of criticism without his loving smile. How could anyone fail to love him? . . . I shall cherish his dear memory as long as my own memory lasts. I should have been very proud of such a son." Another writes : "The Dunlop who rises to my mind is the frank-faced eager boy, with the wondering eyes and the lovable nature, who puzzled and attracted me many years ago".

During his school life he passed through a crisis such as many boys must have experienced, and we only knew of it long after, through letters which he wrote to a boy who at another school, several years later, was passing through a similar experience. These letters reveal, not only his own difficulty but so much of the strength of character which he attained that I copy them almost in full. They were written from Caen in Normandy, where he spent a few months before going to Sandhurst. He was then nineteen.

Sunday, Nov. 19, 1911.

"I'm so sorry, old chap. I have felt very miserable about it, and have thought of nothing else all day—I've been through it all. I shall tell you of it now. It happened this way. Once I had a fight with another

chap who completely beat me, and then made me terrified of him and kept on bullying me day after day till life became simply awful. The cad not only terrified and bullied me but made me pay him money. Every day he tormented me. I shall never forget it. I longed to leave school and get away from him. I know exactly what awful misery you are having. Do you know how I got rid of it? I prayed God for help. I prayed Him to give me courage and strength. I also—for if we wish help from God we must do our best to help ourselves as well—did many exercises to make me strong; and at last, after about two years, I was given courage and strength. I fought him again, and was from that moment free.

“Now that awful misery did me a tremendous amount of good really—though it is difficult when you are in the midst of it to believe it. First and foremost it taught me to seek help from God when I was in trouble, and it was through it that I had such a happy time for the last few years at school. Nobody ever had happier schooldays than those of my later years.

“Now I have told you this—which only two other people know about—for two reasons: (1) to show you that I know what your beastly unhappiness is like; (2) to give you courage to try and conquer it. All you say in your letter is that you are unhappy. I’m glad you’ve not started off telling tales. You’ve been fighting bravely against it by yourself and done your best. But now it has become unbearable and you want to leave. Well, now that it has come to this, I don’t consider that you would be ‘cliping’ just to give a straight honest account of it, without needing to mention any names.

“What I want to say to you is this. Stick to it. Pray God for help and this will certainly come. You are at present being tried by God to see what you are worth. It says in the Bible somewhere that God tries most those He loves best and those He has a special work for in the future. I know it’s beastly difficult to understand, but you try. Those whom God tempts most, if they resist the temptation, become the strongest. So you, old Boy, have to stand this trial, and you will come out strong and happy in the end if you do. My advice at present is, Stick to it, dear Boy, and it’ll come all right in the end. I shall always pray that you may be helped.”

In another letter on the same subject he says to the younger boy :

“ You have just given me the bare facts, without any details. However, I think I can fill them in myself. The first thing to consider is what sort of a fellow this bully is. Second, why he has got complete control over the juniors ; third, why he specially detests you ; and fourth, what is the best thing to be done. These are the points I have gathered and thought over to-day. I don’t know this bully, but I have known others, and all bullies are more or less alike in some respects. I take him to be a big, strong-looking chap, always ready to boast, and hated as well as feared by most of the fellows. He is more than this, however. Although he may have plenty of show of bravery, he is at heart a funk. He may be strong-looking, but I don’t think he is really very strong. He has the build of a strong chap, and could very easily be made strong, but he prefers bullying and pleasures that keep him from being really strong. However this may be, of one thing I am certain—that he is at heart a funk.

“ So much for the boy himself—but now, why has he got such a control over the Juniors? It is because he looks so big and strong, because he makes a great outward show of bravery, and perhaps because he beat a fellow in a fight (yourself perhaps) because that fellow only attacked him in a half-hearted way, and did not put his whole spirit into it. Now as to why he detests you specially. Well, I hope it is for this reason—because you are sticking up for what is right. He, I’ve little doubt, does many things that you rightly won’t have anything to do with, and tells beastly unclean stories that you, of course, object to ; and it is because you have shown that you don’t like such things that he detests you, and worries you especially. Now is not all what I’ve said pretty near what it really is? I think so, and I’m now going to say what I think is the best thing to do.

“ In the time of Queen Elizabeth, Spain was a far greater country than England. Spain bullied England. England tried to get free. Spain with its huge Armada which looked so tremendous and strong tried to bully England into subjection. The small English fleet, determined to free England, offered battle to the ‘invincible’ Armada. You know the result. It was because our sailors fought with desperation for freedom. The English fleet of 30 ships fighting for freedom and religion defeated the Spanish fleet—the bully—of 140 ships.

“ Napoleon always wished to bully England. With troops ten times

as great as our own, and much more famous, he invaded Spain for that purpose. 'I shall chase the English armies from Spain,' he said. However, in the end, it was the English with the inferior number of forces—but forces that were irresistible because they were fighting for liberty—that drove him out of Spain, and ultimately, greatly re-inforced, utterly defeated him—the bully—at Waterloo.

"Why did the Americans beat us and gain their independence? Because we were the bully and they were fighting for freedom, and yet every one thought we were so much the more powerful. All through history the cause of freedom has prevailed. The bully looks the more powerful, but freedom and right are bound to have their way in the end.

"And why not in your case? Your bully is like the Spanish Armada with plenty of show of strength and courage. You've got to be like the English Fleet, strong because you fight for liberty and determined not to give in. It's for you to summon up courage—such as those few bold freedom-loving sailors had to summon up. And it is for you to free yourself and the Junior School from this torment. You can do it, and you must do it. The next time he troubles you, tell him you are not going to stand it, and that you'll fight him. It'll surprise him, and surprise is one of the things that can strike fear into a man. . . . If you tell him in a strong determined way that you won't stand any more, it will take some of the confidence out of him, and shatter his nerve, while it will then, in the real fight, be left to you to shatter the rest of him till he gives in. Go in at him, and keep in at him, keep cool, hit hard, don't funk, never mind the hits you get. Remember he's not the only one that can hit. You can hit also, and whoever endures the longest wins. There is no reason why, fighting with right on your side, you should not, in your desperation for freedom, absolutely smash him up; but even if you can't manage this, you can do him harm, and you can hold out longer than he with your determination. The examples I gave you were from history, but if you wish an example of a case almost similar to your own, you have mine. The fight was arranged to take place after school, so it was thought about for the whole day. Shortly before the fight, the bully whom I had lived in terror of so long, and who everybody expected would absolutely slosh me, asked me if I wouldn't just make it up with him, and tried to back out of the

fight. That shows the funk, and how surprise helped. In the end, I, fighting for freedom, and contrary to every one's expectations, beat him. You do the same now. Consider the fight over. First of all, let us say (what I don't believe will be the case) that you've had the worst of it. If you have taken the beating badly and cried, there is no denying that your life will be miserable after it. But why should this be so, when you, with all your great desire of liberty ready to explode, can vent whole-heartedly your wrath against this bully. Still suppose you've had the worst of it and taken your beating like a man, and still stick up for what is right. Remember he's been hurt as well as you, and though he feels he's beaten you, and may pretend he's ready to fight you again, he isn't really ; and also by keeping up a brave front against him you will have as your supporters very many of the Junior School, and he won't be so ready to bully it in the future.

“ Now suppose the fight finished with honours even—he will certainly not want to fight again. He will try to make out that he's had the best of it, but don't you let him. Show him you're ready to fight again, and most of the Juniors will be on your side.

“ Now, best of all, you've beaten him—and I pray God that this result may come—he may try to make out he's not been beaten. Don't you let him. Show him you are not going to stand his bullying and wrong-doing in the Junior School. You will have almost all the other fellows with you. And thus having beaten him, you will have freedom, and with that will come friends, and you will come to thoroughly enjoy your school life.

“ Now about the Masters.—Don't care a hang for them, get the fight over, and if they find out afterwards, never mind but tell no tales. Say you'd rather not speak about it. They may cane you, but that will not matter. At any rate, your freedom is got cheap by a caning.

“ One thing more ; if you win, don't get sidey or brag about it. That's the way to make enemies and bring about unhappiness. Don't think yourself better than the other fellows. You're not, only you've been given a chance that they haven't.”

From these letters it might be thought that Beppo was a very serious-minded boy, but no one who knew him in his schoolboy days or later could ever accuse him of such a virtue ! His next letter to his young friend was about his football. “ So glad you did well against —.

Splendid—that's fine—you'll become a great player yet. Always play as hard as you can—never funk, do the work of two men, and you'll make a good forward."

His own school record was certainly not one of being too serious. His friends remember him mostly by his laugh, and by his athletic achievements. At the annual sports he was a well-known figure, entering keenly into all competitions. In 1908 and 1909 he won the 2nd and 3rd prizes for the mile race, in 1909 and 1910 he came in first and second respectively in the quarter-mile, while in 1911 he won the prize for the Academicals for the mile.

At football he played full-back ; in 1908-9 and 1909-10 he was in the 2nd and 1st XV. respectively, and the cherished caps of those years went with him to India, along with his Academical scarf and blazer. He always took the keenest pride in the school's football record. In a letter from Caen in November, 1911, he writes :—

"I hear from Dougal the splendid news that the Academicals beat the Watsonians on Saturday by 3 points to 0. It is grand, as the Watsonians have been the unbeaten champions of Scotland for two years—and now we and Edinburgh University are about the only unbeaten teams this year—while two Saturdays ago Edinburgh University only drew with Watsonians, so I think we stand a good chance of the championship. It will be fine if we get it. It is so funny to think I know so many of the fellows in the Accie team now, which I used to regard as a selection of demi-gods! Ronald Allan is the back of the four three-quarters. I know Charlie Andrew, of course, Stout, and Laird who was Captain of the School four years ago, a younger brother of George Laird. While I also know Gibson, a student of the U.F. College, who sometimes plays. The two halves were at one time in my class at school—Leggett and Sandeman. While among the forwards I know George McEwen and Templeton well and the others slightly."

From India, afterwards, he wrote as eagerly of the doings of the Academy and the Academicals. And later he studied the Roll of Honour and the Casualty lists with the same deep devotion and intense pride in his old school.

I have dwelt so fully upon his schooldays because they meant so much to him. He did not follow George to Glasgow University, although in 1909 and 1910 he had qualified for entrance to the Medical



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Curriculum by passing the necessary examinations. His success in these somewhat surprised us ; it was due, with some help from extra tuition—for which we owe much to Miss Martha McGill—to the dogged persistence which always characterised him.

But though he had passed the examinations for entrance to the University, we found that his heart was set upon becoming a soldier, and that he had only refrained from pressing his wishes because he knew the expense would be a difficulty to us. When it was decided that he should try for Sandhurst he worked harder than ever, though not at first with great success. However, he persevered, and in the summer of 1911 he heard that he had passed the Sandhurst entrance examination.

During his time at the Academy, he had been, like George, a Cadet in the school contingent of the Officers Training Corps under the instruction of Major Couper. No one could have more eagerly undergone the training, or more heartily enjoyed the work and the Camps in connection with it, than he did. Major Couper says of him, “ In everything he said and did genuineness of character and freedom from all evil or deceit were constantly manifest ”.

Those school years, from 1900 to 1910, cannot be dismissed without recalling some of the family events and the holidays of that same period. The most serious event of our family life took place in 1903 when your father went to America to deliver some courses of lectures, but was laid low with typhoid fever, and for a time there was doubt of his recovery. I went out to look after him, and the two schoolboys, aged twelve and ten respectively, were left in Glasgow with our kindest of friends, Dr. and Mrs. McVail. Never shall I forget telling the two little fellows that their father was ill, and I must leave them that very moment to go to America—their anxiety for their father, and their bewildered faces, then their determination to be brave and give me no trouble. And how great was their joy when months afterwards their father returned, recovered of his illness, though still very far from strong.

There came another separation the following winter, when your father and I went to India. He had tried to resume his work in Glasgow, but had broken down ; the doctors ordered him to a warmer climate, and our kind generous friends in Glasgow had made it possible for him to get away.

We were away for six months, and I believe that our letters from

India, and accounts of it on our return, had much to do with starting Beppo's desire to go there some day.

It was in the year of Father's illness—1903—that we moved from 22 Sardinia Terrace to 40 Westbourne Gardens, and for seven happy years we lived in that delightful corner of Glasgow. How much the gardens meant to all the young people, and what friends they made there! With the tennis and games in the long summer evenings, the sports and other activities, the gardens were a centre of overflowing, happy young life. And it was through our residence in the gardens that Beppo found his greatest friend—the friend who meant everything to him outside his own family, Lorne McNeill.

The McNeills lived in No. 45, and their family and ours became close friends. The boys carried their jokes and fun from the one house to the other, and the infection of their good spirits and comradeship was felt by all the members of both families. When his chum left the Academy to go to Loretto, Beppo was forlorn, but in spite of their school separation their affection never lessened, and it became one of the strongest influences in the lives of both.

Again, those years cannot be passed over without recollection of the various holiday times that meant so much to the boys, and to all our family life.

Five summer holidays, from 1904 to 1908, were spent at Ballantrae. About a mile south of the village, on a raised headland, stands the Farm of Downans—reached by a narrow winding lane which runs seaward from the main road to Glen App and Stranraer. A happier holiday place for children could not be found—a big sheep farm at the top of a steep grassy slope; below this a rocky shore with countless fine bays and pools for bathing, and between the rocks and the slope a smooth stretch of short sea grass, which seemed made by Nature for a cricket pitch.

There were the interests of the farm and of the shepherds, there was Biddy the donkey on whose back Alick rode all over the country-side; there were grassy hollows where Maisie played at tournaments by herself with blazoned shield and wondrous spear made by her brothers. There were banks blue with harebells and fragrant with wild thyme where Kathleen gathered her bunches of "glories"; there was paddling and the seashore for little "Danny Miff".

Every Sunday evening the whole family would go up Downans Hill, from whose top Father would count the lighthouses—Ailsa, Holy Isle, Pladda, Sanda, and some Irish ones round to Corsewall Point. Sometimes we counted as many as eleven, and we would sit in great content and peace watching their different lights and signals. Then the whole happy party of young people, for there were always young friends staying with us, would run down the hill to Dove Cove and wander back in the summer twilight by the caves and chasms of the rocky shore.

There were excursions to many lovely bays along the coast—Curranie, Glendrishaig, and Portandea ; to Glen App and Loch Ryan ; to Bennane, Lendalfoot, and Colmonell ; and a memorable one to Ailsa Craig. And there were more distant expeditions into Galloway and Wigtonshire. The first of our Galloway days had a real flavour of adventure about it. The two boys and I cycled from Ballantrae to House O'Hill and the next day by Loch Trool to Glenhead. At the farm there we asked our way to New Galloway ; the good wife who directed us did not know we had cycles with us, or, as she told us afterwards, she would have said it was impossible. Over hill and through bog we went. We found a burn in flood, dashing down from the Dungeon Hyll. George first carried his own cycle across, then came back for mine and Beppo's, and finally landed us all safe across the stream. In the long rushes by Loch Dee the pedal of my cycle was lost. The weather became wild, and we were three drowned rats when at last we reached New Galloway and sought shelter at the Cross Keys. To give a final touch to the day's adventures, we discovered in the inn, and made friends with, an old Mr. Dunlop, who turned out to be a long lost relative of the family's. The following day we cycled home by Newton-Stewart, Wigton, Dunragit, and Glen App. Beppo had promised to take his small brother Alick to see a menagerie at Ballantrae that evening ; and, determined not to disappoint him, he rode home at furious speed, leaving George and me to stop and relate our adventures at Carlock. For all our doings of those days were shared with the McCunn's, most delightful of families. Their boys and ours became great friends. They formed the Glen App Cricket Club of which Francis McCunn was Captain. They played at Glen App or the pitch below Downan, and once or twice their enthusiasm carried them as far as Girvan. Some of George's letters to his "whilom cricket captain"

are included in the Memoir of him. The two lads, Francis in the 6th Camerons, and George in the 2nd Gordon Highlanders, fell on the same day at the Battle of Loos.

Other friends shared the joys and interests of those days—Dr. and Mrs. Kelman and Barbara were in Ballantrae village, Dr. and Mrs. George Kerr at Balnowlart, and our house was always overflowing with visitors. Old and young all joined in thrilling games of scouting, in pirate adventures and the search for hidden treasure, and in the composition of a wondrous document which purported to be a communication from the band of the pirate ship, the “Prevenient Grace,” to John Kelman, their messmate, too soon returned to Edinburgh.

And through these summer holidays their Father was working at his two volumes on Jerusalem, preparing maps, writing the preface to the book of one friend, correcting the proofs of another. Mrs. McCunn—writing at Carlock her book on *The Friends of Sir Walter Scott*—said of him :—

I shall not cease from mental strife
Nor shall my pen rest in my hand,
Till I have built Jerusalem
In Ayrshire's green and pleasant land.

There were other country places that the boys knew well and loved. Fincastle and Bonskeid, the scenes of many visits to Mrs. R. W. Barbour and her family; Ronachan in Kintyre with Mrs. Peter Mackinnon; and the Vicarage at Crosthwaite where their love of climbing and walking found congenial outlet. One expedition up Skiddaw I vividly remember. The two boys and I were near the top when a sudden mist came on, and out of the mist a voice inquired if we belonged to “Brother Budd’s party”. The voice materialised into a well-meaning individual who insisted on accompanying us all the rest of the way, and who, at my suggestion and to his own surprise, helped us to burn the sandwich papers and litter that lay about the cairn at the summit. How often did the boys laugh over the remembrance of “Brother Budd” and his enforced tidying up.

I cannot write of all the happy holiday places, of Coillebhrachain, Tarbet, Loch Lomond, Gullane and Coldingham, Redhill in Surrey, where Father joined us after his summer in America in 1899; but I must speak of the best loved of all, Arran, the dearest of islands. We

went there every Easter holiday from 1899 to 1910, and in 1902 we spent the whole summer there as well.

When the first feel of Spring was in the air in February or March we would walk by a road in Glasgow that lay high enough for a distant view, and we would look for the far-off outline of Arran and begin to think of Easter holidays, of the hills, and the smell of the sea, and the first primroses in Glen Cloy. And then after the long foggy winter in Glasgow, what happiness it was to be there again—to feel the wind on the moor, to hear the curlews calling, to see the purple of the birch-grove in the Fairy Glen, and the crimson tufts of the larches—to watch the first leaves on the hornbeam by the bridge, and to look at Goatfell, snow-sprinkled, with its foreground of yellow gorse.

It was Professor Drummond who, in 1894, first introduced us to Arran, and after his death in 1897 his connection with the island was continued by a party of students from the United Free Church College in Glasgow, who kept up the custom he started of going there every year for a week at the close of the College Session. This week generally fell within our time at Arran, and the students' concert and picnic were great features of those days. Many good friends did our young people make, among several generations of students.

When the children were young they had the joy of rambling up some of the beautiful glens—Glen Rosa with its islands, Glen Cloy with its winding paths and stepping stones, the Fairy Glen with the great alder tree to climb, where they could have such games of hide-and-seek, and the castle burn where they sailed their boats. But they were soon eager for the hills, and under the guidance of Professor Ker—“W. P., that noble gent.”—they became familiar with all the peaks.

Beppo was not so sure footed nor so rapid a climber as George, but he loved the mountains in his own way.

My birthday, April 7th, was often spent in Arran, and was made the occasion of a special expedition, generally to Glen Sannox. Writing from Aden for my birthday in 1916—three years after he had gone to India, and six months after George had been killed—Beppo said :—

“I keep thinking of our picnics in Glen Sannox on the 7th, George arriving there after a tramp over the hills. What merry parties we were, George setting the lead in all the games and chases and everything, and in the evening carrying back Danny—and before her Kathleen

—on his shoulders to the waggonette. I remember too the wet days, which, although preventing us spending the day in the glen, never damped our spirits, and usually found us a rollicking party in the Corrie Hotel. It's always been such a splendid day, the 7th April, and I know how glad you will be to be in Sannox for it again this year—with all those dear Arran hills around, every foot of which George knew and loved so well. . . . I never think of Sannox either, without remembering that day when you and Prof. Ker and I got lost in the mist about the Castles and Prof. Ker so cleverly got us out of it. That was a great day, wasn't it. Once more, Mother dear, my most loving wishes for the 7th, and let's hope I'll be with you for the next one, or, at any rate, the one after that."

Who can wonder that, with such days and such friends, Arran was a dream of delight to our young people and ourselves throughout the year; and that now, looking back on all the happiness and beauty of those Spring days, it is the place of most radiant memory to us who remain!

So the school years went by, with their ups and downs, their crowded interests and their growing responsibilities. In the autumn of 1907 George went to the University, and Beppo followed his career there with the same eager interest and pride that he had always felt at school. He went to the Students' Union to hear the University debates, in which George became a leader as he had been in the debating society at school.

George, on his side, was very proud of his brother's prowess in the games and sports. On one occasion they opposed each other at a football match. Beppo played full back in the school 1st XV., George holding a similar position in the University 3rd XV.

There was one recreation that was equally dear both to the boys and to their parents—Father's reading aloud of Dickens. These readings were started the winter after your father's serious illness, when he was forbidden by the doctors to go to evening meetings. We would gather in the study when lessons were finished—George on the ground drawing, Beppo curled up in a chair or against my knee, and Father reading as only he could read. *David Copperfield* was the first we read aloud, but it was followed by many others. We have always continued the Dickens readings during the holidays, and it has been one of the happiest links in the family chain, drawing old and young together.

Great was the pride of each young one when he or she was admitted for the first time to the reading circle.

In the summers of 1905 and 1906 the boys had two memorable trips with their father—the former year in a Clyde steamer round the coast, over to Waterford, thence to Southampton, and up the English Channel to Dover ; and the following year to Belgium, where they visited Antwerp, Brussels, and the field of Waterloo—returning home hastily from Amiens on Beppo's sudden development of mumps !

In 1909 Father went again to America, the dear farm of Downans had passed into new hands, and we spent our holiday at St. Briac in Brittany. The boys got their usual amount of fun out of all the new experiences, and thoroughly enjoyed the bathing and cycling, the expeditions to Dinan and to Mont St. Michel, and in particular the companionship of Ian McNeill who joined us after some months with a tutor at St. Omer.

On their way home they stayed for a few days in Jersey, cycling round and through the island, and examining with interest all the churches, as Beppo duly recorded in a most careful diary—till their resources came to an end. I met them at Waterloo Station, and I can see their merry faces as they sprang from the train and told me they had not a halfpenny left between them, George having spent the last upon a newspaper at Southampton !

On his return from America, Father received the offer of the Principalship of Aberdeen University. There followed some anxious days, and then his acceptance and appointment. The two boys and I were in the study with him, and he was reading to us, when the telegram came in confirming his appointment, and I remember well their pride and eagerness over it.

But along with their pride in their father was the keen regret at leaving the dear friendly city that had been their home for almost all their lives. This regret was not lessened by our first inspection of Chanonry Lodge, which, when we saw it one damp November Sunday, was in a most desolate and dismal condition. Owing to the alterations that had to be made, we remained that winter in Glasgow. Father continued his work as professor in the United Free Church College till Christmas, but travelled constantly to Aberdeen to start on his new duties there.

On the 1st March, 1910, a farewell dinner was given to Father by many kind Glasgow friends, while some ladies arranged a party for me in the Art Club. Many of our relatives and friends came for this occasion—Uncle Dunlop, Uncle Hunter, Canon and Mrs. Rawnsley and other friends. George and Beppo were at the dinner, prouder of their father than ever.

During the move to Aberdeen, the boys were away in their respective O.T.C. and cadet camps. George went on a walking tour to Brittany with some college friends, and Beppo, after short visits at Fintray and Cove, joined us in Aberdeen, and was at once my right hand in getting the new house into order.

In September, 1910, he went up for his Qualifying Examination for Sandhurst, and passed. He started working for the Entrance Examination with Latin and History classes at the University, but he failed when he went up for it in December. He continued the winter session at Aberdeen, entering with his wonted humour and interest into all the new conditions and experiences of our Aberdeen life. On Saturday afternoons when not playing football for the University, he would take a crowd of working lads to play upon the links.

In April, 1911, he went to Edinburgh to be coached for Sandhurst by Mr. Burt, and for three busy happy months he was a grateful guest in Dr. and Mrs. Whyte's home in Charlotte Square.

During this time in Edinburgh he became a member of the Church. He hesitated much over this step, and had many talks with Dr. Kelman as to "the use of it," but finally in very characteristic fashion he quite made up his mind and wrote me : "I have decided to go up for Communion next Sunday, for, among other things, I think it only fair on my part to show that I mean to try and do my best to pay God back for the very happy life He has given me ". And of this decision, Dr. Kelman wrote : "Dunlop comes to the Sacrament from such characteristic motives, (1) to block the lines of retreat by one decisive choice and so strengthen himself in God ; (2) to pay back something for the happy years God has given him. I think the combination very perfect, he is so absolutely simple and direct in all his thoughts and speech. Could there be manlier or worthier reasons for coming to, or interpretations of, the Sacrament ? And these are his own. The boy has not one bit of unreality in him."

His father and I were with him at his first Communion on Sunday

25th June, 1911, and we sat beside his dear grandfather and grand-mamma.

In July, 1911, after sitting his examinations for Sandhurst, Beppo went into camp at Montrose with U Company of the 4th Gordon Highlanders—he had been a member of this Company during all his time at Aberdeen University. Of this time a friend, Ian Thomson, wrote in 1917 :—

“ROBERT DUNLOP SMITH.

“*A Fellow-Student's Memory.*

“Six years ago 'U' Company was in camp with the battalion at Montrose—a cheery, light-hearted crew, just free from the grind of the summer session. In those days we regarded camp as a social event and a pleasant holiday, most of us forgetting its real purpose, and none of us dreaming that in a few years the members of the Company would be scattered over the world working, fighting, and many dying, for their country's cause.

“Ours was a well-arranged tent—seven congenial spirits, and the fun was fast and furious. We were all in high spirits, but Dunlop was the lightest-hearted of us all. He was an ideal tent-mate, always good humoured, and ready for any prank, but always unselfish, and considerate of others. Before this time he was little known at the 'Varsity, for his course had been short and interrupted, and he had not time or opportunity to take the place in athletics to which his powers entitled him. But in the close contact of camp life one quickly gets to know one's fellows well, and in those two weeks Dunlop became a great favourite throughout the Company. He had a frank, straightforward manner, and infectious laugh, and a gift for making friends with every one. He could be very serious, too, and he was the best soldier of us all. To him a soldier's was the only possible life. To enter the Army had been for years his firm purpose, and though he had not at this time started his professional studies, he knew the Army work inside out.

“He was one of those who seem to have a call to man the outposts of our Empire, and who exile themselves in far-off countries and lonely stations, where, dreaming ever of those at home, they watch and work

quietly and patiently to maintain law and order, and pave the way for the spread of our civilisation. Dunlop answered this call eagerly, and seemed likely to have a brilliant future before him in the Indian Army.

“When war broke out no one longed more for active service than he, and it was a bitter disappointment, patiently borne, when he was kept on depot duty in India for some time. Later he did excellent work as senior M.G.O. at Aden. Those who remember his soldierly keenness will be able to picture his enthusiasm on starting to take part in the East African campaign, where, soon after his arrival, he was killed in action, joining his brother and many of his friends in the ranks of those who had given their lives for their country and for us all.”

I. S. T.

“France, *June, 1917.*”

In August he was at the Universities Camp for public school boys at Dirleton. He had been several times to these camps and had made many good friends through them, both officers and boys—in particular Harry Miller, who always went as their chaplain. Other friends were the Rev. Mr. Woods of Queen’s College, Cambridge, whom he had once brought to visit us at Ballantrae, “Beefy” Stevenson, George and Arthur Laird.

While he was there he got the news that he had passed into Sandhurst, and he wrote to us, “I am so glad for your sakes if for nothing else that I have got through this exam., and I feel that your joy at my success well repays my efforts. I was so happy to get your two rippling letters. Everybody here has been so kind about it, and at dinner on Monday the Commandant proposed my health which they all drank in lemonade, and finished up by singing ‘For he’s a jolly good fellow,’ which made me feel very bashful. It is decent of them to care about it so.”

Dr. Kelman wrote : “It is with a kind of radiant feeling that I think of the boy actually out on his career. He looks the very picture of health, brilliant and sunny and good to look upon.” And another friend wrote, “If appearances go for anything, he ought to make a soldier of whom his mother will be justly proud”.

A further disappointment, however, awaited him, for he was sent back on medical grounds, and had to have an operation. Finally, in

October, 1911, he passed the Medical Board, and decided to spend a few months abroad, before he could go to Sandhurst the following January.

He and I spent a memorable fortnight together that autumn. We first had a few days at the English Lakes. Starting from Miss Cropper's house at Kendal, we went by Kirkstone Pass, up the Red Screes and along Fairfield, and dropped down at night to our little haven at Dunnabeck ; the next day, a Sunday, we spent quietly at Grasmere. After a few days in London we went to France. Mons. Laurent, who had been Ian McNeill's tutor at St. Omer, was now at Caen ; thither we went, and were soon at home in that kindly, simple French family. We had happy days together, visiting the fine Norman churches, exploring the country round about, and sampling the numerous cafés. On the day I left him, we went to Bayeux, and saw the cathedral and the tapestry. He returned to Caen while I took the train for Cherbourg and home. How much this time meant to us both, the following letter shows :—

“ My dear Mother,—I did feel so sick at saying good-bye to you after our splendid fortnight together—a fortnight I shall never forget. I stood out beyond the platform waving good-bye to you. I saw something moving up and down at the lighted window of your carriage, which I felt sure was your arm. Then this too faded away, as the train curved round some trees, and all that was left for me to watch were the three red lights at the back of your train. When they also had gone, I walked back to the station, feeling very lonely without you. My own train came in a little later, and when I arrived back in Caen, I found some supper waiting. Here there is practically no wind, and I do hope it's the same at Cherbourg and that you will have a good crossing and sleep all the way. I wonder how the election is going in Glasgow? I do hope for George's sake that Birrell will get elected to-morrow.”

“ *Sunday, 29th Oct.*

“ Isn't it splendid about Birrell getting in. It will be grand for George. He must be very pleased. While I was at tea I received a telegram with the one word 'Birrell' upon it—from Dougal Graham. I immediately tore out of the house and raced down to the post office full pelt, while Caen looked on amazed. I dispatched my congratulations to George, and on the way up I had to drink his

health in a cup of chocolate in a little patisserie. It was such splendid news."

This referred to the Rectorial Election at Glasgow University, when George, as President of the Liberal Club, vigorously led the supporters of Mr. Birrell for the Rectorship.

Beppo's letters from Caen were largely concerned with the "Club Malherbe Caennais de l'Union des Sociétés Françaises des Sports Athlétiques". "There was a meeting of the Club at the Café de Madrid. I was introduced to each man as he entered as Monsieur Doonlop, and feared to complicate matters by saying that my last name was Smith. They had to vote for teams. Three jovial wits voted for Mons. Doonlop to be on the Rugby Committee—me whom they had never seen play, and who knew none of them. They were all very decent to me, and we had many a good laugh at the expense of my French." He was much interested in the French attitude to football. "I was togged out in clothes that had been begged, borrowed, and stolen from all quarters, and then we got the news that the other side, not being able to get 15 men, could not come. All that was said about it was 'Ce n'est pas chic'—which amused me very much. So we then played a seven-a-side game, which though hopeless as footer was simply first class as a variety entertainment."

A more successful match he describes as follows :—

"After a very large Sunday dinner at which we had a goose very well cooked, Paquet called for me. On our way along we gathered up the rest of the team. The two sides were pretty evenly matched. I played centre three quarters. The referee was very funny ; whenever he gave a free kick against us, he always turned round to explain 'C'est tout à fait à votre avantage'. Very soon after the game was started our forwards secured a try—then soon after my wing also got over. Then the other side bucked up a bit and got a very soft try, our backs being absolutely hopeless. Not long after they got another, so that we were then 6 points all. Then they continued to press—the ball came out of the scrum to me and I ran to their line, where I passed to my wing who had just to walk over for the try. Then our Captain, after a really good determined bruising run, just got over, so that put us 6 points ahead. Then we were driven back and we had a hard ten minutes of it behind our twenty-five line. One of the halves who was

quite good then relieved with a good kick up the field, which I, following up, caught and managed to avoid the three quarters and back of the other team and had a clear run for the line. But here the goose began to tell, for as I was nearing the line, I was caught up and well tackled. I tried to throw myself over, but in so doing forwarded the ball, with the result a scrum on the line, and from this scrum our good half managed to nip through for a pretty try, leaving us 9 points ahead at half time.

"They started the second half by invading our territory, but we managed somehow to keep them from scoring. Then came some equally exciting play at about the centre with occasional rushes to each other's lines. Then they again approached our lines and stayed uncomfortably near for five or ten minutes. After this, however, play was transferred to the other end, and, except for an occasional burst down the field of their forwards, we continued to press till the end. And so we finished up winners by 15 points to 6, after quite an exciting game. What made it good was not the quality of the play—but the equality of the sides. It had rained all morning and early afternoon, so the pitch was slippery and the ball heavy. By the end I was pretty filthy, and wondered if Madame would ever let me into the house. The public baths were closed on Sunday afternoons, and as for a bath in the rabbit hutch of a pavilion! Mons. L., Charles, Ivan, and Seegler had all come down to watch, so we all went back to the house together. I was allowed to enter by the garden gate, and after taking off my boots outside, to wash my face and hands in the kitchen. Then I had to retire to the stable where they brought me a bucket of warm water with washing soda in it, soap, and a scrubbing brush, and later my clothes arrived also. At last after I had washed and changed in the stable, I was permitted to enter the house—and then we had an excellent tea."

We noticed that while he was at Caen, his opinions seemed to become clearer as new lines of argument and thought presented themselves to him. He wrote the following letters to his father about some of these experiences :—

" Thursday, 24th Nov., 1911.

" My dear Father,—I am writing in bed, we having gone to bed at 8.45. Doesn't it seem funny going off so early? I got your letter

with all your news. . . . I think I am making some progress in French, at least S. says I am, that I speak quicker than when I came, but this does not necessarily mean much. M. Laurent and I have great arguments in the evenings, mostly upon our colonies and India, none of which he holds are really loyal. Our discussions often become heated, and it is, as well as being very amusing, very instructive and good for my French. I am reading with him Buonaparte's campaigns. We started at the very beginning. B. has been called by the Directoire 'Chef des Armées d'Angleterre,' and now is to be called 'Chef des Armées d'Orient' and is about to start on his Egyptian campaign. . . . In the afternoon S. and I went to the riding school, and in the evening to a lecture on 'La Guerre d' Aujourd'hui' by a professor of the Lycée, held in the 'Lay Brothers' Hall,' a dirty white-washed place at the top of a dirty lane, the kind of place for anarchists to hold secret meetings in. I thought, if by 'Lay Brothers' we were to understand 'Hens' then it was appropriately named. The 'Conference' wasn't bad, nor was it good ; but we found it exceedingly amusing, and he told us one or two quite interesting things. . . .

" Nothing special happened on the Friday, except that in the evening I went, after thinking it over well, with M. Laurent to a lecture by a man Sebastian Ford on the 'Inexistence of God'. M. Laurent was very particular that he was not responsible for my going. So I told him I was responsible alone, and went completely of my own accord. I did not think you would mind, as by it you see both sides of the matter. I heard that Sebastian Ford was a great orator, one of the foremost men in France, and head of a party that believed as he did. The first thing one noticed was the shape of his head, but otherwise he looked rather ordinary, with a not very pleasant expression of face, yet there was nothing wrong with it. He spoke well, and is undoubtedly a great orator, and inspired great *enthousiasme* among the majority of his hearers. To me it seemed that what he said was enough to make any doubting person go the other way from him, for if his arguments were the best that could be said for his side, they are hopelessly insufficient. He gave what he said were 'twelve proofs of the inexistence of God,' in a way, logically reasoned out, but reasoned, it seemed to me, in quite a wrong way, and from a wrong basis. He seemed to consider 'God' to be merely a man, and a man of intellect only equal

to that of a man of to-day, instead of a Great Power seeing the future who has lived and lives through all time. He also seems to forget that the knowledge man has at present will be considered as very little indeed in a few hundred years. He talked as if what he and his hearers knew was all the knowledge there ever would be. Taking all this into account, and understanding that man at present knows only very little, practically nothing, of the knowledge that is in the world and is to be found out, and that man cannot foresee the future, it seems to me his whole argument falls to pieces—especially when one thinks of the many different kinds of men of all ages who have passed through all sorts of lives and had faith in God and in His help to them. What specially came to my mind was that lecture given by Lieutenant Shackleton on his return from his South Pole Expedition, when he said that all the while he and his few men were away on the sledge journey to the Pole, they felt they were in the hands of a Power much greater than themselves, and that if it had not been for God always being beside them and helping them they would often have been lost. And he said, that it was due to that Power, and that Power alone, that they did what they did. I think the words of a man like Shackleton, who has really seen and felt, away from every one, the great things of life, and who has endured much hardship in that solitary land of snow and ice, ought to be considered of far greater import than those of a man who, living as a journalist in cities, has seen none of these things.

“I was at first greatly surprised at the enthusiasm he got, but the reason is not far to seek. There is really nothing here to teach the people about God and Christ, for the Roman Church, here at all events, has forced the people, at all educated, to look down on religion as a means of robbery (especially of the poor). That is in truth what the people here think of religion—all a matter of money going to the priests, and it is little wonder that they catch on to a faith, or rather non-faith of the very opposite extreme. Certainly most of what Ford said was directed against the Roman Church. I should much have liked to hear a really scholarly man arguing against him. He invited contradicts and questioners, but the only one was a working man who in spite of Ford’s great advantage did exceedingly well indeed in speaking against what Ford had said. The majority had become so enthusiastic

about F. that they would hardly give the other chap a chance, which I thought most unsporting. The Protestant minister telegraphed from Paris that he had been detained there, otherwise he would like to have questioned Ford. None of the priests, of whom one sees ~~so~~ many, were there, nor has any meeting for the people to see the other side of the question taken place ! ”

The rest of the letter describes his visits with a fellow-pupil at the Lycée, André Gost, to a broom factory, and to see cider made, and to the churches of the neighbourhood, many of which had been secularised ; and winds up with a characteristic petition to be relieved of a pledge he had given his father that he would not smoke till he was twenty-one. Not that he wanted to smoke, but felt it better not to be bound. The petition of course was granted.

Beppo left Caen just in time to reach us for Christmas. He arrived carrying all his boots in a potato sack, and with three big leather-thonged Normandy sticks. One of these he gave to Lorne McNeill, one to George, and the third he kept for himself. These sticks were beloved by both the boys. George's was his constant companion on his walks and climbs. His friend, Captain Walter Elliot, mentions it in his account of a great walk some Glasgow students had from St. Andrews to Glasgow. “ G. B. walked most of the way to Milnathort on dykes and gates, wading and shouting in the snow and waving his Normandy stick.”

Beppo took his to India. On his trip to Kashmir in 1914 his Normandy stick was lost, and he stopped the pay of his servants till it was recovered. George's stick was found in 1917 in a spring cleaning at Chanonry Lodge, and the news was immediately sent to Beppo. His own accompanied him to Aden, then to East Africa, and I hoped to see it come home with his things from there, but it was missing.

In January, 1912, he went to Sandhurst, and speedily made a place for himself there, both by work and games. He, who had been so slow and backward in his studies at school, now found himself in congenial work, and began to take a good steady place near the top of his Company. In military history he was specially interested and did particularly well.

One Saturday in March I went up to see the Sports. Beppo was

third in the Mile Race and ran in some others. Later on he ran in the Woolwich *v.* Sandhurst Sports, for which he got the medal.

This was the first of three happy visits I paid him at Sandhurst. The second was with Father in the summer ; the third with Maisie the following December just before he left. He so enjoyed having us there and showing us all over the place—explaining all its traditions and customs, and it is a great happiness to look back upon our doings there—Church parade and service, and the cosy evenings at the Duke of York hotel, when he came to dinner with us, bringing some of his friends with him.

The Easter holidays that year were spent in Arran, the last time we were all there together, and many friends were there at the same time—Prof. Ker, Ian Bartholomew and Alister Geddes who were camping round the island, Uncle Rob, Lorne McNeill, Tom Lindsay, and others. And our Dickens reading those holidays was *Little Dorrit*.

Beppo's time with us there was short as he had to return to Sandhurst. The summer holidays were spent at home with a happy coming and going of visitors, while at the end of July Beppo and his father had spent a fortnight in Belgium, visiting Brussels, Quatre Bras, Waterloo, Dinant, the Ardennes, and Aix-la-Chapelle.

It was on the 17th November that year that Beppo had the greatest honour of his life, a few words from Lord Roberts, and a shake of the hand. His Uncle Dunlop, staying with Lord Roberts, had gone with him to service at the R.M.C. Chapel and had introduced his namesake to the great man. Lord Roberts had ever been Beppo's great hero, he always spoke of this as the proudest moment of his life, and from India, in 1915, he wrote as follows :—

“ 17.11.15. It is just three years to-day since I had the pride of meeting Lord Roberts at Sandhurst. How often I have thought of that, and what a lot it has meant to me. What a great and wonderful man he was—so strong and so straight.”

One of his most cherished possessions was a photograph of Lord Roberts signed by himself. In his will, he said to his father ; “ I want you to keep it just now, and later on give it to some young friend or relative who you are sure will really appreciate it, especially if he is in the Army. I hope this valuable reminder of this great man will be of the same help to him as it has been to me.”

From India he sent to the *Academy Chronicle* an article upon Lord Roberts, which appeared in the numbers of April and June, 1915.

After doing the leaving examinations at Sandhurst, Beppo came home for Christmas—the third happy Christmas time in our Aberdeen home, with its parties, its hockey and expeditions, the joyous companionship of brothers and sisters and of many young friends.

On the 10th January he heard that he had passed out of Sandhurst, sixteenth in the list (having risen in the year from his entrance place of 122nd). And so he gained what he had been striving for—a commission in the Indian Army.

From that time all was eager preparation, and the next few weeks rushed by—with the getting of clothes, arranging of passage and agents—and finally, on the 12th February, 1913, he sailed for India on the troopship, "Plassy".

His father and George went to Southampton to see him off, and Father wrote how they saw him last standing at the stern of the vessel with his hand at the salute.

PART II.

FIRST YEAR IN INDIA—THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

From his father to me in Aberdeen.

“In train from Southampton to London.

“*Wedn. Feb. 12, 1913.*

“Our boy has sailed, and George and I are on our way back to London. It has been a sore day for us, and I know even sorer for thee. But did ever boy go to India with more proofs upon him of his father and mother’s right to trust him and to hope the best of him, with greater confidence on the part of all who know him, or better equipped for his career by the kindness of his friends. In all those ways, God has given us a wonderful strength for these days of parting, and my heart has as much joy in it as pain. ‘It’s only five years, Father,’ were about the last words he said. There was a little sheaf of telegrams and letters on board for the boy—from Penelope Ker, the Kelmans, the McNeills, and many others, and one which touched us very much, from Alick ‘Goodbye till 1918’. A letter from my father to the boy revealed a curious coincidence—It is just 60 years since he, then also 20 like Dunlop, was brought by *his* father, Adam Smith, to Southampton to sail for India.

“One train after another brought drafts for a host of British regiments in India, cavalry, artillery, and infantry. All were in khaki and the lower decks were swarming with privates. Towards five o’clock when the last draft had arrived (from Ireland) the warning bell rang. We descended from the upper deck to the lower and stood at the head of the gangway. We gripped hands and said goodbye. The bugles rang out and the privates came up from their tea and lined the lower

promenade decks—four or five thick and all the officers were on the deck above. What a great wall of young men it was! Tier above tier of healthy faces. When I saw the mass of private soldiers, I felt what a need there was for good officers and I thanked God that there were so many sensible young fellows like those I have told you of, going out to officer our army, whether British or Native, in India.

“I have seldom seen a spectacle so moving. One’s own particular grief and love were swallowed up in the overpowering thought of so many young fellows—thousands of them—each leaving a home and parents behind and going out to keep peace and order in India and uphold the Empire. What rows and galleries—what a great cloud, in heaps and heaps, of uniforms and faces! Songs and whistling broke out in different parts and then all joined in one great tune and then burst into a cheer. It was overwhelming.

“Then the spell of the mass fell again, for my eyes and heart went back to that one figure among them all on the top deck, leaning on the taffrail under one of the hanging boats, the pale face resting on the left hand and gazing earnestly on George and me, lit up by his own smile as he caught our eyes. Then he drew himself to his full height, and as I took off my hat and waved it, I saw him, through my tears, come to the salute. It was painful, dearest, but it was glorious.

“The Captain of the ship, the pilot, and other officers came on to the bridge, the bells signalling the engines were rung, the hawsers loosed, and the great cheering, singing crowd of men drifted slowly astern. G. B. and I followed down the quay to the end where the stern of the vessel was brought near to enable her to turn down towards the sea. And we saw him again quite clearly, and he came to the salute once more, and then took off his cap and waved it towards us. But the bow slowly turned away, and then his face and then his figure, waving to the last, was blotted out. We stood straining our eyes after him till the ship put on full steam and disappeared in the mist.”

“R.M.T. ‘Plassy,’
“Southampton Water,
“*Wednesday Night, 12th February, 1913.*

“My very dear Father,—This is just to send my last farewells before I sail to you and George. How good it was to have you

two with me to-day, though one felt the pain of parting rather. I saw you both sprinting over to the other pier where you were easily distinguishable. . . . We are now lying off Yarmouth till to-morrow morning about 7, when the letters go off and then no more till we reach Port Said. . . . I don't think I have anything more to say except to send my most loving good-byes to you both, and to say that I am determined to do my best by you all, and keep up the family reputation, and do my best to live up to the name I bear, in India as elsewhere. My dear love to you both. I shall be back almost before you know, your very very loving son and brother, Dunlop."

"21st February, 1913.

"My dear Grandfather,—This is only to give you and grand-mama a short account of my voyage before I leave Port Said and to thank you for your last letter to me. . . . The sea could not have behaved better. Not even in the Bay of Biscay could one call it rough. But these last few days have been dull and rainy—not at all what I had expected of the Mediterranean. I hope you have it better at Cannes. I am enjoying the voyage very much, and we manage to get a good deal of sport and amusement out of it. There are about 30 fellows who were with me at Sandhurst, which is very nice as we all know each other. There are many drafts on board going out to different regiments. The draft I am attached to is of the South Lancashire Regt. . . . I was disappointed at not seeing Gibraltar in daylight. We passed it in the dark and with the aid of field-glasses could only just make out the outline of the Rock. Malta we passed at a distance, and could only just see it like a cloud in the horizon. What a splendid coast the African is, with its steep high hills rising from the sea and occasionally a great snow-clad mountain beyond. It struck me more than anything on the voyage so far ; I had expected it to be dull, uninteresting flat country."

"25th February, 1913.

"Yes, as you say, haven't Aunt Minnie and Uncle Dunlop been kind over everything? I don't know what I'd have done without all their kind help in so very many ways."

"Sunday, 2nd March, 1913.

"After church I started a letter to Dr. Kelman to thank him for the book of his he sent me, *Honour Towards God*. He had it specially bound for me. Wasn't it awfully kind of him? I am a slow writer, and, except for a little reading, most of the afternoon was spent in writing him, and here, this evening, after Mess, I have still to finish the letter."

On Tuesday, 4th March, at the end of a diary written on the voyage, Dunlop wrote: "To-morrow about 2 p.m., I think, we are expected to arrive in Bombay. I have had a splendid voyage. The prospect of India seems very bright, and I am greatly looking forward to it. I'm very lucky indeed, and only hope I shall prove worthy of all my luck. . . . I'm determined to do my best with such memories to guide me."

On the way from Bombay he stopped at Jhansi and spent a day with his old Glasgow friend, Gibby Bell.

"At Kalka met Atkinson, a friend of Ian McNeill's at Marlborough, also going to the Rifle Brigade. Went by little railway to Dharmpore. It is a great little railway, winding and curling about on the hill-sides. We mounted tiny little mountain ponies and went up through the most beautiful hill country. As we passed the Church at Dagshai they were singing, and I thought of you in the Chapel at King's. The Mess is just up the hill-side from our bungalow, but I found it pretty difficult to reach in the dark, and on my way back I lost myself completely. I now have found the proper path and have bought a hurricane lamp. If you go up there about 5 minutes to 8, you see lamps approaching the Mess from every direction.

"On Monday I went a walk by myself. It was the 10th, just exactly a month, or four weeks since my last day in Aberdeen. I thought of it all, and of you all. On Wednesday morning I went to the Orderly Room. I met the C.O.—Colonel Radclyffe. The Adjutant was rather doubtful about leave, but the C.O. took it as a great joke and seemed quite bucked about it. So they recommended me to the Brigade H.Q. for leave from 23rd March to 6th April" [in order to go to the Tochi Valley to see his uncle, Major C. A. Smith].

"I am attached to C Company whose O.C. is Capt. Westcar. He

is very decent, and when I told him I had put in for leave he was greatly amused and said, 'Splendid, splendid !'

The following articles which Dunlop sent to the *Glasgow Academy Chronicle* describe his experiences on this visit :—

ON OUR AFGHAN FRONTIER.

I.

"Thanks to a kind commanding officer and to an uncle who happened to be Political Agent in the Tochi Valley and Commandant of the Militia there, I found myself on the evening of my third Saturday in India off for a fortnight's leave, in a train bound for Kohat. It took us thirty-six hours to reach that place, and the first indication I had of our arrival was being wakened by the Native Station Master timidly inquiring whether I wished to return to Rawal Pindi, a station we had passed seven hours before. Having informed him that I did not go in for railway travelling as a recreation, I got out of the train, now about to start on its return journey, and set about looking for the orderly that had been sent to meet me. I soon hit upon this interesting individual whom I had to converse with by signs, for he knew no English, and it will be no surprise to the Foreign Language Masters at the Academy that I could neither speak nor understand any language but my own ! However, we got on very well together, and he was good enough to allow me ten minutes to wash and take my breakfast before hurrying me into a tonga, an uncomfortable form of conveyance used out here.

"We got started off in the tonga, and I must say that the way the driver swore at his horses reluctantly forced me to the conclusion that Pushtu is a more vigorous language than our own ! After several relays of ponies I succeeded that night in reaching the frontier garrison town of Bannu, some eighty miles off, and the following morning I started in tonga again for the Tochi Valley. After about seven miles we came on a small fortified post that marked the border between India proper and the Independent territory. We drove on up the valley—fairly wide, stony, desolate—passing every seven or eight miles a small fortified post, and at one point a small fort. The men one passed on the

road, too, were like their country, wild and rugged, and to my mind, finer and with more character than the more civilised people of the plains.

"The drive was interesting, too, more so than I realised at the time ; for, though one could see nothing to indicate the guarding of the road, the hills on either side were piqueted right along till the road reached the main fort of the Agency. Small piquets of men were hidden somewhere up on the tops of those hills to save any attack upon the road. These piquets go out in the early morning, and return again to their various posts about noon after the mail tonga has passed. Thus one is only allowed to make one's journey up the valley in the morning.

"By mid-day we had driven nearly fifty miles and had reached Miranshah, the main fort of the agency. There it stood in the middle of where the valley widened out into a small plain. Its great thirty-foot, turreted mud walls stood boldly out darkly silhouetted against a bright sky. Each of the four walls must have been some three hundred yards long, and a broad barbed wire entanglement ran round the whole. Inside, the fort was divided into two by a thick mud wall, similar to the exterior ones. One part was the fort proper, in which stayed all the soldiers and officers, and into which no mere tribesmen were allowed to stray. The other part was the civil part where the Political Agent lived, and tried his cases, and had his prisons. I stayed for some days in the fort seeing and doing something new every day. It would take too long to tell of the many interesting things peculiar to such a place, but these things, together with watching the Militia at work and attending 'Yirgas,' a meeting of the tribes-people with the Political Agent at which cases are tried, and all settlements arranged, made the time pass far too quickly. We also had riding, golf and tennis, but for whatever we did outside the walls of the fort we had to have with us a fully armed escort of from four to six militiamen. Yes, it was quite a novel experience to have an armed guard watching over one at tennis, even though the courts were just outside the walls, and you frequenters of Troon and Balmore would be not a little surprised, I think, to find your caddie carrying a loaded rifle and several other of these wild militia boys following you round the course. This guard may not always be necessary, but one never knows when some sportsman from the hills may want some shooting practice, and having an imaginary grudge against

you, who is to say he will not use you as his target? The guard may not prevent you being shot, but it certainly will prevent the shooter getting away, and such people realise this, and therein lies your safety. I did not stay in the main fort all my time, but also visited two of the farther outlying ones within a mile or two of the Afghan Frontier. These were no less interesting, and perhaps just a shade more wild. They were considerably smaller than the main fort; the one having a garrison of but one company, the other of half a company, and both under command of Native officers, with not a white man among them.

“The Militia is roughly divided into two battalions of eight companies each—one battalion in the main fort, the other garrisoning the various smaller forts and road posts. Each company has its own Native Commissioned Officers commanding it, and these are as fine a lot of men as one could want; many of them have seen active service, and all, leading as they do a life nearer to active service than any other, are fit, alert, and strong. They have all risen through the ranks, and are many of them of the very best families; for such men readily and often enlist, drawn by the life of adventure, as well as for the honour, an honour above all others, of perhaps rising to be Subadar-Major, the senior Native Commissioned Officer in a regiment. To these sixteen hundred tribesmen composing the Militia, there are but six British officers: commandant, two battalion commanders, an adjutant, medical officer, and sapper. They seem few, but it is like that that practically every regiment in the Indian Army first started, and then later developed into more regular regiments with a full complement of British Officers. You must remember that this Militia is not Militia as known at home. The men are enlisted and trained just as regular regiments, the only difference being that they are a wilder lot and used for more irregular work; that they are, in short, new regiments in the making as our frontier extends. It is a great life up there for a man. It is a life that keeps one awake and fit, a life of responsibility, a man’s life.

“I saw some of these tribesmen come to be enlisted, wild, uncouth, tattered figures, recruited from the very tribes they keep in order. They were duly inspected and the best taken, for none but the best are taken in the Militia. Then one noticed some of the veterans and some of those native officers, and one marvelled at what training and discipline can do for a man. It is the same, though perhaps not to so marked an

extent, with our own British soldier, and sets one thinking that if training and discipline can do so much for a man, would not the country, quite apart from military needs, be the better of some form of compulsory service? That is to say, so long as there are still so many unpublic-spirited and thoughtless people who refuse to offer their services to any voluntary force of their country. It was great to see this large body of wild men, no less brave than before, but fit to put their bravery to better purpose, fighting faithfully for and with another people; so much has discipline done for these men. It was with such troops, led by the force of character of a few British officers, that we were enabled to win India, with such troops that we have from time to time extended our frontier, with such troops that our outlying frontiers are held to-day."

II.

"The Militia, being recruited from only the better and more war-like tribes, are consequently of a much less mixed character than the civilian population of the frontier. One may call these latter 'civilian' if one likes, but not a man amongst them ever goes about without his rifle and quite a selection of nasty-looking knives. They need them too, because of the many bloodfeuds they have among themselves. Of course such feuds take place only in the hills, where the people are not under control of the Political Agent. There they owe allegiance to none, they know no master, they can fight to their heart's content among themselves, so long as they raid no British territory and harm no British subject. The actual people of the valley are a dirty, squalid lot, and round about there are some low, degraded tribes, but get to the hills and there you find the *men*. It is from them that the Militia is formed.

"I met several interesting people in the Tochi Agency besides those in the Militia. There was the Chief of the Madda Khel tribe who were the cause of the Tochi Expedition of 1897, as a result of which this old rascal had done ten years in prison, but, fat and cheery as he is, he looked none the worse for that now. Then there was Mani Khan, who had served under the great John Nicholson before the Mutiny, and had been so greatly impressed by that wonderful person-

ality that now in his old age it was the one clear memory he had. He is just on one hundred years old now, quite dottled at times, but mention the name of 'Nichol Sehn' (as he was known here), and the old man pricks up his ears and becomes quite alert. Finally there was Gulbert. Now he is little heard of, but thirty years ago there was not a name that could strike such terror into the people of the Punjab as that of Gulbert. He was a raider of the first order. Native villages and towns paid him toll to leave them alone. Police and troops had frequently been sent out after him, but try as they did, they could not catch him. Once with eighteen men he held up for six hours the garrison town of Peshawar, and what was almost a greater accomplishment, escaped with his whole gang and tremendous loot. His name is associated with a hundred wild escapades, but now his fighting days are over, he is getting an old man, well on for eighty years. About twenty-five years ago finding himself ageing, and less inclined for this rough and tumble life, Gulbert explained to the British Government that he was tired of raiding, that they could never catch him, and that, therefore, it would be fair to call a truce in which he would agree to raid no more and they to let bygones be bygones. The Government readily accepted his offer, and there he lives now in as great peace as his many bloodfeuds will allow. On being asked how many men he had killed in his life, Gulbert thought deeply for a long while and then said: "I am getting an old man now and my memory is not so good as it was, but I can still distinctly remember having put two hundred men to death with my own hand, and, of course, my gang has accounted for many more. I killed my first full grown man when I was twelve years old." Though fat and round now, Gulbert is still wonderfully alert. His greatest sorrow is that he can no longer eat a whole sheep at one sitting. However, he still manages his half sheep all right, and I am told it is very embarrassing to go to feed with the old man, for if you eat less than he, he takes it as an insult, thinking you do not appreciate his food!

"Most amusing was the way the various tribes and people offered me presents, doubtless in the vain hope of ingratiating themselves with the Political Agent. Altogether, if I had accepted everything, my total 'bag' would have come to—five dishes of fruit, one hen, one cushion cover, one otter, one tablecloth, one goat, one beautiful

Persian rug, one monkey, two pairs of finely worked Pathan sandals, a couple of dangerous-looking Pathan knives, and nine sheep (one of which was bad).

“Far too soon my leave seemed to draw to a close, but I had comfort in knowing I was to return by an even more interesting route than that by which I had come. We were to cross over this ‘no-man’s land’ to the Kurram Valley, some fifty miles to the north. There I would once more get into British territory, and so on to Kohat for my return journey. For a journey such as that, over this wildest of country, where there is as yet neither a proper road nor any fortified posts, we had to have with us an escort of close on twenty-five mounted infantry from the Militia. With this escort my uncle and I set out fairly early one morning, and after a splendid ride through this wild, rocky hill country we reached early in the afternoon a fort, half-way between the two valleys, by name Spinwam. I call it a fort as it hopes to be one some day, but when we were there it consisted merely of a mud-built resthouse and tower, surrounded by a stone dyke about three feet high with a shallow trench inside. Between building and dyke were the tents in which the men lived, for in this ‘fort’ there was a garrison of one company of Militia, commanded by one Subadar Sirdar Khan, who struck me as one of the finest looking men I have ever seen, strong in character as in body ; and as events turned out, his looks did not belie him.

“In the afternoon after our arrival, the Political Agent was to have held a meeting of the tribes, but owing to a headache he put this off till a later day. Little did I think at the time how a few days later I was to curse that headache. In the evening I was shown all round the place, and among other things the garden which the Militia spend much of their spare time cultivating. The following morning we continued our journey, and, after passing the strongholds of Gulbert and other wild chieftains of these parts, we reached in safety the Kurram Valley, where I very reluctantly said good-bye and turned my face once more in the direction of civilisation.

“A few days later I read the following headlines in the daily paper, ‘Trouble on the N.W. Frontier—Spinwam Fort attacked—Bannu Moveable Column sent out.’ What had happened was this—after leaving me in the Kurram my uncle had returned to Spinwam, and

the following day the meeting, which the headache had prevented, was held. The meeting was out in the open some fifty yards from the fort, the tribesmen's rifles and ponies being left yet another fifty yards off. Some disagreement arose between two tribes, the temperature went up, there was a rush for the arms, firing started. The Political Agent and his men were in danger, the Militia were forced to intervene, and drove off the tribesmen. This was about 4 p.m. That night the Political Agent was waiting for the last course of his dinner, and it came all right in the form of a bullet through the window. That was the start. Fifteen hundred¹ tribesmen, armed with modern French and Russian rifles were attacking that slender garrison of but one hundred men in a still more slender and fragile fort. But the garrison were up to it, and with regular and steady fire they managed to keep back the tribesmen from their wall. For four hours the fighting continued, at one moment the tribesmen looking as if they would gain the wall and reach the fort, at the next retiring with some of their number left behind. From all the hills around fire was bursting on this small but well-trained garrison. Then Sirdar Khan, the native officer, under cover of the dark and supported by fire from the fort was sent out with half the garrison, and getting the enemy on the flank he advanced against them with steady, well controlled rushes, finally doubling them up and forcing on them a hasty and disorderly retreat.

"At the beginning of the fight the garrison had just managed to get through a heliograph message to Bannu, and two days later the Bannu Moveable Column arrived, closely followed by militia reinforcements from Miranshah, and so order was restored and a further rising averted. Punishment was meted out to the offending tribes and villages, and their arms, as far as possible, confiscated. And I, I was sitting in the lap of civilisation again, reading disconnected press telegrams of an adventure that a headache had deprived me of.

"Now mark you, in this fight they were all the same kind of men—attacked and attackers, and yet the small force in a bad defensive position routed one at least ten times its size, simply because of its superiority, not in cunning, not in arms, but in training, in discipline,

¹ The paper said 1500, but probably not much over 1000.

in morale. Give to such a race of men such discipline as ours, give them a great and strong leader, instil into them a national spirit to drown their petty squabbles, imbue them with a solid patriotism, and what a future will be theirs!

“B. P. O.”

He returned to duty on 7th April. The following are some extracts from his letters that summer.

“DAGSHAI, Sunday, 11th May, 1913.

“My Dear Father,—I was so glad to hear you were reading *Great Expectations* together again. It was always one of my favourites. Dickens' are all splendid, but none can beat *Oliver Twist*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *David Copperfield*, and *Great Expectations*. They are far and away the best I ever read—at least not far and away, for *Our Mutual Friend*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and one or two others run them pretty close, as also does a *Tale of Two Cities*, but as it is quite a different type you can hardly judge it with the others. I remember how thrilled I was at the meeting of Pip and the convict. Then there's old Miss Haversham and her wedding cake ; the old girl who lives in the old house in —— rather reminds me of her. Then what a fine finish the book has. . . . Oh, it's a grand book !

“To-day I took the R.C.s to Church. It was very interesting, for it was the first I have seen in English, though I have seen many in French. The priest was rather a fine-looking old fellow, but he did annoy me with all his jumping about and changing clothes, etc. The sermon reminded me of what you drew my attention to at Lille, that Roman Catholic sermons (like some others) are too often either begging for money or showing forth the virtues of the R.C. Church to the detriment of others, instead of dealing with the foundations of religion—details not main principles. This reminds me of what Major Cameron told us about warfare, that it was principles that mattered, and that details were entirely secondary. He told us how till the South African war we stuck faithfully to the details of Wellington's tactics, but paid no heed to the main principles, namely (1) to obtain the maximum and best amount of fire out of his men ; (2) to make the utmost use of the ground to obtain that and to give them cover ; and interwoven with

these the great idea of surprise. On these he formed his details, one of the most important of which was the changing of battle formation from deep columns to a line two-deep. Now for almost a century our army stuck to the idea of a line two-deep. Then came the S.A. War, and they discovered this to be far too close a formation. Had they progressed with the times while sticking to the principles which never change, they would, on account of all the circumstances, have fought in an extended line which before very long they were forced to use. We have learned our lesson and now stick to these great principles, and alter the details according to circumstances. . . .

"What I was going to say before I broke off into all this was that it seems to me to be just the same as regards religion—it is not the principles that change, but the details, while depending on the principles, alter according to circumstances. The neglect of this seems to ignorant me to be one cause of the failure of the R. C. Church in France. . . . And I expect the same will happen to our Church some day. . . . Probably this has something to do with the decline of church-going, that one hears so much of. . . . The priest spent all his time—and I must say he was very interesting—trying to show how the R.C. was the only real religion and the rest were shams. He made not the slightest effort to exhort the people to good or to help them in any way. From beginning to end his sermon was a plea for details, and never once did he touch on the principles on which these details should hang. . . .

"I am very lucky in having Captain Westcar as my Coy. Officer. He is a real good sort, very able and very good to me. We have got a very good set of N.C.O.'s in the Coy. I don't think one could find a better sort of man to deal with than the British soldier.

"I am afraid I am not making great progress at Hindustani, though I do work fairly hard at it. I never was much good at languages, and this proves no exception. My hope is it may come with a rush, but there is no sign of that just now. I know enough to knock about with, but beyond that I make no progress. I have also a knack of being able to make a man who doesn't understand a word of English understand what I mean. It is a great drawback really as it prevents one learning as much as one would otherwise be forced to do. I used to find just the same with my French. I could always, however bad my French

was, make people understand exactly what I meant, and that of course hindered me getting better at speaking it."

"DAGSHAI, 25th June, 1913.

"My Dear Mother,—It is to-day two years ago since I was at my first Communion in St. George's, when you and Father were there with me. I shall not easily forget that, and all it meant to me, and I am always so glad that I had Dr. Kelman to talk it all out with. Yes, I feel very glad about it all, Mother dear. I should have liked to have gone to Communion next Sunday—for I have just lately heard that there is a Presbyterian Church in Kasauli, but I shall not be able to go next Sunday as I missed the last two Church parades and it is now more than my turn to be on parade, besides I expect I shall be Orderly Officer. But I shall think of you and Maisie in Edinburgh on Sunday."

In the end of June he started musketry practice.

"Sunday, 29th June, 1913.

"A splendid letter from Ian Thomson gave me the news of our old tent at Montrose. He is now the only Aberdeen student left. Ian Clarke is at Oxford, Johnston is in the Channel Islands, Cook in Aberdeen, I expect, Fenton assistant to Trail, Inkster in Australia, Ian T. at home, and I out here.

"Till tea, I read one of the *Men Who Dared* stories. How I remember Father reading them to us—it was just before the Aberdeen appointment came out—indeed he was reading one of these stories when the telegram came."

"July 6.—Shahrak Mubarek! I may not know the correct spelling of it—but I know the correct meaning, and so send it to you with all my heart. For to-night, as I rode back from Kasauli after Communion service there, the new moon appeared over the hills and gave me a little light to see my road by, and as I rode along, I thought much of you all at home.

"*Half an hour later.*—I have just re-read the splendid mail I got this morning, and I am now going to bed, feeling I must be one of the luckiest people in India. Everybody is so good to me. Good-night again, Mother dear."

July 7.—“ My Dear Father,—It is exactly a year ago—isn’t it?—that I arrived with Chree at Euston, and a day or two later you and I went to Cambridge and then to Waterloo. What a splendid trip that was! The time in Brussels and at Waterloo itself, and at Dinant, Rochefort, Lille, and on to Aachen and back to Brussels, and so home. It was a great time, and what a lot of good it did me! On the ‘ Plassy ’ I found that Lemarchand’s Military History marks (he got the prize) were only 6 or 7 more than mine.

“ I got a letter the other day from Uncle Charlie, who says that it does not matter at present what [native regiment] I apply for, and that ‘ our visit to Simla should fix the thing up ’. He is going to take me there in September, just the time Uncle Dunlop suggested, and engage rooms for us both at the Club. The considerations that guide me in choosing a regiment are these—a chance of active service, or at any rate scrapping, plenty of interesting military work, plenty of sport, and an active life, a good chance of getting a responsible position (I feel I need something of the sort badly) and the best chance I can get of being on the Frontier. And not being at all keen on the social side I should not mind how out of the way I was.”

“ *July 10.*—I had written the Chaplain of the Presbyterian Church, Kasauli, to ask him what the dates of the Communion Service were there. He is the only Presbyterian Chaplain about here, and he comes over to Dagshai twice a month for service in the morning. His name is C. H. Williams. He very kindly told me there was service at Kasauli twice a month after evening service, and would I go over on Sunday 6th and have tea with them first.

“ So at 4 o’clock I mounted a weird-looking pony that I hired for Rs. 3 to take me over and back. It is barely 11 miles to Kasauli, but there is a huge dip in between. One first rides down to Dharmpore —about 1000 ft. down—and then up fully another 1000 ft. to Kasauli —so it takes much longer than one would expect.

“ I arrived at the Church just after the second hymn. It was good to be back again to our own service. The Church was fairly well filled by civilians and soldiers. Of the latter there were a good many K.O.S.Bs. Mr. Williams preached awfully well, and I did enjoy the whole service. When it was over some of the people left and the others came up to the front for the Communion. He spoke very well,

and was so sincere and simple over it all. I felt very glad indeed I had gone over."

"*Wed. Aug. 20. Camp, 20 miles from Dagshai. Samour Estate.*—Yesterday I was up at 6. Breakfast. Back to bungalow, expecting mule and Kitmagar to have started—but the mule had not turned up. I sent a message to the Transport Officer, but it did not arrive till after 8, so I lost the advantage of getting a good part of my way in the cool. I sent them off whenever the mules arrived, and followed half an hour later—soon caught them up, and then you should have seen my little cavalcade, with me, plus my Normandy stick, in front, the two mules and their driver, then the Kitmagar. It was an imposing spectacle!"

"I hurried on to the river where I had a refreshing bathe. This let the mules get well ahead. After I caught them up we halted 1300 ft. above the river, and had lunch. We pushed on, and I reached here at 3 o'clock to find the Camp wrapt in slumber. Westcar woke up soon and we talked till tea, then went for a good walk over the hills looking for three things—a camping ground for Wollaston's Coy., manœuvring ground, and good shooting ground. Then back to Camp—change, bath, dinner (excellently turned out by the Kitmagar), and then bed. Westcar's tent is a large one, and he allowed me to share it.

"It is most beautiful country here; the hills would be quite like Scotland, were it not that the pine trees reach to the very top in place of heather. The view is perfect of small hills near by and great mountains in the distance. There is hardly any cultivation, so it is a fine spot for Coy. training. The two Coys. should have great fights together. Westcar has been making great arrangements with the little villages round about for getting food. He bought a sheep which did for the whole of our little Camp, and caught some fish himself."

"*Aug. 31. Orderly Room, Dagshai.*—As Westcar has been busy with the shooting teams, I have had charge of the Coy. several times. I generally take them along the road to where the Khudd on one side drops down fairly steeply to another 400 or 500 ft. below. I make them race down this in any order, and we form up again at the bottom—have a rest, then climb up another way in single file along some narrow path. I set a fairly good pace in front, and they kept up jolly well on the whole. I was surprised to find that, taken as a whole, they climbed up better than they go down. It was good sport, and I

think the men enjoyed it. It is fresher and less monotonous than the usual walk. They have a nice free and easy time of it on a tramp like that, and it will get them fit before marching out for Company training.

"Then back to barracks for a lecture by Capt. Buxton, which was jolly good. He is a most amusing fellow. I wonder if I told you of the time when he was looking at my books and saw (just the back of) Father's Schweich Lectures, and he asked me if Israel Smith was a friend of mine, and what were his poems like, and was he a Jew? You see the back of the book reads 'The Early Poetry of Israel Smith'."

"*11th Sept., 1913.*—Last Sunday I secured the 'Overland Mail' which I had looked at in vain the three previous Sundays, but this time I was well rewarded, for there, in the Sandhurst passing-out list, was Dougal's name, 21st, jolly good, wasn't it, and a grand pull up from the previous time when he was 50th. I am awfully pleased about it.

"On Wednesday I set out to do a road report from here to the river which we cross on our way to Coy. training. All the N.C.Os. and I went independently of each other, and Westcar met us at the river at 12 o'clock to collect the reports. He tells me to-day that mine was quite good. I'm glad, seeing my other one was so bad."

In the middle of September he went to Simla for a few days on the invitation of his Uncle Charlie, and met there several friends of the latter and of his Uncle Dunlop—among them General Birdwood.

"*Quarg Camp, Sept. 25, 1913.*—How good you have been to me on this my Birthday. I am a lucky boy. And thanks, too, for the order. It was awfully good of you to send it—and I had expected nothing from you or Father after all you gave me when I left home. The day has been a great success. I was up first this morning, i.e. at 12.30 midnight, as I had to go round the sentries. How I woke up I don't know, but I've got to do it always out here, some time in the middle of the night. We had breakfast at 7, and at 8 the two of us, with a couple of coolies and Westcar's fishing rods and gun, set out for the river. We reached there, after a scramble and pretty good going, by 9.15 and started fishing. Westcar was very good teaching me. We had a nice morning, though we caught nothing. After lunch he went on farther down the stream, while I settled to read my grand budget of letters. Yours and Father's first—then George's made me merry and bright as his usually do—and Maisie sent a fine long letter. Alick,

Kathleen, and Danny all played up splendidly. Ian Thomson sent me a good letter with a photo of Danny at Manisty—Canon Rawnsley very kindly enclosed £1 in a letter, and the Kelmans sent me such a nice photo with Downans in it. How it reminded me of all the happy days at Ballantrae. Aunt Pen wrote me such a very kind letter. Also Auntie Katie, and Aunt Minnie writes and says she has got a photo of Lord Roberts for me which she is going to send as my 21st Birthday present. Uncle Dunlop is going to write and ask him to sign it. So I *am* lucky, amn't I? I did have a jolly afternoon, reading them. We finished up at the river by having a grand bathe in a deep pool, then a biscuit for tea, and a climb back here where we arrived about 6. After a bath and change we had supper, during which the band played in great style. The Bandmaster—a private rifleman—was called, just like in Mess, for his glass of Port. The band consisted of one tin can drummer, one performer on the bells, eight mouth organs, and himself. They really were extraordinarily good and he conducts in great style. He has trained them all himself. For my benefit they included some bagpipe tunes, also 'Annie Laurie,' and 'The bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond'. The latter I insisted on having encored. Wasn't it nice having these for me? Now I have just said good-night to Westcar, and am writing this in my tent before getting into bed."

"*Thurs., Nov. 27.*—We left Dagshai yesterday. After getting my mule cart loaded up, I just got on to Parade in time and said good-bye to Westcar before marching off. I must say I am sorry to leave him and C. Coy.

"We arrived at Kalka about 3 p.m. I found Nazar [his new bearer lent him by his Uncle Charles] had my tent up and a bath ready.

"On Thursday we had a short march of only 8 miles to the next Camp—but there were lots of things to be done on arrival."

"*Friday, Nov. 28.*—We had only a 12 mile march, but it *was* dusty, one could see only the men who were just a few yards in front. We had some shooting after we reached Camp."

"*Saturday, Nov. 29.*—Started at 7, reached the next camping ground 10 miles off at 10.30. An hour's halt for breakfast, then marched another 12 miles, arriving in Ambala about 3 p.m. After tea

and a bath, we were kept busy loading baggage, etc., till the train started at 7."

"*Delhi, Sunday morning, Nov. 30.*—At 4 a.m. we disentrailed and marched to Camp, which was quite close. We were busy getting luggage in and doing various odd things. In the afternoon some of us went into Delhi.

"Atkinson has gone to Calcutta for his Hindustani exam. My name has been sent up for the examination in the beginning of Jan., but I do not look much like passing, for I have not got through the book that is set for it, and I am still very bad at writing translations into Hindustani. The Munshi says I have no chance. But I think I'll have a try. It is sickening, for, even though I work hard, I get on so very slowly."

"*Dec. 7th.*—I had fine letters this mail from Dougal, Stevenson, Willie Buchanan, and Campbell, who is now Capt. of the School. He gave me all the school news and told me how he had been sitting in Moffat's class when J. C. Scott came in and said, 'Here's a letter to you from Beppo,' to the huge amusement of the class. He told me all about the High School Match, and I was sorry to hear we were beaten this year 'mainly owing to the High School Capt., who learnt his footer at the Academy!' Willie Stevenson, Beefy's young brother, is now Secy., and leads the forwards. It seems so funny to think of these boys, who were so small when I was there, now being at the Head of the School."

"*Dec. 16, 1913.*—My Dear Father, here I am in my tent after one of my happiest days out here. This morning I was up early and down to the station to meet Uncle Willie. He was just the same and as jolly as ever. I saw him into a tonga for his hotel and then I biked back to Camp, just in time for Parade. My work for the day over, I got down to Maidan Hotel by midday and then we went and did some shopping. Then we drove to the Fort and Uncle Bill showed me over it, for he had seen it before at the Durbar. Then back to lunch, and a smoke and a long crack about you all. I brought him to tea at the Mess, he came into my tent and I showed him my photos of you all, and others including the one I am most proud of, that has just arrived—that of Lord Roberts, signed by the great man himself. Aunt Minnie had chosen such a nice frame for it, and she couldn't have

got a better photograph. It is absolutely splendid, and is, I think, my proudest possession. It brings out all his strength.

“Tuesday was guest-night, and Uncle Bill came to Mess and I think he liked it. He sat between Major King and me, and Major King is a most interesting man. After tea we all talked or smoked in the ante-room, listening to the Band. And then he came in here, put on his things, and drove back to the Hotel. I went half way with him, and right sad I felt to say good-bye after so short but so splendid a day.”

“*Jan. 7th, 1914.*—[To Aunt Minnie—after giving her the news about Nazar and other matters]—As I sit writing you, there faces me the photo. of Lord Roberts. It is always there in front of me, and you've no idea how proud I am of it.”

“*Thursday, 12th Feb., 1914.*—I never saw such a country as this as regards the post. I have made inquiries about the parcel you sent—also about the letters and telegrams I sent to Hector, and I'm still corresponding about them. Since I started making inquiries, I more than agree with Kipling's lines that ‘it is not good for the Christian's health, to hustle the Aryan brown,’ especially when the Aryan brown is a baboo in a Government Office. I am now attached to F. Coy., so you see I am quite doing the round of the Btn. To-morrow F. Coy. is to start Company training, which should be great sport.

“I have had an interview with Col. Black about my native regt. He asked me why I had not asked Col. Climo of the 24th to apply for me. I said I had not as I had hoped to get the Guides—and if I had got the Guides, it would not have been fair on him.

“A year since Father and George saw me off at Southampton, a year and two days since I left you all in Aberdeen. What a vivid memory I have of those last days at home. Well, it's passed quite quickly and happily for me, and it's always a year nearer home to you all. Good-night, Mother dear.”

At the end of February, 1914, Dunlop was appointed to the 33rd Punjabis—which had just moved from Delhi to Bannu.

He had set his heart upon joining the Guides, and thought he had a good chance of this regiment, so that at first his appointment to any other was a bit of a disappointment—but he writes: “I know I'll find the 33rd a jolly good lot, and they are in Bannu, the place I most

want to be—and will be there for three years more, so really, after all, I am very lucky".

"*March 9th.*—My year of attachment to the Rifle Brigade finishes to-day, and what a happy year it has been, and how lucky I was to get so good a regiment. I couldn't possibly have had a better, and you can imagine how sorry I shall be to leave. Atkinson went off last night to the 45th Sikhs at Dera Ismail Khan. I was very sorry to say good bye to him. He is *such* a good fellow, and his going away seems just to have brought this year of attachment to an end, for we joined on the same day. I am the only 'red coat' left with the regt. now. I am only sorry for the attachés who are afraid of the regt., as they think it expensive, whereas it is not necessarily more so than any other. Yes, I have indeed been very lucky."

The following was the report which he forwarded to us after the close of his year of attachment to the Rifle Brigade.

"To 2nd Lt. R. Dunlop Smith.

"Appended please find Commanding Officer's and G.O.C.'s remarks on your annual confidential report.

"A. M. KING, Major.

"Commanding 4th Bn. Rifle Brigade.

"*Dagshai.* : 6 : 14.

"A thoroughly nice young officer who has taken great interest in his work and has learnt it well. He is young even for his age. Has got on very well with all his brother officers. He is a real trier, and I shall be sorry to lose him.

"Signed. G. THESIGER, Bt. Col."

"A promising young officer.

"Signed. M. BRUNKER, Major General."

Writing a letter to be sent us in the event of his death, he says : "I want those six volumes of Napier's *Peninsular War* to be given to the 4th Bn. of the Rifle Brigade, who were so good to me and with whom I spent such a happy year."

This letter was written on board the S.S. "Scindia," from Bombay to Egypt, and was dated 26th December, 1915.

PART III.

BANNU, KASHMIR, BALTIstan.

Camp, Delhi, March 9th, 1914.—I got a letter from Campbell, Capt. of the Academy, he sends me the splendid news that we beat High School. I'm awfully bucked about it."

March 16th.—By the way, I have just got a dog—a smooth-haired terrier, well marked, and I believe a keen hunter. He belonged to O'Kelly in the R.A.M.C. who went off Home on leave and left his dogs in charge of Toynbee at the Fort, and told him, if he knew anyone that would give this dog a home he might give it him—so Toynbee offered the dog to me, and of course I jumped at getting a good dog for nothing. He arrived to-day and already we are friends. His name is Yellagie, and he has a great weakness for walnuts!"

Rawal Pindi, March 18th.—I left Delhi last night, and I can't say how sorry I was to leave them all. The Colonel and Mrs. Thesiger were so very nice and kind. Nazar, the dogs, and I are now on our way to Bannu. Did I tell you about the pup? He is a funny little fellow, like nothing I ever saw before—very thickset and with an extraordinary leg action. His father was a bull-terrier belonging to Campbell in the Regt., but I never came across his mother who was some other sort. However he may turn out not at all badly, but will need a lot of training. He has got a nice coat like a fox terrier, short and smooth; white with a black splotch on his face, and another on his tail. Nazar has named the pup Punch, but he shows no sign of answering to that."

Bannu, March 20th.—At Mari, I had breakfast while Nazar saw to my things being put in the light railway, which took us down to the ferry—a curious-shaped boat with a large paddle behind. We

soon got on to the light railway on the other side at Kala Bagh, and started on a very slow journey to Bannu—about 10 miles an hour, stopping at many small mud-built stations. We passed a certain amount of cultivation on the way, mostly near Bannu ; the rest of the country was brown, a few hills on our right being the only things to break the monotony. It rained the whole way from Kala Bagh. At last we arrived at Bannu, to find Nanku, Ghulam Mohamed, and Nanku's three sons to meet us. Bulkeley and Scott (the two junior subalterns of the regt.), came down to meet me with the rgtl. tonga, and a transport cart for my luggage. Leaving the luggage in charge of Nazar, we drove up here to the Fort where the unmarried officers live. I am appointed to No. 2 Double Coy., Sikhs, under Major MacLachlan. The uniform of the 33rd is drab (light Khaki) with green facings."

April 14th.—“The work is all interesting, and I like it very much, though I should be glad if there were less office, and more outside, work. But in an Indian regt. there is necessarily more office work for the officers. And only three officers are left just now with the Batt., two being out on the Tochi Posts, and half the rest started on leave. The first leave starts on 15th April, and is to 15th July—the second from 15th July to 15th October. The three officers here are Major MacLachlan, acting C.O., Capt. Vincent, Adjutant and also Quartermaster, and I am what is left ! i.e. commanding 3 and 4 Double Coy., Transport Off., Accounts Off., and Mess Secy.

“Somerville, in the Mountain Battery, took me to his bungalow and showed me his maps and photos of Kashmir. I have practically made up my mind to try and go to one of the Haramosh Nullahs about 300 miles, or seventeen double marches from Srinagar in the direction of Gilgit. The animals to be got there are ibex and markhor. After about a month there, I want permission to march through a little bit of Gilgit territory, and come back through Astore. It is difficult to get permission, but perhaps Uncle Charlie will be able to manage it. Then I want to try and get some red bear shooting in the country just N.E. of Wular Lake on my way back and some Bara Singh (like the Scots stag) in the same district. I don't expect to hit anything, but it will be good fun trying, and to my mind it's the best sort of holiday one could have. Somerville is awfully good helping me with everything.

He is going to show me his accounts, and help me with details for stores, transport, etc. I should like when at Haramosh to give Nazar leave to Gilgit which is his home.

"No. 3 D Coy. is a Punjabi Mussulman, and No. 4 D Coy. a Pathan Coy. I like both lots very much from what I've seen of them.

"I've written Father about having failed in my exam. [Hindustani]. I'll fairly need to set to now, and I hope to go up for it again on 6th July, and get it over before I go on leave. I was glad to hear of both George and Maisie doing so well in their exams. It is splendid—especially in comparison with my failure. What hard luck on Maisie getting the hockey ball on the eye! You must have had a good time at the Graduation with the Pages' visit. The other day Campbell Macrae, who used to be on the Aberdeen Univ. S.R.C., turned up here. He is Med. Off. to this regt."

"*April 22nd.*—What splendid news about Nora! She wrote me such a dear long letter about it. I must say he is most extraordinarily lucky. But from all accounts he sounds a splendid fellow. I do wish I knew him. I am awfully pleased about it all, and so glad that Nora is so happy."

The following extracts from letters give specimens of his days and his work :—

"*Wed., Ap. 22.*—Range 6.30. Breakfast 9. Mess work. Office 11 to 3. An hour's Musketry practice with G Coy., after which I paid a call on the Tyrells. Later went for a ride and had arrangements in connection with Mess lighting, as we are now dining outside. In the evening Bartlett, the Sapper at Miranshah, came to dine with me—in Bannu for an exam.—speaking enthusiastically of Uncle Charlie."

"*Thurs., Ap. 23.*—Range at 7. Breakfast at 10.30. Mess work, and then office straight on till 5 p.m., as I had to make arrangements for a convoy going out to the Tochi Posts."

"*Friday.*—Range at 7. Breakfast 10. Mess work. Parade for the bad shots. Office. Inspected transport lines. Lunch. Mess work all afternoon. (N.B.—Friday is the holiday here!) That evening we had a biggish guestnight on, as MacFarlan of the Mountain Battery was leaving next day. I was very glad it all went off well as I had spent much time arranging it. Bartlett came again, this time as Mess Guest. We had a great talk. He says no one is using

'Archibald,' Uncle Charlie's large horse, and it is living at Uncle C.'s expense, doing nothing, so he will send it down here for me to use, which will be rather nice."

"*Sat.*—Range 6.30. Breakfast 10. Mess work. Office till 3. A hack before Mess."

"*Sunday.*—Woke up 12.30. Turned out guard. Visited Hospital. Read till tea. Played hockey. Macrae and Subadar Amar Singh have undertaken to teach me to play. Felt much the better for it. Early to bed."

"*Monday.*—Range at 7. Breakfast 10. Mess work. Office till 3. Counted Mess Stores till 4.30. Parade of bad shots at 5. A hack before Mess, and after it, the Home Mail."

"*Tuesday.*—Range 6.30. Breakfast 9. Mess work. Office. Parade 12-1. Office. Tea. Bad shots parade. Transport work.

"The Mess work is very interesting, but takes up a terrible lot of time. The office work is sometimes pretty stiff, and I leave office sometimes feeling I could not possibly use any more exertion of mind for ever so long. But a good ride or game of golf soon puts this all right. The work of the two Double Coys., the Regtl. accounts, and Transport, comes pretty stiff."

"*Thurs., Ap.* 30.—Range 6.45. The Company finished firing its course, and I am very pleased at the way they have done. Counted Coy. ammunition and money in Treasure Chest. Played golf badly."

"*Friday, May 1.*—Holiday. Breakfast 8.30. Mess accounts all morning. Saw Mess stores unpacked, and spent afternoon working out from old accounts how much excess of necessary stores the Kitmagar was asking for daily use. I took four different months to make an average upon. I am sorry I did not work this out earlier, but, now that I know pretty well what he should have, I hope to cut down the Mess expenses a bit. In the evening golfed with Somerville—played hopelessly."

"*Saturday, May 2.*—Up at 5.30 seeing to our camels being re-numbered. Breakfast 8. Got to office 9.30. A busy day of accounts, for besides the Regtl. ones I had those of the two Double Coys. and Transport. However, I got them over by 4.30, after a beastly grind. Got back to tea and read my *Chronicle*. Thought of the school sports going on at home and longed to be at Anniesland. I often feel how

I'd like to be back at school again. What a great time I had there—and what good friends!"

"*Sunday, May 3.*—Just in from Church, and writing this before Mess. It is getting hotter, and punkahs are in full swing in Mess and Office, but I still manage to sleep without one. Of course it will get much hotter, but I am standing this far better than I expected, mainly because I have so much to do, and so little time to think about the heat.

"Great cheers in Mess to-night, as I managed to supply strawberry ice cream."

"*Sunday, May 10.*—Yesterday evening (I had gone to bed early with a beastly headache) I was woken up by the most terrible noise on the roof. It sounded as if slates from a roof higher up were all dropping on my roof. I got out of bed and looked out of the window, and was astonished to see hailstones little smaller than fives balls, without any exaggeration. It was an extraordinary sight—but still more extraordinary when one hailstone, hitting the stone floor of the verandah, bounced up and broke the pane of glass in the window at my side, 5 feet off the ground. Later other panes of glass were broken by hailstones, but these were direct hits. It lasted about 15 mins. and then cleared up. When the doors were opened, there was a pile 9 ins. high against the door. The two dogs thought it great fun playing with these balls—and it was extraordinary how long they took to melt. Few people here remember having seen such a hailstorm. When this excitement was over, I went off to sleep and woke at 9 this morning feeling absolutely fit, no headache whatever. I'm just going to have tea, then to weigh the fodder that has just arrived and must be dealt with at once. Then a short ride and to Church in the evening.

"Archibald (Uncle Ch.'s horse) is a splendid big animal, he can fairly go, and he is an awfully nice beast. I'm awfully bucked I've got him here."

"*May 12.*—[After talking of the Kashmir trip he writes]—All through my plans I have been thinking how good it would be if George could join me—and how he'd love it. Some year I hope he may manage it."

"*Sunday, May 17.*—I have been longing to be back among you all, and feeling very lonely this afternoon. Since then I have been

reading Tennyson's splendid 'Ode to the Duke of Wellington,' and his 'Revenge,' and 'Riflemen Form,' and Kipling's 'The Children's Song,' and Newbolt's 'Clifton Chapel,' 'He Fell Among Thieves,' 'Vitæ Lampada,' and 'The Vigil'. These splendid poems have roused me and brought back to me my work and my duty, and I am glad, yes very glad, that I have chosen this life—and am living it here on our frontier. Something seems to tell me that my future life is going to have a lot to do with this frontier. Do you know Newbolt's Poems, and have you got a copy? Let me know. They are *splendid*, I think."

"*May 20th.*—I have a letter from Uncle Charlie. He thinks my plan for my leave too ambitious for my pay, but as Somerville has done the same from Abbottabad on Rs.900, I don't see why I shouldn't do this on Rs.1000 from here, and that is just about what my pay will come to for three months."

"*Sunday, May 24th.*—I am still off work, as, though my illness was so slight, it has, in some mysterious way, left me very weak. I have twice tried to start work again, but crocked up. Major McLachlan, Vincent, and Macrae are all for me going off for a change. I did not want to as it would leave so much extra work for them. However, now that I seem to have come to a standstill, I have decided to go, and they insist on my taking ten days' leave. So I am going to Miranshah. Bartlett says it is much cooler up there. Here at 10 o'clock to-day it was 105° in the shade, and at 5 o'clock 100° , while last night it was 90° . I am writing this in Vincent's room. He has been very good to me, and insists that I make use of his punkah at night, for which he has three coolies, and he absolutely refuses to allow me to share the expense with him."

"*Tutnarai Fort, Tochi Valley. Sunday, May 31.*—I left Bannu at 6 o'clock on Tuesday for the Tochi Valley, in company with a new Naik Tessaldar (i.e. Native Political Officer under Political Agent), so we shared a tonga. At Saidje, the lowest of the forts, I went in to see Maclean (of our regt.) who is in command there. All forts in the lower Tochi as far as Idak (which is 12 miles from Miranshah) are held by detachments from one of the Bannu regts., in turns of three months at a time. All above Idak are held by the Northern Waziristan Militia. At Idak I dropped in to see Kelly who is in command there. Mean-

while at all these places, Nazar found innumerable friends, and it was hard to tear him away. We arrived at Miranshah about 11.

"On Wednesday went with Fitzpatrick,¹ the new Political Agent, to Datta Khel—4500 ft. up and much cooler. On Friday Nazar and I set out at 7 a.m. riding to Tutnarai with our escort of 7 Mounted Infantry. Arrived at 8.30, met by the Jemadar and most of the garrison. He strikes me as being an exceptionally good man, strong, energetic, and neither too clever nor too stupid, with all his wits about him. After dinner last night the Jemadar came up, and we sat together in the verandah and had a long talk. He was specially interested to hear about Cadet Corps in schools at home. He said to me that while I was here I was to be his guest, and he would supply chickens, milk and everything, and pay for the stores I had brought from Miranshah. At first I refused, but he was *so* in earnest about it that I at last agreed. I asked him to have tea with me to-day, but he said I was his guest here and so he couldn't have tea with me, so we have arranged that when he passes through Bannu on his way home on leave, he will then come and have tea with me. This post is 5200 ft. up, it is beautiful weather, like early summer at home, with a continual cool breeze. I am fairly enjoying my time, and feeling ever so much better already for the change."

"*Bannu, Tues. 9th June, 1914.*—My work has been rearranged. I am still to keep the Double Coys., but Vincent and I are to do the transport between us.

"I have read my long-delayed mail. Aunt Pen sent me such a kind letter with some Arran photos. and the Academy Sports programme which I was *tremendously* pleased to get. Isn't she kind and thoughtful? I was *so* sorry to hear of Mrs. Clarke's death. She was such a kind lady, and it was so good of her writing me last Christmas. I thought it so *very* kind of her."

"*June 23, 1914.*—I have a letter from Hector telling me of his Father's death, he had just had a cable. Poor Mrs. McNeill! How I do feel for her, and poor old Lorne, and Hector and Ian too. I feel it so myself too—for Mr. McNeill was always *so* kind to us boys. He used

¹ Major Bruce Scott writes from Miranshah to us in 1920: "Fitzpatrick remembers Beppo quite well in 1914, and was very struck at the time at the extraordinary interest Beppo seemed to take in things up here."

to take us such jolly expeditions and he so entered into all our fun. How many happy Saturday afternoons Lorne and I used to spend with him—sometimes at a football or cricket match, sometimes after a lunch at his club he would take us for the jolliest of afternoons on the Clyde. Always he was merry and helping us to enjoy ourselves. It is only now that I fully realise all his kindness to us."

Later—*"July, 1914.*—George wrote to me telling me of Mr. McNeill's funeral—I am so glad he went."

"*June 30th.*—This morning I had to carry out the horrid job of shooting a camel suffering from 'surra,' a sort of sleeping sickness. I wonder when they'll shoot me for that malady! I leave on Saturday for Murree for my exam. and then hope to start on leave directly after."

"*Murree, July 7th.*—I was lucky to meet Atkinson, who is staying at the Club here, and am to dine with him to-night. Later I found out the Scottish Church and went in, and was glad to find it was Communion Sunday. We had a very nice service with well-known hymns and psalms. There were many Highlanders—Black Watch and Seaforths. It was good to see the kilt again.

"I'll give you the news of the exam. at once. I'm down again, worse luck. It was in the same bit as before, i.e. the book. It is a pity, as they said that of the two papers I had already done, I would have just squeezed through in the English-into-Hindustani, and that I had done very well in the unseen Hindu-into-English. However, there it is, I've failed. I'll just have to set to, when I get back from leave. Most people advise me to stay in Murree and work for the next exam., but I have decided not to, but to go on my leave as intended. I should be much fitter when I get back from it, and it will be cool for work, and I should have less office work perhaps, with more officers back, and more time for the munshi. So I am off to Kashmir to-morrow."

The following Diary of his expedition through Kashmir to Baltistan reached us in sections. It has been somewhat abbreviated, but is otherwise as he wrote it day by day, under the immediate impressions of the scenery and of his adventures. The place-names have, for the most part, been left in his transliterations of them. His goal, Haramosh, is, according to the gazetteers and atlases, $35^{\circ} 51' N.$ and $74^{\circ} 57' E.$

“ Bandipur, Wular Lake, Kashmir.
“ 11.7.14.

“ My dear Mother,—Now that I have started on leave I intend to write a Diary for you. I have told a shop in Srinagar to send you three maps of the country thro' which I shall be going . . . a feeble part of my belated birthday present to you! Now for the Diary :—

“ *Wednesday, July 8th.*—Woke up by Hotel Bearer [at Murree] at 5 instead of 4, therefore not in best of tempers. I hurriedly dressed, packed, and found Major Patch waiting with the tonga. . . .

“ We started before six with a fairly good pair of ponies. Patch and I being the record sleepers of Bannu were soon quite happy snoring in the back of the tonga. The next I knew was being awakened by him to find that one of the tonga wheels had completely broken, and that we were lying wrecked at the side of the road. However, luck was not all on one side, as not fifty yards off we found another derelict tonga with one good wheel, so after much trouble we changed wheels and set off again. But this had wasted $\frac{3}{4}$ hour.

“ It was down the whole way to Kohala about 30 miles (?) We arrived at 10.30 and had breakfast. We met an interesting individual who signed himself in the Dak Bungalow books as ‘Mr. Smith, Merchant’. Well we didn’t take a great fancy to Mr. Smith, Merchant, and rather hoped he was no relation. He set himself out to be rude and discouraging to us, but Patch dealt with him in masterly style. He told us of three landslips on the road ahead of us which he had risked his life to cross, but neither we nor anyone else could do it. An ox following him had made a false step and was drowned in the thick mud. However, we thought, if the ox was fool enough to follow Mr. Smith, Merchant, he would not be a great loss to the world. Mr. Smith was doubtful about this.

“ We set off again soon after 11, and arrived at the first breakdown about 2. Luckily at the same time Major Grattan on his way back to Bannu drove up on the other side, so we swopped tongas and got coolies to carry our luggage across. By this time it fairly started to rain, and we were frightened lest this should make the other breakdowns worse. We did not stop for food or anything at Dumel but hurried on. We found the two breakdowns about one mile apart.

With difficulty we got hold of a tonga on the far side of the far break-down and with greater difficulty got our luggage across by coolies. This wasted $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. The rain cleared after our flitting : we drove on, passing on the road Bulkley and Scott in tonga going back to Bannu. We talked to them for a bit, and then to Mrs. Pennell who came along in her motor (the wife of Dr. P. the Bannu missionary). She is Indian, but speaks English perfectly and seemed very pleasant. She lives in Bannu. We arrived at Dak Bungalow about 7.30 p.m., and arranged to put up for the night. We dined with Col. Lucas cmdg. 1st Btn. 5th Gurkhas. He is going up to Kashmir to find a new way from Zoji-la Pass to the Deosai Plateau. He is a great mountaineer and an exceedingly nice fellow to talk to."

"*Thursday, 9th July.*—He told us he was in no hurry, and meant to start the next day at 7.30. We told him that we were in a hurry and meant to start at 5.30. When we were getting into our tonga at 5.30 we found him also ready. He got ahead telling us he was intending to spend $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. at Chakhoti for breakfast, as he was in no hurry. We arrived there about 5 mins. after him, and in spite of what he said he hurried off after his breakfast and so again was ahead of us which meant that we often arrived at a stage to find no fresh ponies. He seemed so charming and nice, and yet he went away and did a thing like that!

"Our bad luck followed us, for when we got to Guri the spring of our tonga broke. The driver and everybody else were useless, and we had to mend this ourselves from parts of another derelict tonga lying handy. This again caused a great waste of time. Later we passed Nazar in the ekka with my luggage, and arrived at Baramoola about 6. There we said good-bye, and I was very sorry, as though we had had plenty of bad luck, it had been most amusing and enjoyable, and Major P. is such a good fellow. He went to Srinagar, to be met by his wife, and they are going out to camp somewhere.

"I found my shikari, Sabira Magre by name, at Baramoola with a boat in which I took up my abode. But I was disappointed when I found that the stores I ordered from Srinagar had not arrived. This meant I could not start that night. Then I went to the Post Office and found that the Home Mail I had expected was not there. . . . Anyhow I'm sure you're all well, and I'll find them waiting when I get to Skardu.

“ I had tea in the Dak Bungalow at Baramoola and a little later Nazar arrived with my heavy luggage, and with Punch (Yellagie had gone with me to Murree). I spent the evening making arrangements and impressing upon the shikari the great need of economy, and spent the night on the boat.”

“ *Friday, 10th July.*—I waited in Baramoola till the post at 8, but finding nothing for me started up the river in the hope of meeting the other boat with my stores. Coolies had to tow us, and about half way we met the boat with my stores, chapplies, etc. I took them on board and went on. It was much slower work than I expected, and it was about 8 p.m. when we arrived at the village of Sopur, where the Jhelum River (on which I had been going) comes out of the Wular Lake. Nazar gave me dinner and I went early to bed.

“ It is a curious boat, about 90 ft. long, 9 ft. broad, and a small-draught of water. There are two bedrooms, and a sitting-room ; I dignify them with these names, but they are merely in length about 15 ft. of the boat divided by thin partitions, and open at the sides (save for curtains. . . .) The roof is of straw matting—quite comfy. It is propelled by pushing it from the bottom of the water by poles.”

“ *Saturday, 11th July.*—Nazar awoke me at 3 a.m. that I might see they started at the time I ordered. Once started I got back to bed, and was very angry when I awoke to find that they were sticking to the banks. These Kashmiri boatmen, I had been warned, are awful funks and prefer making a great detour round the lake, close to the edges, to going straight across. As that takes about three times as long, I insisted, in spite of their whining, on going straight, with the result that we reached here (Bandipur) at 12.30. Nazar went off at once to the Bazaar, and the shikari has just got my luggage off on the ponies. It has started to pour, so I shall only go five miles to-day and start my proper marches to-morrow. . . . I reach Skardu, I hope, about the 17th or perhaps not till the 20th. I shall post there, but that is (for the post) five or six days from Srinagar so it will probably mean a mail missed. On leaving Skardu, I leave post offices behind and posts are sure to be irregular. But don’t worry. Be sure I shall enjoy myself. Give my love to all, and let me know all news you get of the McNeills, Your very loving son, Beppo.”

“ *Sat. 11th (cont.)*—At about 7 p.m. Sabira Magre (the shikari) and

I set off from the P.O., Bandipur, and walked quickly the 5 miles to Kralpoora to find my little camp ready and Nazar cooking my dinner. Just as we arrived it started rain again, but not heavily ; we managed to keep dry. To bed about 10 p.m. and asleep at once.

“ On Map 28 S.E. you will see the Wular Lake in the N.W. corner of map and Sopur where the R. Jhelum leaves the lake. On Map 28 N.E. you get the continuation of the Wular Lake. I cannot see the name Bandipur, but I take it that ‘Lankagoona’ is the place we landed. Kralpoora, you will see about $22\frac{1}{2}$ Lat. and 44 Long. You can trace the road from the lake to that point. Then go up the road till you come to Tragbal Choki (30 Lat., 44 Long.). Just short of this is the Dak Bungalow which is one march from Kralpoora. It looks only about 4 miles, but is terribly steep and very hard going. If you stick to the pony road you go twisting all over the place and make about 12 or 14 miles. If you go more or less straight it is just as steep as Goatfell the whole way. From Tragbal my road crosses Rajdiangan Stn., 11,950, and then descends very steeply with many twists till it crosses the Burzil River, after which it is fairly level. . . . Continue the road along the river till you come to the B in ‘Burzil River’. Above that B between river and road is the Dak Bungalow of Guri (marked by a small circle). It is in Guri that I am to-night. Continue the road along the river till it joins the Kishen Ganga River, and you come to two roads. Go up the right one, i.e. up the Kishen Ganga River, till you come to Gurais. That is where I mean to halt to-morrow night. It is not far and looks easy.

“ As far as I can make out the Wular Lake is about 5000 ft. above sea level. If so Kralpoora is about 5500. As you can see on map Rajdiangan Stn. is 11,900 ft. Then we drop down (at a rough estimate) something over 1000 ft. to Gurais. The road is 4 to 6 ft. broad, unmetalled and only used by ponies and pedestrians. No wheeled thing could use it. After rain it is beastly.”

“ *Sunday, 12th July.*—Up soon after 4.30 ; while I breakfasted the coolies packed up the tents, etc. We started about 5.45. The ponies carrying the luggage kept to the road, but the shikari and I struck straight up hill, and it was a sweat. It took us till 10.30, going hard, to reach Tragbal. There I slept under a tree for over an hour till the baggage passed, then on and up again. We reached our highest point,

Rajdiangan Stn., at 1.30 and had lunch. Just as we were leaving half an hour later the rain began. It was fairly steep downhill most of the way, but owing to rain the road was very slippery. We arrived at Guri Dak Bungalow drenched about 5.30. We got the chokidar to make up a big kitchen fire, and then one in my room. I found it fairly cold especially in all one's wet clothes. The baggage came in about 1½ hours later, ponies and drivers looking miserable. The things had kept fairly dry, and drivers and servants bucked up tremendously when I ordered for each a ration of tea and milk.

“Nazar got a hot bath ready for me, the servants had their food, and an hour later, Yellagie, Punch, and I had ours. Everything wet was put in front of the fire, and it was a luxury going to bed in a room with a roaring fire—a luxury I have denied myself for these last three months in Bannu!

“Guri is a most picturesque little bungalow, all by itself in a slight bend of the river, beneath the main road. Looking up stream the hills rise steeply on either bank covered with firs. Looking down the hills do not rise so steeply and are barer, while right at the bottom of the valley, where the Burzil joins the Kishen Ganga, rises a fine mountain smothered in cloud. Every now and then bridging the stream is a mass of last winter's snow, while all the steep gullies are full of it. Take away the Dak Bungalow and you remove Guri, for there is no habitation for miles around. It is the most charming spot. No sound save the dull roar of the torrent beneath—an ideal spot to live in with one or two friends for a bit. In the evening, I thought of you all at Hymns at home.”

“*Monday, 13th July.*—When I started about 6.30 it looked as if it were to be a perfect day, but we had scarcely gone a mile before the clouds closed in, and the rain came down for all it was worth. Before long the road was abominable, an inch deep of slippy mud on the surface. This made going very hard indeed, and what with that, and the fact that I had sprained my leg in the climb of the day before, I arrived here (Gurais) an awful old crock. I went first to the Telegraph Office smitten by your love of sending telegrams. You (Mother) would fairly enjoy travelling to Gilgit (this is the road at its beginning and then it goes through Astore and thence to Gilgit), for every now and then in the most out of the way spot you come on one of these

telegraph offices. What an orgy you would have ! These are planted not for the good of the village of 100 inhabitants that may be near, but to keep the line open. There are two operators in each the year round, who in winter continually have to go out to mend the line, as winters here are terribly severe.

“ Half of these operators are English, the rest half-English ! . . . Some of them are very nice fellows. If ever you want anything from one, you can always get it by talking about ‘ home ’ (i.e. England). They are awfully bucked when one asks when they were ‘ Home ’ last, and they answer ‘ Oh, about 4 years ago, and I hope to go again soon,’ but they have never been out of India ! Working on this lie has done me well twice lately. On arrival at Bandipur the boatman refused to take my civilised baggage, that I had had at Murree, to some stores in Srinagar for less than Rs.4. This was absurd and I refused, but it was difficult to see what to do. Luckily Mr. Restor, Telegraph Operator, passed by to get into his own boat bound for Srinagar. Well, Mr. Restor and I had a long chat about home and things in general, and in the end he very kindly offered to take my things to Srinagar.

“ The people who sent me my stores, sent a tin of ‘ Pearl Barley ’ in mistake for a tin of ‘ Real Oatmeal ’. I found two days marching without porridge at breakfast a bit too much, so I determined that at any cost I must get some oatmeal at Gurais. Directly I arrived I went to the Telegraph Office and sent off a telegram. The operator (perhaps $\frac{1}{4}$ English) was very nice, and seeing how drenched I was he sent for some tea, and we sat down and talked of Home for all we were fit. Then occurred an accident which has made me the lifetime friend of Mr. $\frac{1}{4}$ English (I don’t know his name). Having exhausted the home topics, and not daring to speak on anything Indian, I was at a loss what to say, but I noticed that all the time the tap, tap, tap of the telegraph had been going on, so I asked if it was a message going through. He told me it was Reuter’s messages being sent from Srinagar to Gilgit, so I said, ‘ That’s rather nice, I suppose you read the messages as they go through ’. ‘ Oh, yes,’ says he, ‘ we do as a rule, but whenever we hear Churchill’s or Lloyd George’s name mentioned, we walk straight out of the room.’ ‘ Quite right, quite right,’ I said, ‘ I’m with you there. I see you’re a Die-Hard like myself. Terrible scoundrels they are.’ ‘ Those Marconi shares were a terrible scandal,’ says he. ‘ Scandalous,’

I said, 'The rascals ! Unprincipled scoundrels ! And the way they've treated us over the land, too. Why, my family have had to sell half their land since these land taxes came out, I expect your people have been pretty hard hit too, eh ?' 'Yes, indeed,' said the Almost All Black, 'but we've just managed to keep our estates intact, but it is a great struggle.' I was tempted to ask where the estates were, but as that might not have answered my purpose, I refrained. Later, the conversation turned on the question of porridge, and ten minutes after I, with a large tin of oatmeal under my arm, was fervently shaking hands and bidding adieu to my fellow Die-Hard.

"As a matter of fact it is only necessary to say you are in need of something for the fellows to give you it. They are extremely good to travellers, and always ready to make up a fire and give them tea, etc. They lead lonely lives and have got to have plenty of 'guts,' for their work in winter must be terrible. This fellow absolutely refused to let me pay, nor would he agree to my proposal to send another tin back from Skardu. Not only this, but he offered me all sorts of other things which I had difficulty in refusing. It is embarrassing, but if I send him a lot of good cigarettes from Skardu I don't think he can take offence. One hears on all sides how hospitable these operators are.

"Armed with my prize I made my way to the Dak Bungalow. The rain had stopped and the dogs and I sat in the sun, ate our lunch, and got a bit dry. In about an hour the ponies rolled up, and as it was quite fine we pitched our tents. I paid off the ponies as I am taking on a new lot.

"It had been my plan to get to Burzil Storehouse (9 Long., 49 Lat.) by to-morrow night, a very stiff and long double march ; but my leg has been hurting me so that I am not sure it would not be wise to rest here for a day. I have strained what is known as the 'riding muscle'. It prevents me taking a long pace, and is extremely painful going up hill.

"I might tell you something of my servants. First is the faithful Nazar, whose cooking I find extremely good. Then there is Sabira Magre, my shikari, who is paid Rs.30 per month with Rs.5 for food. Lindsay recommended him. He is a good fellow, but, like all Indians, he'll lose no chance of making what he can out of you, I should think. However, I've spoken to him very strongly, and told him that, instead

of giving him so many rupees reward for anything I shoot (as is the custom), I'll give him a good fat reward at the end which will depend on how he saves me money, as much as on what shikari I may get, and that, if I find him swindling, a chunk will come off that reward. He is a good shikari, I believe, and strikes me as reliable. I give him to start with a pair of chapplies and a warm suit. Then comes my tiffin coolie, whose business is to follow me about with a basket wrapt on his back by a blanket. He is a most indispensable person, and, doing also a lot of work about camp, is perhaps the hardest worked. He gets Rs.8 a month and 1 pr. chapplies ; and the blanket to carry the basket becomes his own property if he does me well. Lastly, there is the camp coolie who looks after the baggage, does most of the work about camp, helps Nazar, and when the shikari and I go out for the day, has the shikari's dinner ready. He gets Rs.7 a month and a pr. of chapplies.

" That is all my permanent staff. Until I get to Skardu ponies carry my baggage, after that it is all coolies, hired daily. My baggage consists of three yakdams (wooden leather-covered boxes $2' \times 1' \times 1\frac{1}{2}'$). In the first are cooking things, stores, food, etc., that I use daily ; in the second my stores, clothes, etc. ; in the third ammunition, money, books, odds and ends, and a few clothes. Nazar looks after No. 1, and has its key, and I keep the keys of the other two and they stay in my tent. Then there is a 'kilty' or tall leather-covered basket 2ft. high, in which are also kitchen things. I have a canvas bag containing my clothes, all higledy-pigledy, and there is my bedding (4 thick blankets) in the valise. My bed folds small, also my bath. Both tents are alike, small, cheap, but, according to Somerville, very serviceable and, what is a great matter, light. They are 5 ft. high and $6' \times 6'$ inside. They are white outside, yellow inside, and of 3 folds. They weigh, including poles, pegs, etc., under 30 lbs. each. They are known as Servants' Pals, and cost Rs.38 each. Then there are Nazar's and the Shikari's bedding and rations for the men (rice mostly for the Kashmiris and 'Ata,' a rough flour, for Nazar, Yellagie and Punch). So far 5 ponies have carried this all right, but it is heavy enough for them, and as there is no wood on the Deosai plateau, I shall take an extra pony from here to carry the 'wood, as I don't want to overburden the beasts. . . .

" I went out for a stroll to test my leg. I found the rest and

massaging had done it a lot of good, so I decided to go on next day. . . .

“Tuesday, 14th.—We started, after breakfast and packing, about 6 a.m. Our road was full of steep switchbacks, but keeps rising steadily at least to here, Peshwari Dak Bungalow. It is in good repair and dry. It was a fine day too, and this has been the easiest march of the lot. My strained muscle did not bother me, though my legs got very stiff. When we arrived I bathed my feet while the tiffin coolie massaged one leg and the bungalow chowkidar the other! I am ashamed of my legs getting into this condition, and can’t make it out, as otherwise I am perfectly fit. When the massaging was over I ate my lunch, and had started writing this when the baggage came along. It has passed, and I shall follow in a few minutes. I hope to get on to the Burzil Store-house to-night. There, if I am very stiff, I may stop for a day. If not I’ll press on to Chumda Hut. This place—Peshwari Dak Bungalow—is *not* marked on the map, but is about half way between the villages Jasat and Mapanoon marked on map. There is only the Bungalow. It lies at the side of the valley overlooking both road and stream. On the opposite side the hills rise steeply, covered with pines on their lower slopes, while higher up the little gullies are not yet free from snow.

“It has been fairly hot to-day, but so far we have escaped rain. The stream—running through rocks and little gorges—was very full, and went roaring down. Looking at its clear pebbly bottom under 10 ft. of water, I longed for a bathe, but when I thought what a sweat it would be climbing up again, I decided not. For the road keeps from 100 to 200 ft. above the stream and a very steep slope. Well, it’s time I started again. By the by you might always send this Diary affair on to Lorne to read. He’d like to read it, I know.

“*Mineberg Telegraph Office*.—I have just arrived after a tiring march from Peshwari. Switchback all the way, mostly up hill. Yellagie and Punch are feeling the sun, poor beasts, but wait till they get to the Deosai, and then, they’ll want all the sun they can get. When I arrived here the Telegraph Officer gave me tea, for which I was very thankful.

“I am just going on to Burzil Hut about 4 miles off, up hill all way. There I spend to-night. There are now no more post offices

till I reach Skardu, and as I may delay a day or two on the Deosai, if I hear of bear, it'll be some days before I post my next. At Skardu I hope to get 2 Home Mails and am most awfully looking forward to them.

"I see from books in Dak Bungalows that Wollaston of Rifle Bde. passed here about 8 days ago and am told he's gone to Haramosh. It'll be very nice if I manage to see him, but I do wish he were not in front of me. Another man went past here two or three days ago, bound for Haramosh also. It is a great nuisance as there are only supposed to be two good valleys for shooting there and I expect these men will take them. But I hope for the best! This place Minemerg is not marked on the map, but you can spot it just over 4 miles from the Burzil Hut. . . . Give my love to them all. Your very loving son, Beppo.

"*Tuesday. Later.*—I spent about $1\frac{1}{4}$ hrs. in the Minemerg Telegraph Office. The man is a good $\frac{3}{4}$ English, and a nice fellow. Of course the man at Gurais had telephoned that I was coming up, but he feigned surprise to see me. He had dressed himself with a studied *négligé* and looked quite smart. It was bad luck on him that by mistake I entered by the back door, for, as I discovered, he had sat out in an easy chair in the garden in front with all his armoury to view around him. However, on the pretext of showing me a hill, that I had seen ahead of me for the last six miles, he got me to the front door, and I then saw his and the other man's guns and rifles. They are certainly great sportsmen, these fellows, and do a lot of shooting, and also skiing. All I have met have struck me as being extremely decent. They have certainly very bad luck out here in some ways. It is both amusing and pathetic when, however dark they may be, they try to make out they are just from England. This fellow pointed to a 'Home Sweet Home' Calendar on the wall, and said that that and the thought of going home again always cheered them during the winter.

"I thought that the $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the Burzil Hut were never going to end. As I trudged I thought, 'Well, I wouldn't mind being back in a comfortable Mess in Bannu drinking iced Cider'. But the thought did not last, for coming round the next corner was a roaring torrent, from a great patch of snow about 200 ft. higher up. A good drink, and what a change had come over Bannu and its Cider in my thoughts!

“I got in very footsore and weary. We had our camp a few hundred ft. above the hut to save a little of the next day's climb. The hut is at the foot of a basin at the head of the valley. The road continues straight on past the hut, up the hill, and so over the famous Burzil Pass. But our route strikes off at this point. We no longer have even a pony road, but a rough, narrow footpath, yet in spite of its stony roughness, and, at places, its steepness, the ponies get along wonderfully well. We soon got the tents pitched, while Nazar did good work getting the food ready. The dogs made theirs disappear, and after I had done likewise I soon fell asleep.”

“*Wednesday, 15th July.*—Last night the men were far too tired to be sent out for firewood, for after the Burzil Hut no wood is to be met with till we near Skardu, and it is most necessary for cooking. This meant that we did not get started till 9. The sun was very hot and we felt it in the climb.

“As we left our camping ground and the hut beneath, we left the last human habitation till we reach the village of Kirpal¹ (not marked on map, but just beneath the ‘Dori La’ Mt. about 20 miles this side of Skardu. See map 27 A. S.E.). It was a very stiff pull up of about 1000 ft. to start with. This brought us to the ‘Chota Deosai’ (whose valley forms a watershed). We went on level and then a little down to the foot of a very steep hill. My, it was then a pull up! Every one of us, shikari, coolies, and dogs, felt it in the midday sun. I said we must go to the top and then have our lunch. At last there was only about 600 yds. of slight slope to get us there. On we went very thirsty and weary, for I, like a fool, had the night before opened a tin of Findon Haddies and eaten them that night and this morning. All the way up I kept making solemn oaths that I would never take Findon Haddies out to camp with me again—at any rate if I meant to be energetic. The dogs having shared some of the fish in the morning were fairly longing for a drink. Whether they made such solemn covenants, I don't know, but at the first patch of snow they rushed and made quite a meal of it. I went on, envying them, when suddenly there appeared over the top a lovely cool little hill loch (the first of those

¹ Later he wrote: “This was a mistake. There is no village under the Dori La and no trees or houses till just on top of Skardu.”

three small ones that you see on the map, about $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles as crow flies N.E. of Burzil Storehouse). At the far end I simply lay down on the bank and drank like a—well it's difficult to get a parallel. No, I've got it now, like —— when he goes to inspect his brewery.

“We had our lunch and waited for the baggage to come up, which it did about an hour and a half later, but no Nazar. Half an hour later he appeared with some friend, who is travelling to Skardu, whom he picked up on the road. What had delayed them was Nazar's knee. The knee-cap bone has swollen, but so far there are no signs of water on the knee. He says he doesn't feel it on the flat, only when going up or down hill.

“We went over awful ground as far as where the river we have been following since the lake takes a sharp turn S.E., roughly about 3 miles short of Chumda Hut. There, after scouring the country with field glasses to see if there were any bear knocking about, we pitched our camp. There were no signs of bear. Supper over I started this, but soon fell asleep.”

“*Thursday, 16th July.*—Ever since we left Burzil there has been not the slightest sign of trees, nor chance of shade. By rivers grass is plentiful, but only for about 50 yds. on either side. All else is stone—big stones, little stones, hard stones—all very hard indeed. Grass and weeds intersperse the stones, but are useless for anything. Occasionally one comes across flowers—including a kind of Edelweiss. Also a bright little blue flower with a white eye in the middle—very small and dainty. One sees it at home too. Is it called 'Brighteye' or something like that? Anyhow, if it isn't, that is an appropriate name for it. . . .

“After reaching the lake yesterday our path led first gently downwards, and then almost level. To-day the ground was very undulating which meant little climbs and descents, but on the whole we moved upwards. To-day's ground was much stonier and rougher, and in places the footpath dwindled to nothing on the hard stones, leaving us only its continuation 100 yds. off to keep us right. Yellagie and Punch have had a rotten day, as over the plain one comes every now and then on a Marmot. Of course when the dogs saw one of these they were after him like a shot, and it was only with great difficulty and a long arm that I stretched down one of these animals' holes and caught

Yellagie's tail and pulled him out. Punch boasts of no tail at all, but I managed to catch one of his hind legs and get him out. After that we kept them on the lead, as I did not wish to waste time digging them out.

"Just as I was getting out of bed rather late about 5 this morning, I heard an English voice caying, 'Sahib ander hai'. On being told I was in he came into the tent to see. I was glad I was already awake, as I could not have withstood the shock of waking up to see a man with a great hairy red beard peering in at the door! In spite of his terrifying appearance he seemed nice. He was finishing up 3 months' leave in Ladak, and coming back via Deosai. He had got two markhor, two Ibex (one very good), and one red bear and was trying to get another. On this account he could not stay but rushed out, without me being the wiser as to his name, regiment, or anything.

"I had decided to wait a bit on the Deosai and try for a red bear, for I heard, from men driving unloaded ponies back from Skardu, that Wollaston had already left Skardu for Haramosh, and the other man who started from Bandipur 3 days ahead of me was also too far ahead to catch up. However, I heard from these men that there were two camps last night in the vicinity of Ali-Malik-ke-Mur, but that they had not seen either of the men in them. Now we were camping on the ground on which some one had camped the night before. Therefore I decided that if this happened to be my Haramosh man, he was travelling by single stages, and I might catch him up. So I chucked the idea of waiting for red bear (as I may get a chance of them later) and decided to push on. The path has been awful, so that we reached here about 5.30 or 6, very tired—ponies, dogs, and men.

"We started about 7 this morning (too late) and I pressed on without stopping at Ali-Malik-ke-Mur or Merg ('the little plateau of Ali Malik'). The shikari, tiffin coolie, and I arrived about 10, and the baggage an hour later. I had lunch and started again soon after the baggage had passed. The only people we passed all day were men bringing their unloaded ponies back from Skardu. There were no signs of habitation. 'Chumda hut' (as marked on the map) is only a rumour, as the waiter said about the chicken to the man who objected to a plate of hot water when he had ordered chicken soup.

"To see to-night's camping ground you'll need to look at Map 27A

S.E. (and S.E. corner of it). Follow our path up the Boorgiwai River till you come to a point where the path divides. The path that crosses the river and goes zigzagging on is the one I've taken. Now you see the stream coming down to join the Boorgiwai River from the Boorgi La Pass. Well, I have just crossed that stream, and am at the bottom of the second lot of zigzags. To-morrow we cross the Boorgi La and then get down into Skardu. I won't be sorry to leave the Deosai—a burning sun all day and the nights bitterly cold. What it must be like in winter, I don't know—almost indescribable—yards deep in snow, all the hills covered with snow and a bitter wind. I can't imagine a more inhospitable spot in winter.

“To add to one's discomfitures, there are the mosquitoes—the Deosai's Special Brand, great big black fellows, with such 'esprit de corps' that they come *not* singly, but in battalions and in Army Corps. They know how to bite. My left leg appears to be twisted round with the calf in front, but it is only a series of Mosquito bites, and this in spite of carefully (as warned by Somerville) changing at Burzil from shorts to knickerbockers. The nights are too cold for them, but they make up for lost time during the day. I saturate my hands and face in 'Citronella Oil, guaranteed to keep all Mosquitoes off,' but, well I won't go so far as to say they feed on the oil, but it certainly is not a great deterrent to them. However, I am giving my servants and taking myself large doses of Quinine Tabloids.

“Well, that's all up to date. I am sitting under the shadow of the 'Dori La' with my little camp pitched by the stream. The sun has set, and it is beginning to get cold, so I'll have my bath, put on a warm pair of pyjams and a sweater or two, and get into bed, with Yellagie and Punch lying at my feet to act as hot water bottles, and their own thick blanket over the top of them. Then when all is comfortable Nazar will bring me my dinner—chicken soup, roast chicken, chupatties and jam, and tea. We have brought the chickens with us from Gurais (one died of heatstroke by the way!). For milk I have an excellent tinned brand called the Ideal Milk. It is only sterilised and *not* sweetened. In tea or with porridge one would hardly know that it wasn't 'fresh frae the coo'.

“I believe the two men just ahead are camping about half way between here and Skardu, but they may have reached Skardu! I hardly

expect to overtake the one going to Haramosh (both may be going there for all I know). But I telegraphed from Bandipur for coolies to be ready for me when I should arrive, on 17th, 18th, or 19th. If the men ahead have made no such arrangement, I may get the better of them at Skardu. On the other hand they'll get there first, and if wise, bag my coolies. One great thing is that they don't know I am so close behind. At Skardu I shall be busy laying in new stores, and arranging about forwarding of letters, and if then I get the chance of nipping in in front of these men, I'll take it, which will probably mean that I shall not have time to answer any of your letters. Anyhow, I'll post this, so you'll understand. What I look forward to more than anything now is my Home Mail. I've not had one since the Monday before I left Bannu, which seems ages."

"*Friday, 17th July.*—Left camp at about 6.30 (too late) and started up the hill to the Boorgi La Pass. After we had climbed a moderately steep hill of about 800 ft. we came to a sort of Devil's Punchbowl with high hills on all sides but the one we had come by. Looking round I saw no signs of a pass, but the shikari pointed to a slight depression between two high hills, hardly a saddle, the depression being so small. It also looked too steep to go up, and I thought the shikari was pulling my leg. But he was right enough, and up we went, up this exceedingly steep slope, zigzagging all the way. It was an awful climb, but what a reward at the top—one of the finest views I have ever seen! To our left front, through a gap in the near hills, three magnificent distant peaks rose to view, the farthest Haramosh (about 26,000 ft., I believe). To one's front a valley ran steeply down, with high hills rising even more steeply on either side; at first the valley was too steep for snow, but later all was covered in deep snow, and below this nothing but barren rocks, the valley getting narrow and deeper till it looked at one point to be nothing but a deep gorge with the river at the bottom. Right at the foot, looking very distant, one could see bits of the Indus Valley. Then above it rose a pile of snow-clad peaks which extend round to the right. All stood out so grandly, and seemed quite separate. [*Later*.]—One of these snow peaks was K2, after Everest, the highest in the world; K1, a little smaller, was just beside it. I did not then realise this, but was told of it in Skardu.

"I had got information from some pony drivers that one sahib was

in camp the night before just 1000 ft. below the pass on the Skardu side (therefore he would reach Skardu the same day as I, but earlier), and that another sahib had already arrived in Skardu. This made things very exciting, and I had decided not to go near the Dak Bungalow, which is some miles from the ferry across the Indus, but straight to the ferry, pitch my tents there, and move on early the following morning, or that night if I could get my coolies and stores in time. Perhaps I might get off before the two in the Dak Bungalow knew I was here. But no such luck, for, looking at Nazar's knee, I saw it would be cruel as well as stupid to ask him to go on, though he himself was keen. Also, I got a nasty headache, and, as my leave was primarily for the sake of health, it would be stupid for me to risk this. I had had this slightly for the last two days. I don't think it can have been sun, as I took care always to wear my topee and sunglasses. It was probably continual jolting over hard ground that brought it on. For these reasons I reluctantly gave up my idea of making a rush for Haramosh, and decided to go to the Dak Bungalow and spend a day there.

"Coming down that valley was one of the worst bits of down-hill I've ever struck, steep all the way, and nothing but hard, rough, uneven stones and boulders, and every now and then, when the side of the stream that one was on became steeper and steeper till it was perpendicular, one had to change to the other side and go on in the same old way till the other side became perpendicular, and then had to change again. How the ponies managed with the baggage I can't think. But these mountain ponies seem to be able to do anything on the hills. They answer not to a rein or even a man's voice, but to a prod in the back and a whistle! They are wonderful sturdy little beasts, but going down this valley must have tried them sorely. I saw the corpse of one pony of a traveller just in front, and one older pony corpse and two skeletons.

"The river was extraordinary, at one point a roaring torrent, and a hundred feet lower down its bed as dry as a bone. It was nearly a mile before it broke out again, and again, but the second time went underground only for a short distance. In those miles of valley only one tributary ran into this main stream. This, I suppose, was mostly due to the steepness of the hills, but the melting snow on their tops had to have some drainage, and this must have been underground, for

every now and then not a mere spring, but a rushing stream, burst from the mountain side about 50 yds. from the main stream.

"I saw something similar between Peshwari and Minnemerg, only even more wonderful. The hills on the other side of the river, from which the road was, rose at about an angle of 110. Half way down this hill a thin stream of water came out; about 40 ft. lower there was quite a broad stream, almost a waterfall. This continued for some distance and then started to dwindle till it disappeared—a most extraordinary sight.

"To return to our climb down the pass, the less said the better. With my headache and the rough jerking I was in no good temper. Down, down, down we came, never seeing the bottom, never seeming to get nearer it, the air hotter and stuffier at every step. At last we got a glimpse of the valley below, and I was most annoyed when I asked the shikari if that was snow at the bottom and he answered 'No, sand'. Nothing but sand with a few trees sprinkled over it and barren hill on the farther side. Then another bend in the valley hid even this view from us, and it was not till we were a great deal lower and almost on the plain, that we saw everything. Just below the entrance to this narrow valley lay a dry plain, the mile nearest the hills being nothing but stones save for a straight avenue of trees running through its centre. Then beyond were trees at first sparsely sprinkled, but getting thicker as they neared the river. There were few houses to be seen. About three miles to our right front were the bazaar and houses of Skardu on a series of small plateaus.

"Except for a little garden standing by itself in a shady spot about a mile up the valley the trees of this avenue were the first we had come across since leaving Burzil. As we got into this avenue I heaved a sigh of relief thinking we must be near the Dak Bungalow, but not a bit of it. It was away over on one of those plateaus beyond the bazaar, and the walk over to it was as tiring as any of the days' march. This avenue was an avenue only as far as the trees went, for the road was abominable. Firstly, it was stony exactly like the rest of that plain, and had the trees not been there, it would have been impossible to make out the road. Secondly, it became all deep sand, and it was often easier to walk outside the avenue than inside. Then for about a mile before reaching the bazaar the avenue evidently

thought it should give up pretending to be a road, and we had to walk with a hot sun on our backs over rough stones. It was awful, and the poor dogs felt it a lot.

"At last we reached the bazaar, and I stumbled into the Post Office where to my surprise I discovered that in my journey over the Deosai I had beaten the post by a day or more and that therefore there were no letters for me. The letters leaving Baramoola on the 10th (same day as me) were due to-morrow, and as there were no letters for me on the 10th at Baramoola none can arrive till after to-morrow.

"At last (about 3 p.m.) I saw the Dak Bungalow with two men in the verandah smoking, and I cursed that I hadn't been able to get in ahead of them. When I arrived at the Bungalow there was only one fellow outside and after greeting him I asked him where he was going, and when he was starting. He said, 'I start early to-morrow for one of the Shigar nullahs'. 'And the other man?' I asked as indifferently as I could. 'He is going to one of the farther up Shigar nullahs.' What a relief! The Shigar nullahs are off the 27 A. S.E. Map to the East. Later when the Tehsildar came to see us and told me that Wollaston was the first to go up to Haramosh this year I felt a tremendous burden off my mind.

"I talked with these two for a few minutes, washed my feet and legs and went to bed. About 2 hours later I was woken up and told to my relief that all the baggage had arrived without mishap, though Nazar's knee was a bit more swollen. Then I had tea with those two, whom I had been racing to no purpose, one of whom had beaten me by a day, the other by a few hours. The first had left Bandipur on the 6th and had stopped two days on the Deosai for a bear (which he got), the other had left on the 8th and had come straight through by easy marches. The first one is a fellow Eden of the R.F.A. stationed at Ferozepore, and about my age. The other is also a Gunner, but of the R.G.A. His name is Wordsworth and I should think a Lt. of about 10 yrs. seniority. It is curious both being gunners, but I am told that about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the people one meets shooting in Kashmir (at least in the more outlying parts) are Gunners. I wonder why this should be?

"They were both very nice fellows, and after tea we took things easy talking. We had supper together, and thought it must be an almost

unheard of thing in Skardu to have 3 'Sahibs' there at once. There have only been 8 people here this year before us. We all went to bed early and I said good-bye to them."

"*Saturday, 18th July.*—Eden warned me about the flies here in the early morning. A swarm came quite early and even succeeded in waking me, but I had taken to bed a collapsible Camp Meat Safe made of Mosquito netting (it had not so far been used!), and I simply put my head in it and slept soundly till 10 o'clock, a good 13 hrs.! The place seemed deserted when I got up, and I spent the morning lazily making arrangements. Later I went down with Nazar to the Bazaar where there is one shop with a certain amount of English stores. I ordered what I needed, and came back by the Post Office; there was of course nothing for me.

"I made thorough inquiries as to whether there was news of any-one following in my tracks, but neither the 'Stores' nor P.O. had heard of anyone, and, as the Tehsildar said, no one had wired for coolies, I felt fairly safe. Thus I decided to wait one more day and start my march down the Indus on the 20th.

"Just as I was starting supper the P.O. Baboo came round to tell me that the post due on the morning of the 19th had already arrived, and he brought me a great budget of letters. That was the best supper I've had for a long time! It was the post that left home just a month ago on the 18th and 19th June, and it was because it went to Bannu that I had not got it in Murree. First there was Mother's long letter with enclosures. Then another splendid one from Father, and Maisie gave me all the news to date. Uncle Charlie sent me his news too, and Miss Penelope sent such a nice letter with a Birthday Poem by 'W. P.' Then Dr. Kelman sent such a good letter to finish up with. I had a splendid evening and got to bed about 10."

"*Sunday, 19th July.*—The meat-safe again did good work this morning. I got up about 9.30. I read my mail again at breakfast, and am now writing this. The change of climate from the Deosai is pretty great. At my last camp on the night of the 16th the temperature was 42°, while here at midday it is 96°! but I should think the Deosai in daytime was nearly as bad. The sun at any rate was just as hot. . . . Love to you all."

"*Sunday (contd.).*—I don't think I have told you of our visit from the

Tehsildar the first evening I arrived in Skardu. Eden, Wordsworth and I were sitting in the verandah after tea, when the Tehsildar, dressed in an English knickerbocker suit, and with a soft, felt hat poised at a 'knutty' angle on his head, approached with a large retinue. He looked at us all, and seeming rather doubtful whom to address, said, 'I have come to pay my compliments to the Private Secretary'. We were at a loss to know what he was driving at, and one of us must have asked him, for he came out with 'Excuse me, but which of you gentlemen is Sir James Dunlop Smith, the Viceroy's Private Secretary?' I explained that I was a nephew and he seemed rather disappointed. He evidently had not kept up to date in Viceregal affairs, and on receipt of my telegram asking for coolies to be ready had got very excited at the chance of getting into Court circles! I found out that he had written and telegraphed to the Maharaja at Srinagar to ask how I was to be received, and what special arrangements were to be made for me, etc., etc. He was still awaiting an answer, doubtless while the Maharaja's court were making inquiries right and left about the arrival of my high and mighty self in the far-off district of Skardu! Anyhow it all helped, and he was most obliging, but the poor man must have got a shock of disappointment when he arrived at the Dak Bungalow and, instead of meeting a more or less civilised Viceregal Private Secretary, met three very young, dirty, and unshaven individuals in the oldest of clothes!

"I wrote the diary, letter, etc., on the morning and afternoon of this date, and posted them, and at his invitation accompanied the Tehsildar to see the Polo. Skardu claims to be the place where Polo was originally played, but I believe there are many places that claim this distinction. Anyhow, it's quite certain that polo was played in Skardu hundreds and hundreds of years before the British occupation of India. I believe I have heard, that when some of Alexander the Great's soldiers were in these parts, they found polo being played.

"There is a difference in the game as it is played with us. The field is long and narrow, probably, not on account of any specified dimensions, but because such is the most convenient ground procurable. Then instead of 4 a side as with us, they allow any number up to 12 a side, according to size of ground. With us, of course, to score a goal one has just to put the ball through the goal posts, but with them after

having put the ball through the posts one man has to dismount and touch the ball down (rather like Rugger), while the opposite side will try and prevent him doing so and try to hit the ball back into the field. Then after one side has scored a goal, play is again started by one man of the opposite side galloping up as far as the middle field, throwing the ball high and hitting it while still in the air. They were, for the most part, wonderfully good shots. Every time they got the ball in the air they hit it cleanly and sent it flying almost to the other end of the field. They took the balls on the ground beautifully too, so accurately and yet so easily. Their sticks are not like ours, but rather in the shape of a boot, and thus offer a greater surface to hit with. Their ponies are small, but sturdy and full of go, and the men play half an hour each way without a change of pony—only a short rest in the middle.

“They had started when we arrived, but we were important enough personages to walk straight through the middle of the field to the grand stand on the other side. Very eastern, isn’t it? Fancy, if the Lord Provost were to walk through the middle of a football field in Glasgow, after the game had started! I think if he tried to do so he’d reach home in detachments! Well, when we got to the other side we didn’t go into the grand stand. Oh dear no, that was far too plebeian for us—all right perhaps for the ‘nouveaux riches,’ but not for us. We of the aristocracy went to the place of honour at the side of the grand stand under a lovely big shady tree, where were a couple of Roorkie Chairs for the Tehsildar and myself and a few more uncomfortable ones for the retinue. On my chair was a purple plush cushion. Oh yes, I’m a great man, unshaven and dirty as I am, in these parts. Mind you treat me with proper respect when I get home.

“It was very interesting watching the polo, an exceedingly good and fast game. One or two on each side were very good, and the rest dwindled in quality till you came to the Tehsildar’s son, who was just beginning, but without a lie I was able to tell his pleased father that his son rode a horse with much style (I meant the horse had much style, but let’s hope the father thought I meant the son!).

“Among the players was the Regent Raja of Skardu and his brother, brothers of the late Raja, whose son is about 6 years old and so unable to reign. Skardu the town is in Kashmir territory, but the tiny state

of Skardu is near by. The game over, the little Raja came up to salaam to me, and later the Regent and his brother, both fine-looking fellows and very fine players, came up and we had a chat. At least I didn't understand his language nor his Persian, nor could he understand my bad Urdu, but we grinned at each other and all was well. Then the players got on their ponies and headed by the Raja's band passed off the field in procession.

“As Mrs. —— would say, the ‘county’ people had had their amusement, and now it was the turn of the town’s folk. But not being Mrs. —— I did not leave the field on that account. The town’s people, who had been spectators of the polo, now came on to play football. I can’t say I admired the footer as much as the polo. It seemed to lack spirit and go, but still it pleased the players. The Tehsildar in his knickerbocker suit considered himself a great ‘knutt’ at the game, but he merely stood in the middle of the field and when the ball came near he’d let out a great ‘hoof’ at it. People of all ages played, including the old post office baboo of about 70 years, and the stout Sikh shopman of about 50. I waited for about half an hour and then interrupted the game to say good-bye to the Tehsildar. I got back to the Bungalow, had supper, and was soon in bed.”

“*Monday, 20th July.*—Up at 4 and started with 12 coolies carrying baggage at about 5.15. It was about 3 miles to the ferry, and we found to our annoyance that, in spite of my orders the night before, the boatmen were not there. This delayed us over an hour. When we did get started it was a great boatload—myself, Shikari, Nazar and two personal coolies, 12 coolies with baggage and about 15 to 20 other people, and all in such a small wooden boat! This was a flat-bottomed contrivance, about 50 ft. long and 10 broad, with only the floor to sit on. The boat had to be hauled by the coolies about one mile up river. Then all the coolies came aboard and we started. The actual crossing took about 15 minutes, and we landed on the other side about 1½ miles farther down stream. Just as the boat was about to start all on board broke out with a sounding prayer to Allah, which was repeated any time a wave larger than usual hit against the side. They all seemed much relieved when we got across. There is one ‘Ferry’ marked on the map but that is not ours. Ours left the Skardu bank at a point somewhere between Gonse and Nausok I should say.

"We started marching directly, and the Shikari, Nazar, Tiffin coolie, and I arrived at Komara between 11 and 12. We got hold of the Lambardar (or village headman) and sent him off to get us a fresh lot of coolies, as Komara is the first camp along the route. I lay down beneath the apricot tree in centre of village and was soon asleep. About 2 hours later I woke up and had my lunch with apricots that fell from the tree above as my dessert. Then a small boy brought me a basket of Logan Berries, which were excellent and much more refreshing than the apricots. All this time I was being watched from a safe distance by all the children of the village. It was such a treat for them to see somebody white, and eating too! Why such sights can be only got about 3 or 4 times a year! To them it was doubtless the equivalent to us at the same age of going to the Zoo to see the beasts feed! When I finished lunch the baggage arrived, and I realised how very much slower coolies were than ponies. But to my disgust the new coolies had not yet all assembled. At last we got them off, and I paid the others for their stage 4 annas each.

"As far as Komara the path had been good and easy. This lasted about half way to Tsurri, then it began to get rough and switchbacky, keeping almost entirely to the rocky bank of the river, which had been fairly wide, varying from $\frac{1}{4}$ mile at some places to $\frac{1}{2}$ mile and more at where we crossed. But at this point the banks changed from sandy soil to rocks, and closed in so that the farther bank looked scarcely 40 yds. off, though it must have been from 60 to 100 yds. off. The river continues narrow the whole way to Haramosh. On either side the mountains rise straight, and at every little valley running into the Indus, and at every little open space along it you find a small village with trees and several small fields usually in terraces. Beyond this nothing in the way of habitation or cultivation. The hills are but rocks, and, even were they grass, too steep for grazing. The people, therefore, though living in these isolated little villages with nothing but hills all round, cannot be called hillsmen, for there is absolutely nothing to call them out on to these bleak, barren hills, on which the sun shines pitilessly all day long. They stick to their own villages save for a rare excursion to one farther up or farther down the valley. One village may face another on the opposite bank, yet it would be many a day's journey to reach there, for the Indus in all these parts is

unbridged, save for an occasional dangerous-looking rope bridge. I believe that, in winter when there is but little water in the river, it is possible to ford or cross in a boat at several points, but now in summer when it is full and ever increasing as the snow on the high hills melts, such a crossing is out of the question. At the place where the river is $\frac{1}{2}$ mile broad it is quite deep and flows very rapidly, as is to be seen by the way when crossing we dropped a mile and a half down stream with the men rowing against the current all the time. If it flows so swiftly there then, imagine what it will be when the river narrows to 100 yds. It simply rushes through this long rocky gorge, and at any curve or bend dashes itself against the rocks, sending forth great showers of spray just like the sea on a rocky coast on a very rough day.

"My little party reached Tsurri about 5.30, but it was nearly 8 before the baggage arrived. Nazar got to work with the cooking at once, and gave me supper in bed an hour or so later. We did without tents as it was very warm, and we would have an early start next morning, and tents always take time to do up."

"Tuesday, 21st July.—It will interest you all to know of something that can keep me pretty well awake all night long—Mosquitos. We had had none all day and there were no signs of any when I went to bed, so I had no preparations to cope with them. It was an awful night, as you will realise when I tell you I was awake long before the servants! We got up at 4, I in a frantic temper, and started with my third relay of coolies shortly after 5.

"It was a long dreary march with several small hills to climb when the river banks became too precipitous to allow of a path, but we always returned to the river after one of these climbs, and went along its bank, the path being often propped up between rocks or against the face of the cliff by stones and rough wooden beams till the banks became less steep and the path could pursue its more natural way. Then to add to our discomfiture just as we were nearing Tamus (end of the 3rd march) we discovered that the path by the river-bank had been broken by the force of the water, and instead of going about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to Tamus by it, we had to climb a 1000 ft. hill which was very steep, and very, very hot. Coming down the other side we had all but to go in for rock climbing, and how the coolies managed it later with their loads, I can't think.

“When we got to Tamus we arranged for new coolies, and tried to find a shady spot for lunch. Not finding a good place increased my anger, which helped by a fit of dysentery from which I suffered all day, kept on increasing. The coolies (poor fellows) were long in arriving, and I gave them an extra $\frac{1}{2}$ anna each for the hill at the end. But the beastly Tamus Lambardar had not got another fresh 12 coolies together yet, so I was able to let go much of my anger on him. It was latish before we started again, and had immediately to climb a 2000 ft. hill only to go down on the far side. This brought us to Buicha—a rather pretty little village in a hollow of the hills. Dusso was the end of the 4th march, but as the coolies could not get in much before 7, and as there was another hill similar to the last before we got to Dusso, I decided to spend the night here at Buicha, half way. Thanks to a dose of Dr. Collis Browne’s chlorodyne, I was wonderfully cured of my dysentery, and ready for a good supper that Nazar gave me (Advt.). Then I was off to bed again with just the trees as my roof like the night before.”

“*Wednesday, 22nd July.*—Up early, but found to my grief that my faithful old Norman bludgeon was gone! The coolies had left, but I summoned the village, and told them with force (freely translated in to Kashmiri by the Shikari) that if the stick were not quickly returned I would report the matter to the Tehsildar and get the whole village punished. Having vented this anger, I felt better and started climbing this 2000 ft. hill to Dusso. We reached the top as the sun was rising over the hills behind, and, as almost the whole of our downward journey into Dusso was shaded by the hills, we got to the place fairly comfortably. There I struck upon a gem of a Lambardar, with the result that the new lot of coolies got off within $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour of our arrival. This fellow got a good tip! To the coolies I had had with me from Tamus I gave only As.3 each instead of 4, the correct rate, and said I’d give them the extra A.1 each, plus ‘backshish,’ when my stick is returned.

“After leaving Dusso we had to get about 1000 ft. up the hillside, but then it was level along the hillside, or slightly downhill. But what a march!—the worst we have done. For about 3 hrs. we walked along that burning hillside, with an awful sun beating on our backs. Nothing but hard hot rocks and stones. No signs of water, the many beds of mountain torrents all dried, for at this point the hills above

were not high enough for snow and there was nothing else to fill these beds. The dogs, poor beasts, suffered most, everything so dry, the ground so hot, and so little shade. Before we had gone half way I, not realising how far this stretch of hard dry heat continued, had given them the water from my water-bottle. They certainly needed it, suffering agonies from thirst. They are not great drinkers as a rule, but soon finished what was in the bottle. They seemed to suffer as much from the sun and heat of the ground. They would run on in front, shelter under a large stone till we came up and then run on again and do the same. But as the day grew and the sun got higher such shade became few and far between, and though Yellagie, though obviously suffering, kept on splendidly, it was difficult to get poor little Punch to leave the shelter. His paws were not so seasoned as Yellagie's, and he could hardly stick the heat of the ground. One could not keep one's bare hand on the ground for over 30 secs. Punch could stand it no longer. He hopped from one foot to the other, his feet burning in turn, so I had to carry him for the rest of the way. About two miles further we came on that river just short of Malakor in which there was water. How the dogs enjoyed it! They lay down in the middle of the stream and lapped and lapped and lapped. Soon the rest of us were busy drinking too. The water was luke warm, but it was *wet*. We went on to the shade of Malakor for a late lunch.

“The next camp after Dusso is Tuar (not marked on the map, but it is between Goond and Gomu). I must have had about a two hours sleep after lunch at Malakor before I started again. The baggage had passed us. We took it easy and arrived at Tuar to find Nazar already making up his fire. I paid off the coolies, had a bath, and changed. I was content, after that bad march, only to have done $1\frac{1}{2}$ marches that day (like day before) instead of 2 as I intended. Nazar having more time gave me an extra special supper! I slept under a vine, but the grapes, worse luck, were still unripe.

“Nazar is doing me magnificently. He walks behind me and the shikari during the marches, and never lags, and when he arrives in camp he starts at once preparing my supper, without seeming to take any rest. If I let the baggage get ahead he goes on with it, and when I get to Camp I find him at his work. I am awfully pleased with him. He is thoughtful and careful about everything.”

*“ Thursday, 23rd July.—Up at the same old hour of 4 and started after breakfast. The march was to Tiriko (which is *not* marked on map but is just beside Angabrook). The path led almost all the way along the river, most of the time propped up by stakes and stones. It was not a long march nor difficult, but at Tiriko we found not a coolie in the village. They had gone over the river to Rondu the day before. This was most annoying, and the coolies from Tuar refused to do second stage unless I gave them R.1 each. Of course I refused. The law is that you can make the Lambardar supply you with coolies at the fixed rate for one stage from their village. If you want them for an extra stage, you have no right to compel them, they must decide. You can offer the extra pay, and if they come, all right. I did offer extra, but to give them R.1 each would be absurd. Why it would cover their month's Messing Bill! I therefore sent off a man to Rondu to bring back as soon as possible the Tiriko coolies who are bound to come at As.4 each. I am waiting for them, and goodness only knows when they'll turn up. I may have to spend the night here, especially as it now looks like rain ahead. . . .”*

“ From Tuar I saw through my glasses the famous Rope Bridge, from Rondu to this side—the first bridge we had seen—not so long as some, but famous as the most difficult and dangerous from its situation of any rope bridges known. To-day we passed another, but less formidably situated. They are curious things. The rope is made of brushwood. The bridge, swung from bank to bank, consists of a rope about 8 inches broad to walk on, with two ropes a little higher for the hands, and that's all! I believe coolies carrying heavy loads on their backs cross these bridges, but I have not the slightest ambition to do so! After lunch there was still no sign of coolies, though I had been assured they would be here before 1, and when 2.30 arrived and no coolies I decided it was useless to go on to-day. I must say that one march a day, like I've done to-day and as most do, is a very comfortable way. You arrive about 10 and take it easy for the rest of the day. But if I had gone like that all the way it would have taken me long to reach here. . . . I had my bed made up, a two hours' sleep, a little tea and now I'm writing, and have odds and ends that I shall be glad of the opportunity of doing.

“ Nazar has been busy at his cooking most of the afternoon and is, I

believe, preparing an extra fine dinner, which he is keeping very secret. He came back from a ramble, and I saw him produce from his various pockets, and show to the shikari a large assortment of vegetables of all kinds. In the meanwhile I let myself in for a bust and opened a new tin of jam, and a tin of butter on the same day! The jam is Crosse & Blackwell's in handy 1 lb. tins, which open like ordinary airtight tins with food in them, but they have a very neat lid to each tin that one puts on afterwards. The butter in $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. tins is also very good, and the tin I opened on the Deosai kept good for over 3 days, and even then was still good enough for buttered eggs! I keep a tin of jam or marmalade open to eat with my scones or chupatties, which I have when we reach camp late and there is not time for Nazar to make scones. The butter I keep as more or less of a treat. I am looking forward to my first night of my more or less permanent camp in the nullah I go to, for it will be worth while to kill a sheep, a change from the eternal chicken! I told you of one of my chickens dying of heat-stroke on the Deosai when he was tied on one of the pony's backs. Well Wordsworth told me a story to beat that. Last year a friend of his was crossing the Deosai, and his cook was carrying the fowl for that night's dinner inside his shirt, and in the middle of the march the hen laid an egg!"

"*Evening.*—I have passed a lazy day, and at this moment my dak (post) coolie has arrived from Skardu, but like a fool the Baboo sent him off, contrary to my instructions, before the next English mail should arrive, so that he's come all that distance as the bearer of simply one letter—my Rs.60 shooting licence—and also of receipts for two or three regd. letters I sent off at Skardu (to P.A. Gilgit, etc., asking for permission to return by the other route). However, he has brought my Norman Stick! The villagers gave it him on the way, and I shall now send them their full pay *plus* 'backshish'. I shall wait till I get to my nullah before I send him back, then he'll be able to bring me two English mails together. Good night, and much love to you all."

"*Friday, 24th July.*—Last night there was a great thunderstorm up in the hills, but the valley got very little rain. However, the river was swollen a bit this morning, and muddier than ever. The Indus, all along my route, looks more a river of mud than a river of water. It is distinctly striking to see this deep red fluid going tearing down the

narrow gully. Our road to-day led along the river the whole way, as before propped up against the cliff in places, in others climbing hillocks to avoid a cliff, but we never climbed high. In three places the water had broken the path for 50 yds. Each of these meant a detour over the rocks above. By 9 we had reached the first big tributary marked on map after Angabrook. To cross we had to go some way up, as the bridge at the foot had been swept away. From this point our path took us fairly high up on the side of the hill, but except for the initial climb it kept fairly level. To this point we had been lucky to have the shade of steep hills, but then it was almost a repetition of our march from Dusso to Tuar. The sun hit with terrible strength. On the second large tributary after Angabrook the bridge also had broken, and we went up the stream (the Thak by now) to Istonging. There was a bridge, so I had a late tiffin, and crossed to Trungoo.

"At tiffin I got the cheerful news that the next big tributary is in still worse flood, and its bridge gone also. Well, at this point we leave all villages behind, and in the valley of this next tributary no path runs to a crossing higher up. I am told it will be impossible to get coolies with baggage across it—most annoying, as if I do not manage to cross I shall never get to Haramosh. But if we have a few cloudy days by any chance the sun will cease melting the snows on the high hills, and we may manage. The rivers all seem swollen this year. Why they should be worse than usual, I don't know, unless there was a heavier fall of snow last winter than usual, or unless the sun is shining on them for longer.

"On arrival on this bank of the Thak I was met by a coolie from Wollaston, who, it appears, having found further progress up the Indus Valley impossible, had gone up the Thak Nullah (or Valley), which is supposed to be not bad (nor very good) for shooting. But he has got ill, and unable to leave his bed for four days. He sent this coolie to bring up 20 coolies to carry himself and baggage down. I found the coolie in an awful state because a swine of a Lombardar, thinking this a great chance of money, refused to supply coolies without a written promise that they would be paid double. I got hold of the Lombardar and laid it on pretty thick. I have given him and two other Lombardars $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. in which to have before me 20 coolies. The two others have got their share of coolies ready, and this fellow has gone off to get his.

It is no good me going to Wollaston till I get my medicines out of my Yakdams, and though I cannot make out what illness he has, I understand there is no immediate hurry. . . . The coolies only arrived at 6.45, and as it is dark by 7.30 it is no use starting to-night. I have everything ready for an early start to-morrow."

"*Saturday, 25th July.*—Up at 4 and after breakfast I set off with W.'s local shikari to show us the way, and 20 coolies following. It was uphill all the way, but seldom steep, and we kept a good pace. About half way I was surprised to see the stream run (as it seemed) underground for about a mile. The shikari pointed out that it did *not* run underground, but that last winter had covered the valley, including river, with about 10 ft. of snow, and on top of this had fallen gravel, stones, and even great boulders, making it look like solid ground, save in one or two places the snow had given way, and one saw the 10 ft. high side of this snow field. Farther up it was again like this. Luckily the day was cool, and even after the sun was due we were sheltered by thick clouds. This enabled us to move quicker, and we reached Wollaston's tent at about 10.

"I found W. in bed, but looking quite well. His leg troubles him, for he has a bad wound on it. He cannot move from his bed, and has suffered much pain. But to-day he said he was feeling all right again, and now he did not wish to leave his place, as he hopes in a week he may be able to move about, and hears there are ibex not far off. Owing to the great difficulty of coolies carrying him along that narrow, rough, hot Indus path, we agreed that if he were feeling better, it would be wiser to stay here in the cool for a bit, until he is able to make a little progress himself. So he decided to send the coolies back, and wait for a week. He is very keen to get those ibex after coming all this distance.

"We had a splendid talk about the Rifle Brigade and Dagshai, and it was great getting news of them all. They are little changed from all accounts, only one new Major and Capt. have come, and several have gone home on leave. They have done very well in the Musketry, one double Company having an average of only 0.2 pts. beneath Marksman's score, which I should think a record. Col. Thesiger is, in the absence of the General, commanding the Brigade just now, and the new Major commands the Btn. Major King has gone home on leave. They expect to go to Peshawar in Nov. or Dec., and W. says

he thinks it is most probable that one of them will buy Archibald then. Tell Uncle Charlie so.

"Well, we had a grand talk, and shortly after lunch I left. I could do nothing more except leave some medicine, lint and bandages, and it was useless waiting a night. His tent was small, the nights were sure to be icy cold, and I did not relish the idea of sleeping outside. So at about 3 I came away. We came down a lot quicker than we had gone up, till we reached a stream, a tributary of the Thak. We had crossed it in the morning on two felled trees, but meanwhile the stream had increased tremendously, and had swept these trees, one about 400 yds., the other nearly a mile, down stream. It was madness to think of crossing without a bridge, one would have been swept away at once. I found all the coolies that had been returned looking helplessly at the water, as if that would get them across. With the help of my tiffin coolie and a personal coolie of W.'s I got them to bring back the two tree trunks, which had luckily been hurled ashore on our side. It was long before we got them put across, but lucky it wasn't longer, for about the same moment as the last man crossed, the stream came down with greatly increased volume, and made the crossing we had just done so easily, most dangerous, if not impossible.

"I got back to Camp at about 7.30, and after a welcome hot bath Nazar soon had supper ready for me."

"Sunday, 26th July.—Just reminds me of Sunday at home as I did not get up till 10.30! I have to wait here a day to make further arrangements for self and Wollaston. This is the last village of any size that I pass, and I can get no coolie after this so that the coolies I take here will have to come with me to my destination. Also if I want hens, sheep, etc., I have to take them from here. Also I have to arrange with Lombardars about supplying Wollaston with coolies when he sends for them. I have been inquiring about another road by which W. can make his way over to the Shigar Valley and so to Skardu. I find that coolies can carry him the whole way and have sent a letter to tell him. For the rest of the morning I have been making various arrangements and sorting my clothes, etc. To-morrow early I mean to set off for the river which I am told will prevent me from going to the Baraloonga Nullah. I want to see for myself if we cannot build a bridge over it. Now for lunch."

"Evening, 6 p.m.—A coolie has just come in from W. saying he is worse, and has decided to return by the Shigar route. The difficulty of getting coolies for him is now the greater that they do not like that route over the hills, but I think it is settled now, and to-morrow early I intend to set off with 24 for him, and see him started. This means delaying my own departure one extra day. So. I have decided to send a coolie into Skardu for my letters and shall give him this to post. . . . Ever so much love to you all."

*"Monday, 27th July.—Up early, and it was raining fairly hard. The coolies had not all arrived, and I was just getting into good form to interview that vile Lambardar again! I sent on the 12 I had got, but it was nearly 10 before I was able to set off for W. with another 12. When I reached the camp I found everything packed for a start, and then these confounded Balti coolies began giving trouble. They said they would not go by the unusual route to Shigar Valley over the hills as it meant their being away for 4 days. Remember I had settled it all with the Lambardars the night before that this was the route W. would go. I gave them all a good speaking and explained the penalties of their *not* going and that they'd get extra pay if they went. At last they agreed and we thought it was all right. But at our first halt it began over again, and again we thought it was settled.*

"It was nearly 3 before we set off from W.'s camp, owing to this delay. The baggage went first and then the coolies carrying him. They took the legs off his bed and slung the bed to a big pole, which a couple of coolies carried. On such uneven ground it was impossible to arrange for more than 2 coolies to carry the bed, and so progress was slow. When we halted the second time the coolies again jibbed. I gave two of the ringleaders a sound thrashing, and very nearly lost my temper and went round the lot. We might still have arranged it had W.'s shikari been a man of more 'go,' but he let the coolies override him. I should have liked to have had W. go that way, if for nothing else than to do in these blasted coolies, but with the coolies in the state they were he might be stranded. His camp the following night would be high up among the snows, and I wouldn't put it past those coolies that they might take him there and sneak off in the night. I offered to accompany W., but he said there was absolutely no need and that if the coolies meant to sneak off it was not likely I or anyone else

could stop them. Therefore W. decided to return by the road along the Indus Valley, and his shikari said he knew of roundabout ways in which the difficulties could be overcome. I'm going to report the matter to the Tehsildar, and also to Secretary, Game Preservation Dept.

"It was obvious W. could never get down to Thak that night, but there were many good places for a camp on the way, and as the coolies had got what they wanted no more trouble was expected from them. I could therefore do nothing more, so with my tiffin coolie, I set off at a brisk pace down the valley leaving this curious cavalcade of baggage and a man on a bed behind us.

"We got into Camp about 9, and found it rather difficult picking our way back in the darkness. A hot bath awaited me, and Nazar had a grand *big* hot supper which I was very glad of, as I had relied on getting lunch from W., but did not like to ask for it when I found his things shut up, and so, having had nothing since breakfast, and walked a length equal to the whole of Glen Rosa and back, I was little short of famishing!"

"*Tuesday, 28th July.*—Up about 4.30, and breakfast, and then I hoped a start. But no such luck, for 2 coolies had failed to turn up and one of the Lombardars had failed to send a sheep and a goat he had promised. This was annoying as it meant a delay of about 3 hours. However, we got off at last, and you would have laughed to see us leaving. In the front a very angry unshaven 'Sahib' dressed in dirty old khaki shorts and coat, wearing putties and chapplies¹ on his legs and feet, and with a battered old topee on his head. Beside him ran two dogs happier than their master, but only because it is the beginning of the march and not nearing the end when their legs begin to get tired. Behind followed Sabira Magre, my shikari, a big burly fellow, and Nazar, the only respectable member of the party, cursing the only Lombardar they had been able to get hold of. Then the tiffin coolie with my lunch and I don't know what else in a blanket on his back, and beside him the local Shikari, who is supposed to know the whereabouts of animals in the neighbourhood. This individual was—no he defies description, but what a fit you'd have if you saw him! After what one would call the 'scientific members of the Expedition,' if one

¹ Chapplies are a sort of sandals, very good for rough stony ground.

were giving a lecture on the subject, came the baggage. First there were 3 coolies with a Yakdam (wooden leather covered boxes 2 ft. x 1 ft. x 1 ft.) each on his back,¹ then another with a large leather covered basket (containing cooking things). Then followed my two little tents on the back of another coolie, then my bedding and a bag of clothes together on another, then a small box of stores with a bundle of grass rope for making shoes for hill work when I reach camp, then a man with various odds and ends including folding bed and bath, then Nazar's and the Shikari's bedding, while the rest carried rations for servants and coolies. Add to each of two coolies a lantern in his hand and to the rest a hen each in their hands (for we have to take all our food with us), and you will have an idea of the comic look of my party. Behind the lot comes my own Camp Coolie, who always stays in charge of the baggage coolies. He is leading by a string a sheep and a goat while one other sheep and four more goats follow. The sheep are to become mutton soon I hope. The goats are taken to give us milk in Camp, for in the valley I'm going to there is nothing at all to be got.

"The path from Thak (or Tuck) led over difficult country, including a lot of rock climbing on a small scale. One was continually going up and down steep little nullahs and along the edges of miniature precipices. All this meant time—not so much for us, as for the coolies. We (the two shikaris, Nazar and tiffin coolie) reached Malupur at midday and to our joy found a large vine with one or two of its grapes almost ripe and quite worth eating—another fortnight and they'll be lovely. After lunch I dropped off to sleep under the shade of a large pomegranate tree, and it was after 4 when I woke up to find the baggage arriving. They pitched my tent, and I started writing this. After tea I went out with Sabira Magre to fire off a few practise rounds, just to see how rusty both rifle and firer might be. I shot at one, two, and three hundred yards and was content with the result.

"Just as I finished a coolie arrived from Thak with a letter. At first I thought it must be from Wollaston saying he had met with more trouble. However it turned out to be from one —— who arrived in Thak to-day and discovered me making for the Baraloonga Nullah in

¹ I had three *Yakdams*, one containing bullion, oddments, medicines, one containing stores, clothes, one containing kitchen things.

front of him, to his dismay. He is going to stay in the Thak Nullah, and wishes me to let him know whenever I leave the Baraloonga Nullah so that he might follow me there. I answered him and pointed out that it was not at all certain whether I should manage to reach Baraloonga on account of the flooded state of some stream, and perhaps he were best off as it was. It is lucky that he did not arrive yesterday when I was up Thak Valley looking after Wollaston, otherwise he might have passed straight through and got ahead of me. To-morrow night I hope to reach the river that everybody says can't be crossed just now. . . . I pray for another cloudy day to-morrow !

*“Wednesday, 29th July.—*People talk of Glasgow being gloomy—Glasgow on a dull drizzly afternoon is perhaps a bit depressing. But for real gloom and depression Bull Nullah beats anything. I can't imagine anyone in his senses wanting to come to Bull Nullah (I certainly never wish to come near the place again), nor can I imagine anyone wanting to look at it on the map. But in case anyone does wish to see it on the map I'll tell you where it is, but let the depression you get from seeing it warn you never to want to come near the place in reality.

“Follow my road from Malupur, where I was last night, to Chutran, and then over a small stream to a fairly large stream almost opposite Sapser on the other bank. This fairly large stream is called the Bull (that's how the people pronounce it). On leaving Malupur we almost at once start our little game of rock climbing like the day before, and this continues pretty well on to Chutran. After Chutran the hill goes less steeply down to the river, but there are nothing but stones, rocks, and boulders, and you dodge in and out, over and under, round and round these things till you reach the dear old Bull !

“This was the stream, I was told at Thak, that would prevent me going to Baraloonga, and I can well understand its doing so when anything like full as it has been lately. It runs down a narrow gorge with almost precipitous sides, and when full must come down with terrific force. However, I've been lucky, for the last 4 days have been cloudy and the water is wadeable. We crossed, and on the opposite bank, on the one flat place, we sat down for lunch. And now having fed and slept in this dismal hole we await the baggage. Yellagie and Punch lie curled beside me, pictures of misery, and occasionally

look up as if to say, 'What on earth made you bring us to a place like this?' The Shikari has ceased trying to amuse himself and others by throwing stones to the opposite bank and is now lying under a large rock with a dirty green handkerchief, which I saw him clean his feet with last night, spread over his face to hide the sight of the place. Nazar and the tiffin coolie sit scowling at the stream as if it were all its fault. I try to distract my thoughts by writing, and the 'Chota' Shikari—no, I can't see him anywhere. He's probably committed suicide!

"We started before 6 but, though the distance is short, the difficult going prevented us reaching here till 10.30. It is now 2.30 and we hardly expect the coolies for another hour. What a place it'll be to spend the night! Won't we be glad when darkness hides all these dreary inhospitable stones from our sight? Absolutely nothing but grey sand and stones, not a blade of grass. The opposite side of the nullah all stone, up the nullah all stone, down the nullah the dirty Indus with precipitous rocks rising on the other side, and beyond this no other view. Oh, it's awful, but there's one thing to be thankful for, that it's a cloudy day. What the place would be like in hot sun I'm afraid to imagine, for there's practically no shade, and sand and stones would be burning.

"Having written the above I got hold of a little pocket calendar and kept myself going till the coolies arrived by learning that Feb. 2nd was Candlemas and Feb. 15 old Candlemas, and suchlike useful information. It was the only thing I had to read, and I was glad when the coolies arrived. I had them put up my tent at once and I went in and shut out the dull surroundings, lay on my bed, and read a most excellent book called *Sport and Folklore on the Himalaya* and having read it I feel much better.

"To-morrow I hope with luck to reach the Chungus River which runs up the Baraloonga Valley, my shikari tells me, and, I take it, it is just another name for 'Baraloonga'. It has been a long trek to get to my destination—much longer than most people care about—but I have enjoyed it very much on the whole, and hope it will lead to good luck. We'll see!"

"*Thursday, 30th July.*—Left Camp before 6, and soon all signs of a track were lost in the hard rock, but the local shikari seemed pretty

sure of himself. It was real clambering over and round rocks, using both feet and hands and picking one's foot and hand holes with care, and moving along very narrow paths on the side of an almost straight up and down hill—but nothing at all really dangerous if you exercised care. It beats me, however the coolies manage it with their loads. Occasionally we came to better ground with signs of a track which showed us that we were being led straight. This sort of ground continued as far as half a mile from the Chungus River, at which we soon found ourselves looking almost bang down about 200 ft. below. A steep zigzagging path dug out of the side of the hill led us down. The stream was not very full, the water barely to our waists. On the far side we rested about an hour, had lunch, and went on about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile over the same rocky precipitous ground, and then about 3 miles over easier ground by a well-defined path. This brought us to a small stream (that you see marked on the map by what looks like a dotted line), deriving its water not from the snows like most, but from a spring about 5 miles away. On this side of that little stream is a deserted village with plenty of trees and of green. Here we halted about 2.30 p.m. to stay the night.

“Although the Chungus is the same as Baraloonga Stream, one has to cross it and proceed as far as this village, and then wind back and up from the village, as, owing to the steep and rocky sides of the stream, advance up the valley by it is out of the question. The hills slope straight down to the stream, which for half its length is just a rocky gully with a torrent at the bottom, and for the other half the steep slope of the hills leaves no room for a path. My deserted village must have been rather a good little village at one time, well laid out in terraces like all these hill villages, and having on one terrace a beautiful row of shady trees. A small channel brought water from the nullah, and by improving this we had soon a plentiful supply running through the middle of this terrace. On the one side of the channel I arranged that the servants and coolies should stay, the other I should have to myself.

“It was indeed an ideal place for a camp, with a fair view of the Astore hills over the river, and we were congratulating ourselves, when suddenly the shikari who had been looking at the far bank of the Chungus river with my field-glasses said he could make out the coolies

wandering to and fro as if they could not find a place to cross. The Chota Shikari with the Tiffin Coolie was dispatched to show them where to ford. Evening came on and still no coolies. Nobody could be seen on this side of the river, though occasionally one caught sight of a man or two on the little jutting stretch of the opposite bank that alone came into our view. Soon it was dark and we gave up hope of seeing coolies that night. It had been a sunny day, and the sun melting the snows must have brought down more water than we expected. When at the stream I had asked about this, but both shikaris assured me that, though later the stream might be more swollen, it would nevertheless be fordable, and only after this assurance had I come on to the village. We later learned that the stream had so increased as to come up to the height of a man's chest, running with considerable force. Little wonder that the coolies with their loads failed to cross.

"Well, as darkness came on all hope of food and a comfortable night vanished. Nazar lit a fire which at least was cheery, though after a day's work we would have liked to have something to cook on it. Luckily Nazar had made an extra number of scones, and I found 8 of these left in the tiffin basket. The shikari took two, Nazar two, and Yellagie, Punch, and I shared the remaining four. Our frugal meal over we decided that the best way to keep off the pangs of hunger was to sleep. We made ourselves as comfortable as we could round the fire for it was chilly, and how I blessed the fairy godmother, Miss Penelope, for that Shetland vest she gave me before I left home! I always take it in the tiffin basket, it is so light and goes into such small space and yet is so very warm. I soon fell asleep with the dogs at my feet, while Nazar and the Shikari were making themselves comfortable at the other side of the fire with the tiffin coolie's blanket.

"Judging by the moon I must have been asleep about an hour when the barking of Yellagie and Punch (they are excellent watch dogs) awoke me. I was very bored at being woken up as my hunger came back with a rush, but soon my boredom was changed to joy for who should appear but the Chota Shikari, Tiffin coolie, and a couple of other coolies, carrying the kitchen things and the bedding. Nazar soon had the kettle boiling, and to their great delight I gave them all tea, and luckily there was some cold chicken left from the night before which the dogs and I soon finished. Chuppatties were made in record time,

and we went to bed having eaten a dinner, if not up to the style of the Grosvenor, at least most satisfying."

"*Friday, 31st July.*—It was the unusually late hour of 8 when I woke and rose from my bed on the ground under the trees, and the shikari gave me the welcome news that he could see the coolies coming along this side of the Chungus River. The stream had (as always after setting of the sun) gone down considerably, and the coolies had been able to cross comfortably in the morning. It was about 9.30 before they reached the 'Deserted Village,' which the night before had been a little more deserted than I had hoped for! They must have had an uncomfortable night, so I decided to go no farther to-day.

"Morning and afternoon I spent tussling with accounts that should have been written up before I came on leave, but which I let slip owing to pressure of other work. After tea we had 'Sports,' the coolies having great wrestling matches, and hopping races that were even worthy to be compared with those of J.L.M. They had other games and races and all were in the best of spirits. There was great merriment when I showed them how to cockfight, especially when one of them managed to tip me over and send me rolling down the bank. Then Nazar organised a great tug of war, 6 coolies a side. It was a hard pull, and the excitement was intense when suddenly the rope burst, and coolies were scattered all over the hillside; however, it only added to the merriment. They finished with all gaining a prize in the shape of a present of tea, and as I write after dinner I see them sitting round 3 fires, cooking and eating their chuppatties while the tea is handed from one to the other."

"*Saturday, 1st August.*—Up early and off after seeing the most wonderful dawn colourings over the hills that hid my Valley. We started off, walking on the side of the hill but slanting upwards, in the direction of the Chungus River. It was stiff going to get to the hills forming the side of the valley, after about an hour. With great expectation I looked into what was to be *my* valley, and I was disappointed, for all I could see was country exactly the same as I had seen all along the route—nothing but a narrow stream-filled gorge with barren hills rising almost straight up on either side—a grand place to have come all this distance for! One might just as well have chosen a spot on one of the steeper and more barren places in the Indus Valley. The

Shikari noted my disappointment and led on past a spur that hid the upper part of the Valley. On rounding this I saw how premature my disappointment was, for, miles off, the valley rose more quickly and then widened out and turned into two beautiful valleys each sloping up to a snow-covered peak wreathed in clouds, while on the sides of the valleys one saw beautiful grass slopes and little pine forests. Besides these peaks there was a third larger one to our left over the hills, up to which a third shorter valley presumably runs. This then is *my* valley, or rather these are *my* valleys, and I am not now in the slightest disappointed, but the very reverse.

"The track leads along the hillside half way up the hill and parallel with the stream until we come near the camping ground when the stream becomes steeper to come up and meet us and we drop down to meet it. All this is no easy going: a little scrambling over rocks, and most of the rest over very rough ground, but the worst of the lot are the sand slopes. These are not unlike the scree slopes on our Scots hills. They are at an angle of about \backslash and composed of loose, dry sand and shingle. If one tries to stand still, one slides straight down to the stream hundreds of feet below, which (if one survived) would mean a horrid steep climb up again. The only thing to do is to get over without stopping, to the track on the other side, and if one does that they are not difficult. There are other similar slopes to be crossed, only not loose, though steeper. In these one cuts small footholds with one's stick.

"Half way up it began to rain severely, but there were some goat-herds' huts near by and in one we sheltered and lit a fire. The rain passed and we reached our Camping Ground shortly after 4. The ground is a little plateau where the two valleys I mentioned join. A range of low hills divides the two, and at the end of these and below them sticks out this little plateau with the stream of either valley flowing down on either side and joining at its apex. It is a central position.

"When the coolies arrived I paid them for the journey from Thak, and kept one as extra Camp Coolie, for though I have one Kashmiri Camp Coolie in addition to my tiffin coolie, and though there is the Skardu Dak coolie, who I'm convinced is a fool, one needs an extra man in Camp. The goats have to be looked after and milked, firewood

to be got, and water, for the streams are too muddy, and clean water has to be brought from a distance."

"*Sunday 2nd August.*—As my dear old friend Harry Lauder in his song called 'Sunday Morning' so aptly puts it 'It's fine to get up in the morning, aye, but it's finer to lie in bed, a'm tellin' ye. Believe you me.' As you know, I thoroughly agree with the above classical saying, and this morning I agreed with it not merely in thought but in action—or *inaction*, for I did not get up till 10.30. It was pouring, and beastly cold, and I was only too glad to get into warm clothes after a hurried wash, and then Nazar brought me fine hot porridge, fine hot curried Dal and rice and poached egg, and I was soon 'as happy as can be' as my old friend Harry said when Jean Macneal fell in love with him.

"I went out to see the 'halal' of the sheep, a religious form that the people of the country go through on arriving at one's Nullah. They kill the sheep à la 'Halal' (i.e. Mahomedan fashion, cutting its throat) and call on the Prophet for luck. They call it a sacrifice, though they eat up every particle of the sheep, and though it's I that pay for it and *not* they, and they explain carefully that it's all for *my* benefit, that *I* may have good luck in the Nullah, but as far as I can make out it is they that have the good luck as regards the sheep, which strikes me as being much the more practical thing to have luck in! However, Nazar has arranged that I get a couple of legs and chops. I mentioned that I was fond of saddle of mutton, but was told that was part of the sacrifice, which I take it means that it is to be eaten by the trusty friends of the Prophet who accompany me as servants! Meanwhile I have sent word to Thak by the coolies that another sheep is to be sent out *express*, having been assured by Nazar that this second sheep need not be 'sacrificed' but will belong to me, and I only need give as much as I like to the servants. The first sheep only cost me Rs.2/8 I'm glad to say, and the shikari says that its correct price is Rs.2, and I should complain to the Tehsildar for being overcharged.

"Well, to come back to the 'Halal'. Nazar cut the beast's throat in a bloodthirsty though painless manner to the intense delight of the coolies, but mighty little sacrifice-rites did I see. They got to work skinning the beast, at which I was an interested spectator, for I shall have to learn how to skin beasts when out on trips like this. Then

we had its inside out and Nazar and the coolies gave me an Anatomy lesson. Then I saw it hung up and the parts I was to be allowed were pointed out to me.

“ It cleared up a bit for the ‘ Halal,’ but rain has again set in. I am thinking of you all arrived at Sannox, of your first Sunday there, and going to the little church adjoining, and if it is a fine afternoon lying and sitting in the garden or field, and later going for a stroll by the seashore. If it is wet you’ll be kept indoors, and how I wish I could join you at a good old Sunday sitdown tea, and our Hymns after it ; but while I have my tea by myself and sit reading, I shall think of you all at tea and then Hymns. I have got my little hymn book with me, and I often look up the old hymns on a Sunday afternoon. It’s clearing now and I’m off to take the dogs for a stroll.”

“ *Monday, 3rd August, 1914.*—Wetter, cloudier and mistier than the day before. I stayed in the Tent almost all day. The rain cleared for about half an hour during the morning, and I took a stroll and had a talk with Sabira Magre about ‘ shikar ’ in general. . . . At midday my Aneroid had risen 300 ft. since the previous night which shows the great increase of damp. We were in a mist practically all day, but in the evening it cleared and we had hopes for the morrow.”

“ *Tuesday, 4th August.*—Early the pit-pat-patter of the rain on my tent was enough to tell me that another hopeless day had set in. I turned over, pulled the blankets further up and was soon beyond reach of the sound of any rain. It had been 11 yesterday when I got up, but I was earlier this morning, and breakfast was over by 10. The rain has only come in showers to-day, but the hill tops are covered in mist, and heavy clouds overhang the valley. Aneroid has, however, fallen 200 ft.

“ The ground over which we can go without a climb here is limited, but I have managed to put in a couple of half hours strolling, and the rest of the day have read and written. I am at *Wellington’s Army* by Oman, which is most interesting besides being extremely well-written. As the day’s news is limited, I might as well give you a description of my Camp. Advancing up the valley towards it, you first note the head of the valley slanting very slightly to the left with a great white peak at the end, while branching off at a small angle to the right of where the slant of the main valley begins is another valley of about equal size to the higher part of the main valley. This, together with the slant in the main

valley, forms a sort of crooked Y. Separating these upper valleys (it is difficult to distinguish the one as being more of the main valley than the other) is a great high, grass-covered plateau sloping down from the mountains beyond. Suddenly this plateau close to the junction of the valleys takes a drop of about 4 or 500 ft. leaving a great scarp of rock. At the foot of this scarp is a small, roughly triangular plateau, with its base of (say) 250 yds. running along the foot of the rock, while its sides, formed by precipitous 40 ft. banks, dropping into the streams of the two valleys, are about 400 and 500 yds. long. On this low little plateau I have my camp.

“There, quite close to its rocky ‘back,’ are two little white tents, and slightly to your right of them a few rough ‘dyke built’ ruined huts. The tent to your left with its open door giving a view right down the valley and so on to Astore hills on the far side of the Indus is mine. That to your right facing the rock is shared by Nazar and the Shikari. The nearest of the huts Nazar has transformed into a kitchen, and the coolies have transformed one of the others from a ruin to quite a comfortable little home for themselves.

“You are now looking into my tent ; I admit it’s not palatial, but it serves its purpose. A ground space of 6 ft. by 6 allows of my camp bed just getting comfortably inside and taking up half the room. A couple of yakdams and a bag of clothes still leave room for a little movement, and with my bed as seat and a yakdam as table I take my meals comfortably inside. Though a 5 ft. high tent with sloping sides is hardly the thing to stand in, it can’t be beat for sitting in.

“As to that weird arrangement at the back of the tent, the larger pile of stones serves as a table when I take my meals out of doors, and the smaller pile with a rug on top makes a serviceable if somewhat hard chair. The tarpaulin fixed above in crude fashion by poles, ropes and stones makes a good awning and gives protection against the sun or light showers of rain to me when sitting in my ‘garden restaurant’.”

“*Stop Press News.*—Since the above went to the press a handsome Georgian Fireplace has been added to the Garden Restaurant.

“The chota shikari has been out on a spying expedition this afternoon and has returned to say that not very far off he has seen two herd of ibex, one about 15, the other 20 heads. One or two have good heads. Much farther off he saw a herd of 10 markhor, but too far for

him to see if they had shootable heads. I am prepared to take his reports with a big grain of salt, as they are probably faked to give me hope or keenness, though goodness knows I have no need of the latter, having come all this distance and being cooped up in a fuggy tent for three days. Anyhow the clouds have lifted. At 3.30 to-morrow morning I'm off after the markhor reported. For though the ibex are nearer it is the wily Markhor that we must first go after, for if he hears a shot at an ibex he may disappear altogether, while the ibex will probably return within a day or two. So Markhor first—if possible! It's a beautiful evening, and as I sit writing at the door of my tent I look on the most glorious colouring that the setting sun sheds on the snow-topped Astore hills, and I think of other snow-topped hills in the Isle of Baps and Velma; and though there there are no Markhor and Ibex, there are animals (human) even better, whom I long to be among. But I must think of my early start, and my tub is now ready, after which supper beside the Georgian fireplace, and then a good early bed."

"*Wednesday, 5th August.*—Called by Nazar when it was still dark, I dressed by a lantern, then after porridge, bacon and eggs we set off to what I described as the 'plateau' above us. By this time it was lighter, and before we had gone far up the steep path the surrounding hills could be seen plainly. These people can fairly move on the hills when they want to. It would have taxed all George's powers of quick climbing to have kept up with the shikari, and as for poor little 'puffing Billy' to-day, why, it was all I could do to keep the shikari in sight! I came on, miles behind, blowing like a grampus. I thought my lungs were going to burst.

"What I have called a 'plateau' dividing the two valleys, I found to-day was *no* plateau, but a very ordinary steps-and-stairs ridge mostly covered with grass and a fair sprinkling of small pines. It stretches down from the mountains, and is at first covered in snow, but as it becomes lower the green is more prominent. I call it a very ordinary steps-and-stairs ridge such as one meets with anywhere, except that the last step, down to my camping ground, is about 3 times the size of the others and drops down almost straight. It must have been the angle at which we looked at it from the valley, with the striking contrast it presented to jagged snow peaks beyond that made it look like a plateau.

"I shall call this ridge 'Observation Ridge'. My reasons being,

first, that being in so central a position, and rising right up to the chain of peaks that make a semicircle round ~~the~~ heads of my three valleys, a view of all these valleys can be obtained from different points along it, and I expect in future I shall start the day as often as not by coming up to try to pick out my quarry. Secondly, ever since Robinson Crusoe, everybody who has been wrecked on an island, or washed ashore on some foreign strand, has had an Observation Point, or an Observation Hill, or, if he's been very hard up, an Observation Pole, but he's always had an Observation Something, therefore to keep in the fashion I shall have an Observation Ridge.

"I said when I misnamed Observation Ridge as a plateau, that it was about 500 ft. above my Camp. Well, it is at one point, but at the point we've reached it is between 1000 and 1800 ft. above Camp. My aneroid only reads up to 7000 ft., but having set it as level at Camp I thought it would show me the heights from that point, but this unaccustomed height has confused the little fellow, and to my disgust, when I reached here after a terrible pull up with tremendous puffing and blowing and pulled him out hoping he'd tell me I had climbed 5000 ft., he only showed 100 ft.! Why, even the mists and rain the other day made him show a difference of 300 ft. It was a blow to me, but with tinkering and doctoring to-night he may recover his surprise at being so high. The maps are so devoid of any useful information to judge height that one has to do a lot of guess work. The Indus being about 6600 ft. at Rondu, and 4600 ft. at Bunji, and we being about half way between, I take it that the point I left the Indus was about 5600. Judging from that, I should say my camp is between 8 and 9000, but I mean later when I have a grip of the country, to try a rough sketch map of my three valleys, and I'll show the heights as I make them out to be.

"Well, I reached this point, as if I had been feeding on roly-polys and stodgy dumplings for a year, and was glad when the shikari indicated with a jerk of his head that I could sit down. Meanwhile, he and the Chota disappeared for a bit, but my state would not permit me to ask where they were going. I was just beginning to recover when up came the tiffin coolie carrying the tiffin basket in his blanket as if it were a ton of coals, about as badly blown as I. We stared at each other for about ten minutes as companions in distress, and had the Chota

Shikari not put in an appearance I'm not sure that we wouldn't have hatched a mutiny against the two shikaris. But there was no time for this as the Chota Shikari, whom I shall call 'The Lad' for short, not because he is young, nor yet because he resembles our ancient henchman Mitchell, but just because he is such a funny little lad. The Lad led us off to where the shikari had taken up his headquarters.

"The shikari was pleased, for he pointed out diagonally a mile or two across the valley very high up a small herd of markhor. It was impossible to distinguish them with the naked eye, but I made them out with my field glasses. They were too far to see if they were shootable heads. (It is forbidden to shoot a Markhor head under 45 inches.)

"These Markhor were in an inaccessible rocky place. They do not usually stay so high, but perhaps there is a snow leopard about, and fear keeps them high. We sat watching for a couple of hours and they moved a bit nearer, but still kept up where they are now. The ground might allow of a very difficult stalk, but the wind won't. The wind, before the sun rises and after it sets, invariably on fine days blows downhill, and, after the sun has risen and before it sets, blows uphill. They would therefore get scent quickly of our approach and—that might be the last I see of Markhor this leave! All we can do is to 'wait and see'.

"The Markhor have now stopped feeding, and except one sentinel have lain down to sleep. It will be 4 or 5 before they move, so we shall sit till then and see what they do. If they come down it may give me a chance. If they stay up we shall return to Camp, and come back early to-morrow with our bedding and 'field service' rations, and prepare to wait out a night or two.

"Without a powerful telescope it is impossible to say what sort of heads the Markhor have. However, we were able to make them out a little plainer as they came nearer (not lower but more nearly opposite). The Shikari with disgust told me that there was not a shootable head among them, but later 4 more came into view well behind the others, and 3 were certainly larger. The shikari says they may be above 45 inches, but none of them really big. It is a pity, as it is unlikely that there are any other Markhor in the valley. Of my three valleys

Markhor only frequent this one, and we have searched the whole valley with our glasses in vain for others.

"A real good head is most uncommon nowadays, and I shall be only too happy if I get a 45 inch, but having come to such an out of the way place there was a chance of getting a moderate head, yet if I saw it I probably shouldn't hit it! It would be a tremendous difference if I had a telescope with me, as then we should see more or less what sort of heads they have. It would be much more interesting, too, as I could watch them and see their habits and all their doings. Everybody advised me to take a telescope, but I explained that a £6 telescope took some getting, and is not an *absolute* necessity. Perhaps by next leave I may scrape up enough to buy one second hand. Somerville was going to lend me his, but decided that he also would go to Kashmir, and so needed it himself. It is a pity, as it would make all the difference to be able to watch these animals and understand them. My field glasses, though very strong, are not powerful enough to show the beasts up.

"About two miles farther up this ridge, on the same side as we, is a herd of from 20 to 30 Ibex, but the shikari says there are no good heads, all does and young rams. Even if there were we should leave them alone for fear of disturbing the Markhor. But they are in a splendid position for a stalk. We could go right along the ridge, just on the other side, and come down on them. The wind would suit, and the ground is not too bad.

"About 4 our Markhor moved along the hillside, getting more nearly opposite, and then to our delight started coming down. This allowed us to get a full view. As the biggest passed a white rock I caught a glimpse of his horns, enough to fill me with admiration. What a magnificent head!

"However, the shikari said that the horns were not fully 45. It was disappointing. One could see that most had small heads, but two to me did seem big, and yet the shikari would put them down at 42 and 43. Never having seen a live Markhor before I cannot judge at so great a distance, but it is the shikari's business to know. We watched these Markhor till after sunset, and searched the hills for others but in vain. The Ibex came within 1000 yds., but that was of little use.

"The shikaris, now that they have seen these Markhor, are all for

me to go after Ibex to-morrow, but I disagree, for Somerville and others told me that directly the Markhor heard a shot fired they would disappear, and if they returned it would probably not be for a week or two. Nor because we have been disappointed in to-day's Markhor do I see reason why we should despond. There may be other Markhor of shootable size. Therefore, I flatly refused to go after Ibex, and insisted to look for Markhor. Why, if I had wanted Ibex alone I could have got them in one of the Shigar nullahs near Skardu without coming all this way. I am annoyed with both shikaris. Before we arrived they talked to me in great spirits of this nullah being the 'Home of the Markhor,' and after our little reverse of to-day—our first day, they want to give up the Markhor !

" We reached camp about dusk, welcomed by Yellagie and Punch ! Nazar had a good supper. I did full justice to it, and drank Lorne's health on his 20th birthday."

" *Thursday, 6th August.*—Again, one keenly felt the need of a telescope. My glasses were absolutely invaluable, but no field-glasses can take the place of a telescope.

" Well, the early morning repeated yesterday, save that we were earlier. I puffed up Observation Ridge, but did not go quite so high. We stopped pretty well opposite to where we had last seen our friends the Markhor, but they were nowhere to be seen. It took about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. careful searching before the Shikari discovered them still asleep at what looked an inaccessible spot even higher than they had been. They had evidently had a good afternoon and evening gorging themselves on the lower ground with grass, but the fear of a snow leopard (we suspect) drove them up to their fastness where they spent a lazy morning getting rid of the effects of their feed. It was late before they started, and even then their dinner seemed to weigh on them, for they soon lay down again.

" We searched the hills for others, but saw only Ibex. There was the herd of small ones that we had seen the day before, and what looked like four large ones high up near where the Markhor had been yesterday. We kept all these in view through the heat of the day (when they rest), but they were long to get a move. The Markhor were the first, and to our pleasure came downwards, to about half the height of the opposite side of the valley, but then started moving parallel to the bottom

of the valley and down it. By sunset they entered a nullah which divides the rocky ground on which they had been these two days from slopes which are grassy, and have some trees. We had to leave them here as the sun vanished from even the highest of the peaks, and there were signs of darkness.

“ The Ibex had until quite late lain still, and then of a sudden, started down the steep hill at a great pace, leaping boulders and taking large stones in their stride. It was a most beautiful exhibition of cross-country running, or rather of hurdling, as they showed the ease and grace of a good hurdler. They came lower than the Markhor, and were apparently frightened of nothing, but full of good spirits : one of them every now and then stopping to have a friendly butting match (now's your chance, Alick) with one of the others. It was a beautiful sight, but when they reached a fine green patch on the hillside, and we could see their horns, we were rather disappointed, for we had expected big ones, and these were not up to 35 inches—what is laid down as a shootable head for an Ibex.

“ To-night we got back after dark. To-morrow we go up the hillside on the other side of the valley, which will be a little lower down the valley than the place we expect the Markhor to spend the night. If the Markhor, as we have reason to believe, continue coming down the valley we ought by afternoon to get close enough for the Shikari to fairly gauge the size of their horns, though he still considers they are under 45, but without a telescope he can't swear to it. Both Shikaris are against what I have planned, but offer no better alternative. They admit that we may get near these Markhor, but say that we shall see no others, though part of my idea in going where I intend is to search out some country that we have, from Observation Ridge, been unable to see. They say that we shall meet no new Markhor there, but I'll be happier if I make myself certain on that point by going there.”

“ *Friday, 7th August.*—Another getting up by moonlight, and we had left Camp Plateau by 4. We crossed the stream of what I shall call, partly of hope and partly of irony, Markhor Nullah, then struck bang up the spur on the opposite hillside. Here we saw tracks of a snow-leopard, and I shall call this Cheetah Spur. It was a stiffer and much longer climb than those of the two previous days, and we halted half an hour half way up to have a look around. To our disgust we

found our Markhor, instead of coming in our direction, had merely retraced their steps and were in as nasty a place as ever.

"We went on till we got to the top of this spur and had another halt for observation. Yes, there were those aggravating Markhor refusing to allow themselves to be measured, and those small Ibex which we did not want to see, but nothing else, and Sabira Magre had pleasure in digging it in that he had said it was useless. But wait a bit, why was that stone tumbling down the hillside some little way off? There was no snow to melt at that point which could loosen a stone. Let's have a look through the glasses! Yes, three young Markhor just disappearing round the edge of the hill about a mile off. It was impossible to say whether they had got wind of us or not. True, they were small, but they *were* Markhor, and so now it was my turn to crow!

"Shikari Bros. were for sitting where we were and looking through the glasses, but I saw no advantage in this as we still could not see all the country I wanted to. So I said, we go up to that small peak directly from which we'd be able to see. We had a regular tiff about this and they said that we'd find no Markhor, and it was a mad idea, and that they had gone after Markhor for years and knew all about them, etc. I got stuffy and admitted that my knowledge of Markhor was nil, and if they did not want to go up there to look for Markhor, all right; but I was going up there just for a walk and they were to come with me. The whole four, therefore, set off in a huff to climb the hill, about 1500 ft. from where we were, and the going extremely difficult. To reach the top without a rope was impossible, but we got on to the ridge a little below and there about 200 ft., almost straight below us, lay a herd of female Ibex, in just such a position (as shikaris admitted) as Markhor might be. We waited for a while. Most were asleep but they had three sentries out, all, curiously, facing downhill. Most lay in the sun with their heads in the shade of a stone, but one or two of the kids were having a great game of what looked like 'Tig' on the rocks!

"From this point the Shikaris having been proved twice wrong, became more docile, and in a friendly spirit, we proceeded up the ridge looking for a suitable place to cross to the other side. It was not easy getting down the other side, as we had to go within 50 yds. of some female Ibex, but we decided the risk of disturbing them was worth taking in order to get a point from which all the ground we had been unable

to see, could be seen. We were within 70 yds. of these Ibex before they saw us, and if they had only been Markhor—well it would have been the chance of a lifetime for most offered perfect targets. Luckily they went off in the direction more suitable to our plans.

“It must have been about 2 when we reached the spot we had aimed for, so that with the exception of three half-hour halts to search the ground and one or two shorter ones we had been going steadily for ten hours. Here we spent an hour or more over lunch and then started back, but this time skirting the hill (which I shall, after the spur, call ‘Cheetah Hill’) till the descent to the stream and so to Camp, when it was quite dark. I see little of my Camp by daylight these days, leaving by moonlight, and arriving by Lantern!

“In spite of having seen little of value I was glad of the day, for now I am sure that no Markhor are in that part of the valley that are worth going after. It has been a hard but a very good day, and there is always the chance that with those three small Markhor we saw there may have been larger ones. We saw the place they had spent the night and there were about a dozen altogether. The shikaris say that big ones are not likely to be with them, but they may be wrong again. We looked for them all the rest of the day but saw no signs. We first saw them disappearing behind the hill that we climbed and with luck we would have come down on top of them, but they must have been too quick for us and passed round the other side of the hill (impossible for us). However the female Ibex will probably have fled in their direction *from* the opposite side of the hill from which Markhor Valley is, therefore with luck their flight may have decided these Markhor to drop into Markhor Valley. Anyhow let’s hope so, for except for these two lots I think it unlikely that there are Markhor in this Valley—or, if so, that they are shootable.

“I have just been informed by Nazar and the Shikari that we fast approach a state of famine! The Shikari was last up in these parts many years ago when Markhor were more numerous. The valley has a great name for both Markhor and Ibex. Well, trusting to its reputation, and not allowing for delay, nor for bad weather, which was stupid, the Shikari thought we’d soon get our Markhor and then our Ibex and quickly have started on our return. Well, first our delay en route and then three wet days after arrival and finally lack of Markhor have thrown out his

calculations and we are staying longer than he had expected. The Shikari only brought enough 'Ata' (rough flour) as rations for himself and coolies necessary for the short stay he contemplated. Nazar on his advice had similarly brought little ata for himself and dogs and little flour for me. It was stupid of both, for I told them to bring enough to last well beyond August 20th, so that we could do comfortably till that date, and without any serious loss till the end of the month. They understood, and knew I was taking stores (in tins) for myself on that principle, and yet they take too little! I am very angry.

"But our meat is also nearing an end. I had ordered at Thak a couple of sheep, ready to take away with me, with other things. There was only one sheep, and many other things were lacking but they promised to send these after us. When the coolies left I gave them a letter telling the Lambardars to send the things at once and ordered more 'ata' and one or two other things, and sent payment, and these should have arrived three or four days ago. The result is that the 'ata' is finished, there is about 2 lbs. flour left, 7 eggs, barely 2 lbs. of meat, a couple of chickens, a fair amount of vegetables and a few lbs. of rice; that is all except store things for myself, Nazar, two Shikaris, three coolies and two dogs. Luckily I have some tinned meats that I took for emergency ration in case of sleeping away from Camp, but Mohammedans can't eat them. The rest of the stores are of little use without meat and flour. However I have $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of oatmeal left, which should help us. So we are in a bad way.

"I have just ordered one of the Kashmiri coolies—and the Thak coolie to show him the short cut over the hills—to go to Thak and bring the things I ordered, *plus* 120 lbs. more ata. They'll go off to-morrow and reach Thak the following day, and should be back three days after. But I hope they may meet the previous things I ordered, and one of them will come back hurrying these up, while the other goes and gets the 'ata' from Thak.

"What is also annoying is that that fool of a Dak coolie has not returned from Skardu. He should have arrived long ere this. I am running short too of paper. This owing to the bearer at Murree failing to pack a couple of blocks of writing paper I had bought. I shall have to write on both sides of the paper. It seems years since I got your

last letters at Skardu. I'm beginning to feel sorry for the Dak Coolie on his arrival here!"

"*Saturday, 8th August.*—Too cloudy to-day to go out after Markhor, so I am, against my will, taking it easy. I have sent out the Lad to see what he can. Meanwhile every precaution to make the food last as long as possible! I have spent the day mostly in reading *Wellington's Army*, by Oman, one of the most interesting books I have read. I am awfully bucked with it. The day has passed uneventfully, and there is no news except for the Lad's account.

"The Lad saw our first lot of Ibex and says they have come fairly low during the day to their regular ground, as also have a new herd—probably that we saw yesterday come into Markhor Valley. He could not get near enough to judge their horns, but says that if they keep as low as they are we shall, after locating them early in the morning, be able to get close enough to judge, and if they are found to be shootable, well we should be able to stalk them before night falls, with luck. He also saw some Ibex [?] but too far off to get at without spending one night on the hillside. But to-morrow I'm all for going after those Markhor and settling once and for all if they are shootable. If not I think I shall be right in going after Ibex, especially if the things from Thak do not roll up and we need meat."

"*Sunday, 9th August.*—Pouring wet. Mists all around. I seem to have struck bad luck. At present (12 o'clock) I can't see 20 yds. from the tent. No good going after the Markhor: they will only get wind of us and disappear. It is just possible that this weather may do us a good turn by keeping the Markhor down in the Valley and also in bringing Ibex down and perhaps also in producing bigger Markhor, but I hardly dare hope for this. Anyhow it's a thought to comfort oneself with sitting cramped up in one's tent.

"I have been continuing *W.s' Army*, and then this scribble. If I can find the paper I'll try and draw a very rough map to give you an idea of this valley. The only other occupation is to look out for the Rations coming. We are now down to no ata, 4 eggs, very little rice (on which all servants feed) and flour enough to do the dogs and me for one more day. The mutton will be finished to-night, and a chicken killed for the servants, while I have recourse to tinned things. Our food will probably be delayed owing to the rain, altogether a cheery outlook!"

"I got a start on the map on the back of a large envelope, the only available paper. The rest of the afternoon I read that book of his that Dr. Kelman gave me, and after tea I thought of you all with your Sunday in Sannox." [We did not go to Sannox after all.]

"*Monday, 10th August.*—No change, every bit as bad as yesterday, nothing but rain and mist. The only warm place is the tiny 4 ft. high hut that Nazar has made his kitchen, so I repaired to warm myself at his fire, and Nazar and I had a long conversation. He never tires of telling stories of Uncle Charlie and Chitral, and it is nice listening to his keenness in telling them. I wrote the rest of the morning in my tent, and in the afternoon continued *Wellington's Army*, and after tea I had a talk with Sabira Magre. He and the Lad went out early to see what they could. But the rain and mist came on, and they saw little and spent most of the time under a rock. However they saw one of the herds of Markhor very clearly, and in it they are certain there is *not* a shootable head. The other herd they said must have been near, but they did not see it, so I still hold the hope that it may contain perhaps one shootable animal. They also saw many Ibex in Ibex Valley, but were too far off to make out what sort of heads they had with only the aid of field glasses. However, they said that judging from their bodies there were one or two fairly big ones. One thing this rain has done, has been to bring the animals low down, for what is rain here must be snow higher up. This may, when a fine day comes, give me the chance I want, but I've got to wait for the fine day.

"Later I again visited the kitchen, to learn how to make scones. I merely watched Nazar at it, but to-morrow I shall try myself under his supervision. The evening has been spent in reading *Wellington's Army* and various things in the *Oxford Book of Verse*. I should have said that either Kipling or Newbolt would have made a better National Poet than Bridges, for, though doubtless his verse is more faultless than theirs, and is not the doggerel that much of theirs is, yet it seems to lack life and spontaneity, and the true spirit of a poet. We could never accuse either Kipling or Newbolt of not possessing those things. But not claiming to be an authority, it would be perhaps wiser for me to keep my mouth shut. But I must ask you to read Dr. B.'s things in the *Oxford Book of Verse* and then turn to Kipling's 'Recessional' or either of his others, and to Newbolt's 'He fell among Thieves' and I

can't see that there can be any doubt as to who are the real poets, and who is merely a wonderful versemaker. That thing of Newbolt's I think wonderful, for it sets before you in so few words the character of the man and his whole life. One feels one knows the man at the end of it. One gathers the whole spirit of the thing, and that seems to me *real* poetry—poetry, not merely verse.

“ Judging from the *Oxford Book of Verse* there also seem others superior to Bridges. Chief is Canon Beeching, and after him Austen Dobson. ‘ Of course the Government should really have appointed Laureate that famous and distinguished poet, the author of that beautiful and muse-inspired poem entitled ‘ We came to the House o’ the Hill ! ’ ’

“ *Tuesday, 11th August.*—Roughly speaking it was a twenty days' journey for me to reach this famous valley—the ‘ Home of the Markhor ’. This will complete the tenth full day I have been *here*. Of these ten days three only have been fit for shikar. That's my *first grouse*, now for *grouse No. 2*.—Our dear old friends the Markhor have evidently gone from ‘ Home ’ for a holiday, and so far as we know the elder members of the Ibex tribe may have joined the Markhors on their trip. *Grouse No. 3*.—The Commissariat Dept. of the Baraloonga Expedition has not fulfilled its contract, with the result that the members of this famed expedition now live on half rations at the edge of a famine. *Grouse No. 4*.—That celebrated clown Handy Andy has exceeded all his former wit and taken 15 days to go to and *not* return from Skardu with my letters, a distance (there and back) which he, unencumbered with baggage, should cover in at *most* 8 or 9 days.

“ It's all very amusing. However, to-morrow being August 12th, we hope to be given cause for a good grouse shoot in which we may knock the above two brace off the face of the earth (N.B.—This is a joke. Laugh).”

“ *10 a.m.*—One cloud has lifted, and simultaneously Nazar has discovered that the Dak has left among my baggage a small bag of ata. At this moment therefore joy reigns in the Camp.”

“ *3 p.m.*—A second cloud has lifted, and simultaneously my Kashmiri coolie (whom I sent to Thak), has returned after a record march over the hills. He carries with him 16 Sens of Ata, and says two coolies follow with five chickens and 4 doz. eggs. The rest of the ata, he says, has been promised to arrive to-morrow or next day. Personally,

I had rather he had been a day later and brought the things with him, but he says the promise will be carried out. The sky promises to be all right for to-morrow. But like promises from Thak I am only inclined to believe the promise of the sky when it is fulfilled. However, that does not prevent me *hoping* that the promises from Thak will be fulfilled, that both Dak Coolie and Markhor will arrive soon upon the scene, and that all the clouds will disappear.

“One difficulty remains. Those Thak Lombardars (who did not help my coolie getting things, for he got his things and promises from a quite independent man), refused to send me a sheep. I paid them what both Nazar and Shikari *said was* As. 8 (a lot in this country), too much for the last sheep, and yet they have the cheek to say it was too little and they won’t send another. Being in such an out of the way place they are seldom visited by the Tehsildar and so think they can do what they like, but I’ll do all I can to have them punished, when I get back. In the meantime everybody impresses upon me the need of shooting some animal for food, but first we must have good weather, and then the shikaris must find a shootable beast—and then, well, if I’m lucky enough to stalk it all right, I’ll probably miss it !

“It’s late in the evening, and I write in bed with a heavy rain swishing down on my tent. All the promises of the sky are broken, and I wonder whether those of the Ata will break too. If the Dak Coolie does not arrive soon I shall send a man to Bunji (which *unladen* he can reach in 2 or 3 days), and there send telegrams again to ask P. A. Gilgit for leave to return the other way, and to Skardu to tell them to send my mail *at once*. This will also let me get this off to you. It is now over 3 weeks since I got a home letter, and unless I get this posted, I fear it will be 3 weeks that you will not have heard from me—and I meant never to miss more than one or at the outside two mails running. But I know you won’t be anxious as I explained to you before that I’d miss mails, and when you get this old scribble you’ll understand why. . . .”

“*Wednesday, 12th August.*—Couldn’t have wished for a better 12th. All my grouse are gone—but all the same I got a bag (post) of $27\frac{1}{2}$ brace. Not bad, eh ? Yes 55 letters, papers, etc., arrived to-day.

“To begin with, when I looked out of my tent at 3 a.m., I thought a worse 12th has never dawned, but I comforted myself in the arms of the God of Sleep (whoever he is). I’m not sure that I’ll not apply for the

job myself), and when Nazar reawoke me at 11.30 a.m. the sky was blue with only a small proportion of clouds. After breakfast the shikari and I went to the point of our plateau so as to look up both Markhor and Ibex Valley—we dared go no farther. We could see no Markhor, but several Ibex (judging by their bodies, good) were to be seen far up among the lately fallen snow in Ibex Valley."

"At 3 p.m. the post coolie arrived, and great was my pleasure at all these letters. But worse luck, a few were business and regimental ones which had to be answered at once and this took till 8. Now I must get to bed in order to be up early to make full use of to-morrow, but my post will need to leave here early also, so you must forgive me for not answering any of your letters which I will not have time to read till to-morrow.

"The P.A. Gilgit has granted me leave to return via Astore—which is a great privilege. Therefore I shall have to change the whole course of future mails by telegrams which must be despatched *at once* from Bunji. That's one reason this has to go off early to-morrow. The other is that finding Markhor scarce here, I am telegraphing to Major Wigram, Secretary Game Dept., asking if I may have one of the Astore Nullahs (which are booked and only one person a year allowed to any of them), if by any chance a man who has booked one has failed to arrive. It is unlikely but worth trying, but I must get an answer as soon as possible. The Map is not finished, but I'll try to finish it roughly and get it off this mail.

"As to plans I'll stay here till I get what I want or find that impossible, and then go via Bunji and Astore back to Gurais, and if I still have time I shall try and get a nullah near there for Barasingh (bear) in September, but it all depends on how long I'm kept here. I should like to leave here in a week if possible, but I doubt if I'll have got what I want by then. My love to everyone of you,

"from
BEPPO."

He did get some of what he wanted—two ibexes with magnificent heads, besides other game, and then his leave was suddenly cut short by the following message—his first news of the Great War, which though dated 5th of August cannot have reached him till after the middle of that month.

“ Translation of a vernacular order received from the Wazir-i-Wazarat, Gilgit to me.

‘ 5/8/14, from Political Agent, Gulmerg, to the W.-i.-Wazarat, Gilgit.

‘ Owing to war in Europe, the Resident in Kashmir directs all British Military officers who are travelling in Kashmir, Gilgit, and ‘ Harramosh ’ Ilagas [?] to return at once to Barramoola where arrangements for their conveyance thence to Rawal Pindi are being made. Please inform all such officers sending copy of this telegram, knowing their addresses.’

“ Sir, I am sending herewith a perwana to the headman of Harramosh regarding supply of necessary transport (coolies) as far as Bunji and from here I will arrange for new transport up to Astor.

“ UMAR BAKSH,

“ LEVY HAVILDAR (*Bunji*).”

We never heard from Beppo any account of his return journey from his nullah to Bannu. He travelled back so quickly that he probably had no time to write—or else his letters miscarried. Neither did we get the actual account of his shooting his ibexes—probably he got the news of war very soon after that. The following letter from his Uncle Charles gives the account of this return journey—as far as it could be known. Beppo’s servant, Nazar, was by that time back with his old master and would be able to tell him.

“ *Camp, Gilgit, Kashmir, 30th Sept., 1917.*—As regards your question, this is what happened at the end of August, 1914. The news of War was conveyed to all officers shooting in Kashmir, that War was declared with Germany, in a circular telegram issued by order of the Maharajah of Kashmir. This was conveyed to Barunga nullah, where Beppo’s Camp was, by a coolie from the telegraph office at Skardu. Beppo was then on the hillside after Ibex, but returned at once to Camp, ordered Nazar to pack up, as he said now War was on he would have to give up sport and go fighting. Taking only a few light loads and leaving the rest of the Camp to follow, he and Nazar moved by forced marches to India. The route followed was along the Indus by Harramosh and Bunji (where I am at the present moment). Gilgit itself lies 38 miles N.W. of Bunji, but both the places I have named are in this Agency). At Bunji they joined the Kashmir-Gilgit road, and proceeded

by Astor and the Burzil pass to Gurais then over the Tragbal on Rasdiangan pass to Bandipur. On this last pass they met my friend Macpherson, then Political Agent, Gilgit, who with his following, which included Mohamed Ali Khan, the son to the Prince of Nagar was marching up to Gilgit. Mohamed Ali is with me now and remembers meeting Beppo.

"At Bandipur they took a light shallop, heavily manned with rowers, in which they rapidly crossed the Wular Lake to Baramula where they spent the night. Next morning they proceeded to Rawalpindi—with other recalled officers, in motor cars sent by the Kashmir State.

"On the day of arrival at Rawalpindi, they took train for Bannu, via Go. and K.R. junction, then by the Mari-Attock railway, crossed in a ferry to Kalabagh on the right bank of the Indus, then by narrow gauge line to Bannu.

"Here the work was very heavy, as the regiment was under orders for France, and its depot for Bareilly. After this time you have, I think, full information of all times and movements. What I have told you is what I remember of our conversation when Beppo was with me in Alexandria, and is also supplemented by Nazar's story. . . .

"Much love from CHARLES."

PART IV.

WAR.

RECRUITING AND MACHINE GUNS.

(September, 1914—December, 1915.)

ON what day Dunlop reached Bannu we do not know beyond this, that it was towards the middle of September, 1914. He found the 33rd under orders for France, and its depot for Jullundur or Bareilly. He expected, and was eager, to accompany the regiment to the scene of war. But—

*"Bannu, Thursday, 17th Sept.—I have just had a great disappointment, for the Colonel told me that there was now an order that *two* officers (both of the regt.) must stay behind in depot, and that I, being the junior subaltern, it fell to me to stay, just as it has fallen on the junior Captain. I only hope I may be sent out in charge of drafts. Meanwhile I am kept behind for special duty—trying to avoid which would mean shirking my duty. So there's no question of my trying to get round this, as I tried to get round what was previously keeping me back."*

Dunlop refers to a regulation that no officer can go on Military Service till he has passed his language and other exams. He was very disappointed and asked to have the matter referred to higher authority on the ground of these not being "ordinary circumstances". He was told that if he knew anybody in Simla, he could write to them to help him. He accordingly wrote to General Birdwood, and a week later, on 18th September, he wrote to us : "I have heard this evening that a telegraphic order has been sent to the General from Suk, saying that the paragraph

311 was to be relaxed and that officers could go who had not passed their exams. So General Birdwood has evidently worked it all right. It has been awfully good of him troubling himself in this way, and in spite of the Depot business keeping me behind, I am most grateful to him for all he has done."

On 21st September Dunlop received the following letter :—

" My dear Dunlop Smith,—I have not been able to write to you before as not only have I been very busy, but the Military Secretary to whom I spoke on the subject of your being allowed to go with regt. on service and who took the question up, has only just let me know that he has sent out a telegram to the G.O.C. informing him that para. 311 may be relaxed. This I hope will meet with all that may be necessary, and trust that you will be getting off with the regt. when it goes. This however will not be for some time, as no transports are available at present. So again, wishing you the best of luck. Yours sincerely, W. R. BIRDWOOD."

" *Bannu, Friday, Sept. 25, 1914.*—I hardly know whether it was my imagination or not but I was awoken this morning by Margarete's voice singing out 'Twenty-two'.¹ I rubbed my eyes and thought 'Good gracious, she's right at last'. It was a terrible thought, so (if you can imagine me doing so in the early morning) I sprang lightly out of bed, and a couple of bounds brought me before the looking glass. After a careful scrutiny, it was a great relief to find that I had no grey hairs. 'Twenty-two' certainly sounded terrible, but by the time I had had my bath, I came to the conclusion that after all there was mighty little difference between it and sixteen. Strengthened by this thought I called for Archibald, and accompanied by Messrs. Yellagie and Punch I went for a ride. We first had a canter on the polo ground and then trotted over to the Cavalry parade ground where we went over some of the jumps. Then on to the Mess and breakfast. . . . After Mess in the evening I had one more look at your photos., and went to bed feeling very happy and wondering which birthday it will be that I shall next spend at home."

" My dear Mother.—I have had a very happy Birthday and this afternoon I got out all those splendid photos. of you all, and how I did enjoy looking at them. I have been thinking of my birthdays at

¹ This was the first word that Margaret learned to pronounce correctly, and she used to repeat it constantly in answer to questions. How she got it we do not know.

Ballantrae. What splendid days we had there—those picnics with the buried treasure and bonfires, the phaeton, the farm, the bathing, the cricket, our bike rides to Loch Trool, our jolly Sunday evening scrambles over the hill and back by the rocky coast. Has anyone had holidays like those !

“ Then I remember very clearly my birthday at Tarbet, and Uncle Dunlop setting off fireworks in the garden—and Father dressed up as an Arab. It is the farthest back birthday I can remember.

“ I spent my Birthday of 1911 with the McNeills at Macrihanish and then joined you for those grand few days at Dunnabeck, and London, and Caen. In 1912 I was at Sandhurst—in 1913 with the Rifle Brigade. And I had hoped for this Birthday in Kashmir, but there was my hurried recall from my leave, and here I am back in Bannu.

“ Though so much has happened, so little seems to have changed. Always my love to Father, and you, Mother dear.

“ Your very loving son, BEPPO.”

“ *Monday, 28th Sept.*—We've just had very sad news. Marjoribanks of the 52nd has died of cholera at Datta Khel. He was a good fellow—I saw him when I was last up in the Tochi. Another man of the 52nd, Irwin, also died of cholera recently. In the notice of his death it says “ son of Mrs. Irwin of Balquidder”—Father will be interested to hear that when Irwin's kit was being sold, I was in his room looking at some of the things. Among others I came across a bunch of little Aluminium rings marked Abdn. Univ. I hear he was keen on birds, and I suppose got these from the University and was probably ringing snipe or quail here. I have been thinking of Maisie on her birthday to-day and wish I were at home for it.”

On October he writes how every one is longing to get off—to the war. At last the 33rd received orders, and on Saturday, October 10th, he saw the regiment away :—

“ The first train left at 7.30. The pipers of the 55th and Band of the 52nd played them to the station. Everybody in Bannu was down to say good-bye, and they had a great send off. The train off, I biked back to the lines and got the baggage of the second lot away. The bands played, and everybody came down again to see them leave. There was no delay, and they got off very quickly at 9.30. The train

steamed off, and there was I, left behind in Bannu. Scott had left on the 7th with the advance party, and I biked down to the station to see him off.

“Sat. Oct. 17.—Saw Mrs. Ridgway off. I was talking to her about 5 mins. before the train was due to leave, when Major Loch (Brigade Major) hurried along to tell me that we were not going to Jullunder but to Bareilly. So once again I was just in time to pull the Advance party of the Depot out of the train.”

The Depot of the 33rd Punjabis left Bannu 23rd October, and arrived in Bareilly on Sunday, 25th October. After describing the place and the new style of work, Dunlop writes: “At present the great thing is to get recruits. I may be sent off on a trip to the Punjab to recruit Punjabi Mussalmans and Sikhs. I shall take a native officer and several N.C.O.’s and men, and go from village to village in the Punjab.”

“Nov. 3rd.—We had a route march through Bareilly—so as to impress the Bazaar folk, who seem to need a lot of impressing.”

“Nov. 4.—Left Bareilly with recruiting party. We need 45 more Punjabi Mussalmans and 23 more Sikhs. The Sikh country is all that in the Loudhiana, Jullunder, and Amritsar districts. The P.M. country is much more extensive, and takes in the Jhelum, —— [?], Rawal Pindi, and part of Attock districts, also the Murree Hills. When I have got the Sikhs all right, I shall go to Pindi and see the recruiting officer for P.M.s there.”

“Ambala. Nov. 5th.—I am awfully stuck at seeing Dougal Graham’s name among the missing in the Casualty lists. It may mean anything. But yet I *shouldn’t* be upset at all really, for even if the worst did happen, it happened in a great cause, and I am proud of the responsibility of having urged him to join the Army. I’m proud of it, as I am of him—though God knows how I feel it, and how anxious I am.”

“Nov. 9th.—There is a tremendous demand for recruits. There are already 10 or more British Officers going round the Sikh country, besides Native Recruiters of all ranks, and there is a great dearth of young men. Have not had much luck up to date.

“I camped about a mile and a half from the village of Ahmedgarh. Just as they were unloading my baggage from the Bullock cart, out came all the boys from school. Shouting a few Hindustani sentences,



I got them to come round me, and got out my maps and proceeded to talk to them about the War. They were all very keen and interested, and most of them spoke English, but when I mentioned recruiting they showed a desire to move on. However, I kept chaffing them, and kept them in a good humour. . . . The next day all the schoolboys came to pay me a visit again, and again, this time backed by an old pensioned Subadar of the regiment who lives in a village near by, I made efforts to get three big fellows whom I wanted. Later, the Schoolmaster joined us, and insisted I should inspect the school. You should have seen me hearing their lessons. Why, I was a veritable Mr. Menzies. Tell him when you see him next that he has a serious rival in me! I was in great form as long as they kept to Nelson's Simple Readers, but when in the top class they suddenly put an Algebra book in front of me, I was flabbergasted. They put a proposition before me. I thought to myself 'How can I uphold the British Raj at this crisis?' and with superb self-control I waited till the top boy had finished, and I wisely looked at his paper—and then proceeded to correct the whole lot. I'm sure they consider me quite a 'knutt' at Algebra now. One of the boys wants to come, and I hope others may follow."

"*Nov. 10.*—In a village to-day I came across a regular old black-guard who, actually in front of me, exhorted the people not to join the Army. I never spoke Urdu as I spoke it to that village. For once in my life it seemed to come naturally to me, and I let them have it. They had a very hot ten minutes, at the end of which they turned on the old man, and when I left the village I saw them discussing it hard. Ten minutes later I was caught up by their chief man who brought presents and grovelled in the dust and asked pardon."

"*Nov. 11.*—To-day we toured round many villages, and arrived at the large village, or small town, of Malaudh. I was told that the Sirdar of the district had arranged for me to stay with him. I was not at all keen, as I thought I would much prefer my little tent to any Indian house, but there was no help for it, and I was led along, and suddenly found myself in front of a beautiful European house, and the old Subadar came out to meet me. He is a dear old fellow. He doesn't speak English, but we got along all right. He is Magistrate and Judge of the district. He besought me to stay three or four days, and I only wish I could, as there is good shikar to be got, but until I have got my

recruits there is no time to spare, and I must go off to-morrow. He has asked me to come back, and has undertaken to get me seven recruits if I come back in three or four weeks' time. One of my schoolboys from Ahmedgarh has just turned up with a fine big recruit. The boy had wanted to enlist himself, but was too small ; instead of being depressed at this, he went off and got this fellow, and says he will get three or four more."

" Nov. 14.—When I arrived at Khausa (half way between Ambala and Loudhiana on the main line) I drove to the district police office to make inquiries about the country in general. There I happened to write a note, and signed my name at the end, whereupon excitement was intense. For this part of the country is near both Patiala and Jhind and they remember Uncle Dunlop well. On the strength of this they were very good to me, and lent me a horse, and the Police Inspector rode along with me, and did some jolly good work. We returned to the station after several hours hard riding, shortly after 8 p.m. I sat in the waiting room working till midnight, when I got my train on to Sirhind—the next station. There I got a thing that called itself a tonga, and started off at 1 a.m. on a most awful drive of 30 miles. You may judge how uncomfortable the conveyance was, when I tell you that I—the record sleeper of Great Britain—could not get a wink of sleep, and when I arrived at Kharor, at 8 a.m., I was one mass of bruises.

" The tehsildar at Kharor got me a couple of ponies, and my Naik and I started off on them with the most uncomfortable saddles. We went through several villages, and at last reached the one I wanted, where there was an old pensioned Havildar of the regt., to whom I explained what I expected of him in help.

" We rode back to Kharor passing several small villages on the way, but I had no time to wait and persuade people to join. I had done all I had come for—i.e. to see if it were a likely district. It is—as few recruiters have strayed so far out of their way—and there are many young men of serviceable age in each village. I am leaving the Naik in this district to recruit, and intend to return later.

" Directly on our arrival at Kharor, at 1.30, we again got into the awful tonga, and started on the return journey. I'll spare the tale of horror. More or less alive I reached Sirhind Rly. Stn. at 9 p.m. My train arrived at 9.30, and I reached Khausa about 10. Though I had

had two men out that day in the district, they had got no one. I found a good dinner prepared by my French Chef, Nazar, and then started on the long business of sending orders to all my Punjabi Mussalman Recruiters. My train arrived 3.45 a.m. and I reached Loudhiana 5.15. There I got my letters, and a cup of hot coffee, and then into the train again, and at 8 a.m. we reached a place called Moga Tahsil on the Ferozepore Branch Line from Loudhiana."

"*Moga Tahsil, Punjab. Nov. 17th, 1914.*"—It is exactly two years ago to-day since I had the pride of shaking hands with Lord Roberts at Sandhurst. I'll never forget that day. It was one of the proudest of my life. What a magnificent man he is! How he has foreseen the present war (*vide* his Manchester speech and 'Message to the Nation' in 1912), and how he has done his best to have the Nation prepared for it by having a form of National Service. People called him a scare-monger, and now that he has been proved correct he does not turn round and say 'I told you so,' but spends all his time in being of further use to the Nation. It's absolutely magnificent, I think. And this fine old man, at the age of 82, is still working as hard as ever for his country, not sparing himself. I hear he is just off to France to see the Indian troops. How they'll rejoice to see him! They'll fairly worship him. While I've been on this Recruiting job I have come across many old pensioners of the Kabul War, and the fervour with which they speak of Lord Roberts is something wonderful. It's no exaggeration to say that they really and truly love him—and I don't wonder."

"*Loudhiana. Wednesday, Nov. 18.*"—At Dhagra I, with the Lance Naik and the Subadar, was met by a Rissaldar (i.e. Native Officer) of the S. and T. who is also a man of considerable consequence in the district. He was a very smart young fellow, most helpful, and supplied us with horses and came along with us. We did a lot of villages, and had a certain amount of luck. I got 5 men and a boy. The latter I shall enroll for the Band, but will get him made a proper sepoy when he grows bigger. He is a smart youngster and awfully keen to come.

"The Rissaldar took me to his house, and with great pride exhibited his little son, aged 3. He was rather distressed that I refused a drink of milk, but I speedily made amends by taking a photo of the little boy, which made him very happy. I got the train at Dhagra, and said good-bye to my Subadar and the Rissaldar, both of whom had given me much

help. When the train reached Moga Tahsil we were joined by Nazar, Pala Singh, my Sikh orderly, and the luggage—and by our recruits.

“On arrival at Loudhiana, I left my luggage and the dogs to Nazar and the orderlies, and arranged for the feeding and housing of the recruits. Then I had dinner in the Refreshment Room, and now write this very sleepily before getting into bed.”

“*Amritsar.* Nov. 19th.—Up at 6 this morning and at 7 the recruits were brought round and I practised them in the eyesight test. They often get nervous in it, and do not understand it and so get thrown out. That over, I sent them to the Dak Bungalow about a mile off and followed in a tonga. The Recruiting Officer turned up, measured and examined them, and passed them all, I am glad to say, but they still have to wait for the medical exam. before being enrolled. If they are passed in this, they are sent off under one of my Naiks to Bareilly.

“I returned to the station and scrambled into the train at the last minute at 11.45 a.m. After a breakfast produced by Nazar, I settled down to read the papers of the last four days. But what news it was—Lord Roberts’ death! I was so astonished and dismayed when I read it. It is curious that I should just have been thinking so much of him only two days ago—just two years after I had that tremendous honour of shaking hands with that great man. It’s all terribly sad—but after all he could not have had a more fitting end, right among our troops, practically on the battlefield itself. I don’t feel inclined to write more just now.”

“*Friday, 20th and Sat. 21st Nov.*—Had moderate success in the Beas district.”

“*Sunday, 22nd Nov.*—Set out from Amritsar by tonga. At Ajnala left the main road and changed my tonga for a bamboo cart. After two hours’ driving reached Chak Kamal Khan, a big village more or less untouched by recruiters. There I had the most exciting recruiting work I have yet experienced. There were four or five likely young fellows, and two that I was specially keen to get. I had almost persuaded them, when the inevitable female relatives appeared and got their whining voices into action. I had, however, got into my best recruiting form by this time, and managed to keep the boys’ attention. If one would decide to come the rest would follow in a shot. It was a terrible business trying to get them to settle and, try as I did, the women forestalled me, and

making a dash at the little group they pulled their male relatives away. I was awfully disappointed ; however I turned my attention to another youth, and within five minutes I had the first two back. But now the father of one intervened and took his son away. By this time I was in real good speaking form. Until now I had spoken only words of encouragement, etc., but now I turned in anger on the father and some other men that were trying to keep the boys back. I fairly let them have it, and told them that, in order to save themselves trouble, they were binding their boys to village life all their days, instead of giving them a chance to see the world, and get promotion and 'izzat' (honour) and, when they became old, pensions. I told them they were not worthy the name of Sikh. In fact I gave them a hot time and my eloquence surprised me. It is curious that when I get excited and speak to a lot of people with great keenness, I speak much more grammatical and better Hindustani than when I speak quietly and with deliberation.

" Well, I left the village very disappointed, for though my final outburst had caused them much discomfort, it had brought me nothing—for after 4 hours' real hard exciting work, all the time at boiling point, I had to retire beaten. My bamboo cart was awaiting me about 200 yds. from the village, and I got into it and ordered the driver boys off, when, looking back at the village, I caught sight of two figures running towards me. They were the boys that I had most wanted. By the time they reached the cart, their fond relations emerged from the village. There was not a moment to lose. The boys jumped in, we whipped up the horses and were off. After we had gone about four miles we were stopped and I feared our pursuers had cut it off ; but no, it was another boy from the village, who had come by a short cut and wanted to come with us. The whole three were as keen as mustard, and I gave them a good dinner when we reached Amritsar late that night. The next morning early I had them at the Recruiting Office and got them enrolled. Then I gave them 12 days' leave, as I had promised that when trying to get them to come at first. I hope it won't have a bad effect, but as a matter of fact, I think it will appease the relations, and it may quite well be the means of getting a few more recruits from that district. Anyhow the boys went back as pleased as Punch and awfully keen."

" Tuesday, 24th.—Back to Loudhiana—and on to Sirhind—on again (after sending off two recruits to Bareilly) to Kharor—where Nazar

produced a magnificent dinner, which I was most grateful for, as two biscuits were all I had had since dinner the night before. It has been a most strenuous day, riding from village to village, but I hope there may be some good results."

After recruiting work at Kharor and elsewhere and travelling he continues :—

“ *Rawalpindi. Tuesday, Dec. 1st.*—Took my recruits to be medically examined at 8 o’clock. After delay I got the whole 34 through, and sent them up to the Recruiting Officer for final questioning and for sticking their thumbs in a pot of ink and then on a bit of paper and thus becoming soldiers beyond recall. I then arranged for them to have a big carriage to themselves through to Bareilly which will save much trouble to them, and to the recruiters.”

Then he went back to Amritsar, and again to the village of Chak Kamal Khan, from which he wrote :—

“ *Chak Kamal Khan. Wed., Dec. 2nd.*—I decided to stay the night here as there might be good work next morning when a festival is being held. I had planned to spend the day writing my Christmas mail home. However my sepoy recruiter was so strong on my staying and said it was such a good chance that I felt I must—for after all my job is Recruiting just now, and not writing Christmas letters. I am now in the Canal Dak Bungalow, and my orderly has just brought me some curry, and rice. The former was so hot that I could only take one mouthful, but I finished the rice. Yellagie luckily was not averse to the curry, and so I managed to avoid hurting the feelings of my hosts.”

“ *Chak Kamal Khan. Thursday, Dec. 3rd.*—Waiting for breakfast. I’m awfully sorry that I shall not be able to send home any Christmas presents—and only rotten little letters—especially as I sent no birthday presents, but really ever since I got that message in Kashmir to return I have had hardly a spare moment to myself, and certainly while I’ve been on this recruiting duty I’ve had no time at all. But will you, Mother or Maisie, get for the various people something that they would like and let me know the cost. If George has not already gone off to the War, when you get this, and if he has not already got one, please give him from me one of those little loosely knitted Shetland vests, as near khaki colour as possible. Miss Pen. Ker gave me one and I have hardly ever had a more useful present. In the cold of my Kashmir trip

I found it especially useful, and travelling about now, I use it continually. It keeps one so warm and yet is so light and goes into such small space."

On this day, 3rd December, George, his brother, left for France.

"*Amritsar. Dec. 3rd.* Evening. On my return here, I found an urgent telegram. I earnestly hoped it was an order to proceed at once to the front ; but no such luck, it was only that one of my stupid recruiters had got himself into a mess. However it could not wait, and had to be seen to at once, with the result that it is now 6.30 and the post goes at 8 and I've not yet started my own letters. A very merry Christmas to you all, and ever so much love from

"Your loving son,

"**BEPRO.**"

"*Amritsar Dak Bungalow. Friday, 4th Dec., 1914.* This is the first day of rest I have had since I left Bareilly a month ago—an enforced rest, as I haven't been up to the mark since my night in that out of the way little bungalow where all I had to eat was a plate of rice from breakfast on the 1st till dinner on the evening of the 2nd. It has been a miserable day—drizzling all morning and horribly chilly. I have gone to the luxury of spending 8 annas on a fire—which I have crouched over most of the day. Without it, it would have been impossible to have stayed in the miserable dingy little room in which I am."

"*Sat. 5th.*—Felt much better. Took Nazar to see the Medical Officer, as in a moment of rashness he took a hot bath the other day and has not yet recovered! Left Amritsar by the 3 o'clock train. At Loudhiana 6.30 p.m. met my recruiters and have sent two back to the regt. in disgrace for slacking. Staying there to-night."

"*Sunday, 6th Dec.*—Arrived with Nazar, Pala Singh (my orderly), a Naik and a Lance Naik at Sangrur. A draft of the Jhind Infantry got into the train I had left on their way to reinforce their troops at the front. This is the Headquarters of the Jhind State. I walked to the Dak Bungalow, and settled myself down, but in the middle of dinner a telephone message came from the Foreign Minister to apologise for not meeting me at the station, asking me to stay in the rest house, and how could he help me?—I said, would he be good enough to send me four horses next morning and a bullock cart for luggage. This he promised,

and asked if he might come round to see me before I started ; so I shouted down the phone that I should be only too pleased.

“ I spent a quiet Sunday evening and had a sermon from a certain Scottish divine. His name, I think, is George Adam Smith. It was in a book, but as I read it, it needed little imagination to hear the voice delivering it. I then read a few of our favourite hymns—some that you might be singing at home.”

“ *Monday, 7th Dec.*—The Foreign Minister called. He was a very nice fellow with charming manners and spoke English perfectly. He was very excited at meeting the nephew of his ‘ benefactor ’. He said that Uncle D. had given him his first step up—when uncle D. was Pte. Sec. to Sir Charles Aitchison—and that later he was a Famine Commissioner in conjunction with Uncle D. and then came to Jhind. He had heard I was here through some one who had seen my name on my luggage at the station. He insisted on taking me at once to the Rest House in the State carriage, and we had an interesting talk on the way. The Rajah is on tour. The rest house was a change from what I have been accustomed to in the way of tent and dak bungalows for the last month. It was palatial, by far the best house I have been in since I left Home. I had a top-hole breakfast and found a magnificent horse of the Jhind Cavalry awaiting me, and troopers’ horses for my men. Thanks to them we travelled far and visited many villages, and returned to the Rest House at 7.30 p.m., very tired but happy—because we had got some recruits. After a bath I had dinner, absolutely perfect ! It was so nice to sit in a good room on a comfortable chair, with a clean tablecloth and beautiful plates and silver in front of me. It really did me good, and has made me feel fitter than I have felt for a long time. Now I’m off to bed in a luxurious bedroom.”

“ *Tuesday, 8th Dec.*—At 8 o’clock the Foreign Minister called with the State motor car to show me the sights of Sangrur. We saw the Military Hospital, the Quarter guard and the office, the men’s barracks, the Veterinary Hospital, the Government offices, and so to the Rajah’s palace and the Durbar Hall. We finished up at the Queen Victoria Jubilee Civil Hospital, a fine building fitted with all the most modern appliances. Everything was in a most cleanly and efficient condition. I got back to breakfast and then set out with my party for another round of villages, getting back to the Rest House at 6.30 p.m., having

got some more recruits. In one village I came across a most charming old Subadar-Major of the 15th Sikhs. He has recently left his regt. on a well-earned pension, and has just completed the building of a fine two-storied brick house, which the Government gives to Subadar-Majors when they take their pensions. He was so simple and genuine and we made great friends."

"*Wed., 9th Dec.*—This morning I was visited by the Session Judge and one of the Generals of the Jhind forces—both great admirers of Uncle Dunlop. I set out soon after breakfast, have had a very hard day of it and finished up with no recruits at a village called Seron, where there stays a pensioned Havildar of the regt. I am now in the Canal Dak Bungalow near this village—rather a fall from the Rest House, and so was the dinner, for Nazar was sadly below his usual form, not yet having recovered from his hot bath! However, I got a fire going, and had something with me that would make the dirtiest hovel as good as a palace! That was my Home Mail. After your letters I turned to one of the things that has stirred me most since the War began—the dear old *Academy Chronicle*, with the list of Academicals in the 3rd H.L.I. How proud I was to read the names, and nothing could have brought home to me more forcibly the splendid feeling that must be in Glasgow at this time."

"*Thursday, 10th Dec.*—Revisited Seron with the pensioned Havildar and got a couple of recruits—another round of villages without much success—got train at Siman Rly. Stn., and now finish this at Loudhiana."

"*On the Sirhind Canal, travelling to Rupar. Dec. 11, 1914.*—With my little party of one Naik, my orderly, and Nazar, I set off this morning by train to Doraha, a small Rly. stn. close to Loudhiana. There I got hold of an apology for a boat, and we are now being towed by a couple of oxen slowly up the Canal. The only other way to Rupar is by that awful tonga or bamboo cart, along part of that terrible road from Sirhind to Kharor. I have suffered the agonies of that journey three times, and this will not be any slower for much of the journey will be by night, and I shall sleep and arrive less tired at Rupar.

"As I write, Nazar is cooking my dinner in the stern of the boat and telling the Naik and my orderly much exaggerated stories of the magnificence of the boats in Kashmir. Yellagie lies at my feet sleeping, and as I sit and think of my life since I left home, I feel how lucky I

have been. I have had experiences beyond most of my service—and this one of wandering about the Punjab will, I hope, serve me in good stead later. I'm missing the greatest experience of all—war—but I still hope. One never can tell one's luck."

"*Rupar, Dec. 12.*—This is the head of the Sirhind Canal, where a huge dam is built across the Jhelum and practically all the water drained through into the Canal, one of the biggest in India. After a few hours there I came back from Rupar in motor launch with one of the Engineers who was going down, and found Whitehead, the Assistant Commissioner, of whom I was in search. He promised to help me if I came back."

"*Monday, Dec. 14.*—Back at Rawal Pindi. Met my recruiters, and had a look at our recruits in the afternoon, and got 16 men passed—then returned to Club (Wignoll had kindly offered to put me up) and took it quiet till dinner, reading English papers."

On this day, 14th Dec., George was wounded near Kemmel.

"*Thurs., Dec. 17th.*—Where I'll be at Christmas I don't know, possibly in the Murree Hills among snow, possibly in Rupar, or possibly near Jhelum. Wherever I am, my thoughts will be with you. Tomorrow is your Silver Wedding Day. I shall think much of you, and only wish I were at home for it."

"*Batala, near Amritsar. Dak Bungalow. Friday, 18th Dec., 1914. The Day.*—Having toasted the day with the water intended for cleansing of my teeth, I ran to the Post Office with my great coat on to hide the négligé underneath and dispatched my telegram to you and Father. After breakfast I set out in a bamboo cart to visit various villages. The horse and roads were so bad that I walked most of the way, the cart following. I got back earlier than usual and made up a big fire. As I was warming myself, in walked Hannay of the 45th. We had dinner together and a jolly evening, and I thought of you at dinner, at home, celebrating the occasion. . . . I know that wherever all the children were, they were all thinking that evening of you and Father—and grateful for the 18th Dec. 1889."

"*Loudhiana. Wed., Dec. 23.*—At breakfast this morning I saw in the list of wounded 2 Lt. G. B. Smith, Gordons. After thinking about it, I wrote out a cablegram to ask for news—but at that moment Nazar came from the Post Office where I had sent him to fetch my mail, and the first thing I saw was a cablegram. I opened it hurriedly and read

Father's message that George was wounded but doing well. I was so thankful to hear the last part. I hope it is not very serious and that he will soon be able to get back to the regt. It was such a surprise to see his name in the Roll of Honour, for I had not heard that he had gone to the front. I was so proud to think that he had been in the thick of the fighting and I long to hear from him about it all.

"Last Saturday I got another young fellow given to me. This makes the third of my growing family. This boy is a fine young fellow of nearly 18 and very keen—but at first his Father would not let him go. However, after a bit, while I was trying to persuade him, he suddenly seized the boy's arm with one hand, and my wrist with the other and made me take hold of the boy's wrist. Then he pointed up to the skies, muttering some prayer, and turning to me said, 'I give him to you, Sahib, from henceforth he is your baba'. It was a most solemn occasion.

"To-morrow afternoon I go to a station called Kup, and thence to Malaudh on foot. Malaudh is the place where the old Sirdar stays who was so good to me last time I was in these parts. I met him in the train the other day, and he was keen that I should stay with him for Christmas and have some 'shikar'. As I may also get recruits, I have decided to go. You may be sure I shall be thinking of you much on Christmas Day."

"*The Rest House, Malaudh (23 miles from Loudhiana). Christmas Eve, 1914.*—While you are spending Christmas at Chanonry and George perhaps in hospital, perhaps in the trenches, here am I at Malandh, staying with that same dear old Sirdar, Dal Singh, with whom I stayed a night at the beginning of my Recruiting Work. Little did I think then that I should be out so long. But what with the difficulty of getting recruits and fresh orders to recruit *above* strength and to go on recruiting till told to stop, I am still hard at it and likely to be for some time to come. The Sirdar was keen that I should stay with him on my 'Barra Din' (Great Day), and he was awfully pleased to see me when I arrived this evening. He has made me comfortable indeed. It is nothing like such a magnificent place as the rest house at Sangrur but it is most comfortable and my host is full of simple kindness. I write sitting beside a fine fire after supper, and I think much of you all at home and your Christmas Eve preparations, and wish I were there to help you."

“Dec. 26, 1914.—A merry Christmas I had indeed! Breakfast at 8 and then Sirdar Dal Singh took me to see his father who lives inside the walls of the small town of Malaudh. The old man is very like his son, but he is feeble, and stone blind—he must have been a fine looking man in his day. Then I set out with my Naik in great style on the Malaudh elephant, while a couple of camels bearing various shikaris followed, and behind a man on foot with a couple of deerhounds. It was an unsuccessful day as far as the blackbuck were concerned—but none the less very enjoyable. We got back to the house as it was getting dark and there I was met by Dal Singh. After tea, we had a talk and then my orderly arrived from Loudhiana with a great budget of letters. I put them aside till dinner. . . .”

“Well, now for my Christmas Dinner! It was a cold night, and I had a roaring log fire. Just before dinner Sirdar Dal Singh and Nazar brought in a huge cake. It was the Sirdar’s idea; he had got all the ingredients and given them to Nazar. The latter, though wonderfully good in Camp cooking, has never done much in the Cake line, with the result that though I have been unable to get to the War so far, nevertheless I’ve had my first taste of one of the famed Jack Johnsons. The cake was like a big shell in shape, and was burnt almost black, and so hard that it would have needed a strong charge of gunpowder to explode it. However, I only broke one knife over it—and when at last I managed to get a bit of the inside it was really good. But wasn’t it good of the old man thinking about it, and Nazar, it seems, had taken no end of trouble. The rest of the dinner (all cooked by Nazar) consisted of thick hare soup with potatoes—the Sirdar had shot this hare and also a brace of partridges which formed the second course. For the third, Nazar brought in a magnificent steaming hot plum pudding (Crosse & Blackwell’s, bought at Amritsar). He had routed out my flask which still contained the brandy that I had taken to Kashmir. We fairly set the pudding on fire. It was a splendid pudding, fit for old Scrooge himself. Some oranges finished up a most excellent Christmas dinner. But it was not only the food—excellent as it was—that made me enjoy the dinner so much. It was the kindness and thought of the old man and of Nazar. And also the splendid letters I got with all their news. I am so thankful to hear about Dougal and Max Norman, I hope they’ll soon both be fit again. Father wrote me a fine letter. I am so glad

he went to see the Rottenbergs. It was a de Rottenberg (an uncle of Dr. R.'s) who raised the 60th Rifles—the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and commanded them throughout the Peninsular War. Maisie sent a great letter. I am so interested to hear of her Red Cross work, of your Soldiers' Club evenings at which she helps, and the letter-sorting at the Hospitals. She seems to have been doing great deeds in the flag-selling line. By the way, what are flag-days? From what I gather, ladies go out and sell flags and the proceeds go to some War Relief Fund. Is this correct?

“ Coll was in great form in his letter which told me of another long letter of his to me that he had written but lost. As *long* letters from him are, like Christmas, not every day affairs, please tell him that the best place to lose such letters is—the pillar-box, yes, even if they are without a stamp. I have been reading so much in the papers lately about the *confirmation* of various reports, that it took me some time to grasp the meaning of the following (without any context) in Coll's letter ‘Confirmation is now over’. Then I had a magnificent letter from Aunt Minnie. She told me of Lord Roberts' Death and Funeral. How impressive the funeral must have been—indeed, how could it have been otherwise with so great and fine a man? She copied out Kipling's verses on the great man's death for me. They are fine and grow on one each time one reads them. They are so true, especially the fifth verse—

Clean, simple, valiant, well-beloved,
Flawless in faith and fame,
Whom neither ease nor honours moved,
A hair's breadth from his aim.

“ Then I had a couple of parcels to open to complete the happy evening. The first contained the Special Belgian number of *Everyman*.

“ The other was marked Photos. The first photo. I saw was the *awfully pretty* one of the Chancellor and the Child. It is *so* pretty—and how like Danny, Margarete is becoming. Danny looked just the same at that age. The next photo. was of that great national hero Dankester, supported by Lord and Lady Elgin, Sir Henry Craik, the Principal of Aberdeen University and his wife, and members various of the famous Smith clan. George had fairly brushed his hair for the occasion—Coll had not! How very pretty, and what a kind face Lady Elgin has. Then last came the three photographs of George in uniform. Two are

absolutely perfect—couldn't be beat. I don't care *quite* so much for the $\frac{3}{4}$ length one in which he is smiling. You first say I can keep one, and then that if I very much want I can keep all three. I couldn't possibly part with those two—the third I might with an effort send back, but I much doubt if I shall. Ever so many thanks! You could not have sent me a better present than these of George. Many, many thanks!

“To-day I sat out in the verandah for tea and tried again to tackle the Jack Johnson. Like our old friend, Joffre, I confined myself to nibbling. Afterwards I went into the house. Ten minutes later, Nazar appeared and asked where the cake was. At first I didn't grasp his meaning—but then I went out to look for it—and found its plate on the ground and the cake vanished. It seems that a pie dog had taken it off, or else eaten it on the spot. He certainly deserves the V.C., the D.S.O., the Legion of Honour, and the Iron Cross to the *n*th degree!

“Well now, Yellagie and I have finished our dinner some time, and I have been writing this beside a fine fire, but it is high time for bed and I must stop. I am quite sorry that my two days' Christmas holiday are over. They have been very happy, thanks largely to the splendid Home Mail that arrived. I am so glad I came here for Christmas.”

“*Amritsar Rly. Stn. Waiting Room. Tuesday, 29th December.*—To-day I started work at Loudhiana at 7 a.m. looking over some recruits. The train arrived with 19 new recruiters for me! I was delighted to see so many. A large number of them are fairly recently enlisted, and I thought possibly these young fellows would be better able to persuade their friends to come than older men. No other regt. has tried this plan to any large extent, so far as I know, and it will be interesting to see how it works. Personally I am rather sanguine. I was then hard at it, sending off the new recruiters in batches to their various districts, advancing them money, etc. At 4.45 I left Loudhiana for here and spent most of the Rly. journey writing down the advances I had given them, and the dates and places where they were to meet me again—and also a letter to the depot, reporting progress, etc.”

“*Dec. 30th.*—Arrived at Dhariwal where the great woollen mills are—did a round of recruiting and spent the night with the Manager of the Mills, Mr. Armstrong, who had kindly asked me to put up with him. Yellagie started giving nervous little snaps at people which made me anxious about his health.”

“Dec. 31.—When I returned from my day’s recruiting—which was on the whole unsuccessful, I was shown round the Mill by a young American, Mr. Lilley, who has some high post in the firm. . . . We went to a New Year’s dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Ball ; he is another member of the firm. They were very kind and hospitable. In the beautiful bungalows there were real English baths—long and white enamelled. It was a real treat to get into an English bath again.”

“Friday, Jan. 1st, 1915.—Did more recruiting and finished up at Batala. Poor Yellagie getting snappier than ever.”

“Jan. 2nd.—Off by the 7 o’clock train to Amritsar. Yellagie was really very snappy, so on arrival, I took him to the Vet. The Vet., fearing it might be rabies, kept him, and it was with difficulty I got him into his kennel at the Vet. Hospital. He would allow no one to go near him but me—and even once he made a dash at me, but only bit my coat.

“Later I had the ten recruits medically examined and enrolled—and left by the afternoon train for Loudhiana, had dinner and came on by train to Roorkee.”

“Roorkee, Sunday, Jan. 3rd.—I reached here at 5 a.m., and stumbled out of my carriage in my pyjamas straight into the waiting room, where of course I went off to sleep again. Later, I made my way to the Dak Bungalow, and, practically for the first time since I last failed in the exam., I opened my Urdu books. I have had not a moment for book-work since I was recalled from Kashmir. In the evening I went to Church, where there was a special War Service of which I send you the programme. It was a nice service and I was glad I went.”

“Monday, Jan. 4.—The exam. has lasted the whole day, and for the first time I have been allowed to continue to the end. The papers were easier than those of previous exams., and I did better than I expected, considering I had done no work for the exam.”

“Tuesday, Jan. 5th.—All the written work was finished yesterday, and there is only the oral to-day.”

“Wed. 6th Jan.—Last night I got such a sad telegram to tell me that poor old Yellagie has died—it is suspected, from rabies—and that his brain is being sent to Kasauli to be examined. I am so down about it. He was the best dog that ever lived. I never knew so sporting a dog, he was frightened for nothing.”

"We got the exams. over all right—and I actually managed to pass all the oral stuff and the paper corrected in Bareilly, but there still remain the papers that are to be corrected in Calcutta. In the conversation I got good marks.

"In the late afternoon and evening I had lots of Regtl. and Recruiting work to talk over with Broughton, who is here as examining officer. He and Fullarton (of 41st Dogras) and I drove together to the station. They went off in the Bareilly train, and I, in the train for Ambala—reached in the early hours of the morning. I, later, set out for the Court House, where the Deputy-Commissioner was to try a man I had up, for telling recruits not to enlist. He got it in the neck all right, and his punishment should serve as a lesson to others of his class. Later I went to lunch with the D. C., whose name is Clarke. In his room I read up old illustrated papers, and after tea came back to the station.

"Now I'm off to Kasauli to the Pasteur Institute. I get there to-morrow and consult the head of the show, and see if it was rabies that poor Yellagie died of, and if so, whether I have to stay for the cure or not. I do this after consulting doctors, as I do not want any more mad blood in me than I have! I may be back to-morrow night or may be kept at Kasauli."

Later Beppo wrote us about this: "I have felt Yellagie's death tremendously. He was a real friend, and I feel quite lonely going to bed now, without him lying at my feet. I didn't have him for even a year—but we were so much together that we seemed to have been with each other always. He used to go with me everywhere, and when I was in office, would wait patiently till my work was over, and then come for a run with me. In Kashmir he was magnificent, my longest marches never tired him, and with all his dodging in and out, he must have done double what I did, which would some days mean nearly 80 miles.

"When I was ill, he was always beside me, and it was such a comfort to have him. When I was out recruiting he was always with me, and slept at my feet at night, whether in the railway, a waiting room, some Dak Bungalow, or in my tent in some out of the way village. He would never let a stranger near the tent—I couldn't have had a safer 'chowkidar' than he.

"I always felt he understood me, and we had such good times together, he and I. He was so faithful and absolutely obedient to me,

and the pluckiest dog I've ever seen, yet he never fought until it was necessary. He was most friendly with all dogs and so good with puppies. With Punch he was specially good, so gentle and ready to play with him. He used to teach him all sorts of things, how to catch rats, etc. He never provoked another dog to fight, but once started he was a match for any dog and afraid of nothing. I don't think he knew what fear was. Once in Bannu a dog more than twice his size, and a well-known fighter, attacked Yellagie and gave him a pretty bad time before I separated them, but Yellagie never feared that dog ; and about two months after they went at each other again, and Yellagie got the best of it that time all right. If Punch got into difficulties with another dog, Yellagie was up to help immediately.

“ Going through the villages when recruiting, those beastly pie dogs used to rush out and bark, but Yellagie paid no heed, but went on chasing squirrels or rolling Punch over in the dust, just as if there were no pie dogs at all. But the moment they started snapping, he was at them at once— and I've seen him go single-handed for a pack of eleven who had been specially troublesome. He went for one and the others closed in on his rear, and having given the one a good bite, he turned on the others with sudden dashes which so frightened them that all the harm he suffered was a few hairs lost, while he left his mark on eight. After five minutes they wouldn't come near him, but stood snarling at a safe distance. He got four jackals at different times, three full grown --not a bad record for a rough-haired terrier, is it ?

“ It is very sad to look back upon his last few days. At times he seemed normal and at other times he was very snappy. He even tried to bite me once or twice. When I took him to the Vet. Hospital in Amritsar he wouldn't let anyone touch him but me. Just before I left Amritsar I returned to the Vet. Hospital, and there he was, just the same, and I felt it such a shame leaving him. We sat together for quite a time, and he was just as he always was when we two were together, but I think we both knew that that was the last time we would see each other. When I went off I never saw a dog so miserable and I felt the same myself. I had to go back to him, and in the end had just to hurry away and not look back, but how he howled for me not to leave him. It was terrible having to leave him like that just when he was ill, but there was no help for it, and it is at least some comfort to know that we parted,

as we had always been, such friends, and that he recognised me and was perfectly his old self—but we both knew it was the last time.

“There’s a tremendous lot of truth in Kipling’s poem—

Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware
Against giving your heart to a dog to tear.

Still I don’t regret having done so, for though his death is a great sorrow, yet his life was a great pleasure and pride and has, to say the least of it, given me much pleasure to look back on. As I say, he was the finest dog that ever was.”

“*Thursday, Jan. 7th, Kasauli.*—When I wrote you last night, little did I expect such a welcome at Kasauli. When I finished my letter I had barely time to get the train. I just managed, and slept till we reached Kalka about 11 p.m. There I arranged for the next day and went to bed in the waiting room. By a short cut Kasauli is only 10 miles from Kalka, so I set off on a pony, leaving Nazar and my luggage at Kalka, with orders to follow if telegraphed for. But I had hopes that the Medical Officer at the Pasteur Institute would consider it unnecessary for me to undergo the cure and that I should be able to return to-night to my Recruiting work.

“About 9.30 I reached the Institute and sat waiting for the Medical Officer. I was looking at a book or something when I was startled by hearing ‘Hullo, Beppo, how are you?’—and it turned out to be Major Anderson McKendrick—whom I last heard of at King’s College! He is in charge of the Institute. He had had a letter from the Vet. in Amritsar about Yellagie and me, and thus he knew that I would probably be coming. In fact he had already sent me a wire to stay with him. We talked the matter over—and as Yellagie on Jan. 2nd had licked an open scratch on my hand and may have licked me several other times on scratches, he said I must undergo the cure. This means being inoculated once a day, for a fortnight, I think, and taking no exercise. It is a beastly nuisance having to knock off work for a whole fortnight, especially when one is so busy and has made so many engagements as to meeting recruiting parties, etc. I had my first inoculation straight off, and then sent wires to Nazar to come up and to the Regt. to send a Jemadar to carry on with my work till I’m finished with the cure..

“ Major McKendrick insisted on my staying with them which of course I am only too glad to do. I came down to their bungalow, and was met by Mrs. McKendrick. How awfully nice she is, isn’t she! She gave me such a kind welcome, and had everything ready. What jolly little fellows the boys are !”

“ *Kasauli, Thursday, Jan. 14.*—My sudden, unexpected move up here has thrown out my carefully laid plans, and has meant a terrible lot of correspondence. Luckily the depot sent me the only Sikh Jemadar and he came up to see me, and is now taking my place in meeting the various parties of men under my command. It is not an easy job to keep in touch with fifty men scattered over the Punjab from Ambala to Attock !

“ My biggest party was due in Loudhiana on the 11th, and Major McKendrick gave me one day’s leave from the treatment. I went to Loudhiana, saw the recruits, made out their enrolment forms, took them to the hospital, had them medically examined, returned to station waiting room, swore them in, made out warrants for the lot, arrested a seditionist, took him before the Deputy Commissioner, made out report about him, had a long talk over future plans. Back to Kalka where I arrived at 5.30 a.m. Wednesday. Came straight up the hill and joined them at breakfast.

“ Yesterday evening Major and Mrs. McKendrick and I went to the Williams for tea. You remember Mr. Williams of whom I used to write when at Dagshai—the Presbyterian padre here. By the way please continue to send me out *Punch* as well as the other weekly papers. I intend sending them up to the McKendricks after I have seen them and they will pass them on to Mr. Williams for the Soldiers’ Reading Room.

“ It is *so* nice being with the McKendricks, Jacky and Gordon are jolly little fellows. It is as near being at home as possible to live in their house with customs and habits just so like ours at home.”

“ *Kasauli, Pasteur Institute, Jan. 21st, 1915.*—Yesterday the mail arrived with your splendid letter written on your Silver Wedding Day—and following days—with the description, copied from Ian Bartholomew’s letter, of George’s fighting. How proud I was to read of it all. I read it to the McKendricks, and they were so pleased. Oh, I was proud of George when I read it. It is so exactly like him—he must have done splendidly. How I wish I could have been with him.

Yesterday too, Mrs. McKendrick got news of her brother who had been missing for some time ; she heard by a wire from her father that he was a prisoner and safe. So what with her good news and mine we were a very happy little party last night. I must tell you of the treatment at the Institute. . . .

“ We had tea the other day with Revd. and Mrs. Barnes, he head of a school here. He asked if I was Father’s son, and told Major M. there was only one theological book that could be read with real keenness and interest like a novel, and that was *Isaiah*. We’ll soon be hearing of that new book of Nursery Rhymes entitled ‘ The Desolate City ’ ! Both Sunday evenings we have been to the Presbyterian Church, and though the congregation consists only of ourselves and some tommies, it is a good service and the singing hearty. The first Sunday was Communion Sunday, and we all waited for it.

“ In the evenings we have cosy suppers in the drawing-room, with little tables in front of the fire. Sometimes we work, sometimes read and talk. The other night Mrs. M. read to us *Like English Gentlemen*, the story of Scott’s expedition as told to his little son. Last Sunday we had a great evening with Newbolt’s Poems, which I introduced them to. They seem finer every time one reads them.

“ My treatment is over to-day and I leave to-morrow. I meant to go to Pindi, but have got a letter ordering me to Bareilly. The McKendricks have given me a standing invitation to go back whenever I can, and I expect I shall make good use of it. I can’t tell you how nice it has been to be with them. What with the boys and everything, it is as near being at home as possible.”

“ *Bareilly. Wed., 27th Jan.*—I find the reason for my recall is to take a draft of men to Bombay. I am so looking forward to seeing Hector there—and possibly Gibby at Jhansi on the way, but I may not manage to see him and I must keep a sharp look out on the men.”

“ *Back in Bareilly.*—I won’t go into the details of our journey to Bombay or my difficulties with keeping the men together. In order to keep a better eye upon them, I travelled in the Guard’s van in the rear of the train from Agra to Jhansi—well not all the way, for at a small station en route I saw a carriage being attached to the rear. I asked whose it was, and was told ‘ That’s the Resident Engineer’s private carriage—Mr. McCaul Bell ’. So I walked in and gave Gibby the

surprise of his life. I joined him at dinner, and at Jhansi, thanks to him, I got all the men into carriages and put out sentries, and then in his carriage I got the first sleep I had had since my early start the morning before. A special troop train took us from Jhansi to Bombay—with about 700 men—about 10 drafts and five British Officers.

“ We arrived in the docks at Bombay on the morning of the 2nd. I got all the men safely on board, and had to hand over to the man who is to look after them—a very nice fellow of the I.A.S.R.O., who was working at a big silk factory and has only had 6 weeks’ training. How I wished I was going and he was doing my office work, at which he would be much better than me, and of which there is so much. Well, its no good grousing, my turn will come, only I pray it’s Europe when it does come. It is so good to see Hector again, he is just the same—and we had good cracks together. He gave me a splendid time.”

“ Bareilly. Feb. 11, 1915.—This afternoon I go down to start the recruits on footer. I find they have been playing practically nothing—and Broughton has, of course, had no time to see to this. They have practically nothing to do in the evenings which cannot be good for them. I’m afraid it will need to be Soccer, and I am rather breaking the traditions of the regt. who have always devoted themselves to hockey—and were about the best hockey team in India. But it’s no good me trying to teach anyone hockey, so I shall start soccer, and I hope it will turn out more or less of a success.

“ You will have noted the fighting on the Suez Canal—especially at Ismailia. It is there that the 33rd are now in Camp.”

“ Feb. 15.—We’ve just had a jolly good hard game of footer. Of course, it lacked science and skill, but they’ll come in time, I hope, and the great thing is they are all keen.

“ By the way, the news came to office to-day that I have passed my Lower Standard Hindustani Exam.! Wonders will never cease! The next thing is the Higher Standard, and later on Lower Pushtu, and thank goodness there are no more languages compulsory after that.

“ I am so interested to hear that you have started *Nicholas Nickleby*. How is my old friend Mantalini? I’d like to meet him again. And I am so glad to have your account of Lorne’s visit. It’s bad luck that his heart is keeping him back. It is brave, as you say, of Mrs. McNeill

helping him to go after all their troubles of late. How splendidly Ian seems to be doing. He is such a splendid, unselfish fellow."

"Feb. 25.—I changed into footer togs at the office and we had a top hole game. Some of the men are picking it up wonderfully. Jemadar Kalander Khan, a very good native officer, has started playing too. He needs a lot of practice, but has a good strong kick. Nazar also plays. He is a great favourite among the men, and is about the best player we have. He used to play with the Militia in Miranshah. He plays back and takes great pleasure in getting the ball from me whenever I approach him with it. The men are beginning to learn the advantage of passing. I am so glad the boys are so keen."

"Feb. 28, Sunday.—I had to get my Recruiting Accounts in, and after my ordinary work is done in office, I don't have time left for the recruiters. So I have had practically all the Sikh recruiters up to-day, at my bungalow. Started at 10.45 and went on without a break till dinner at 8 p.m. It is a terrible thing, I assure you, to be a slow worker."

"March 14.—Subadar Bilad Khan, the Senior N.O. in the depot, and Jemadar Kalander, the junior, came in to-day to see me about some business. We had a long talk and I showed them my photos. The one of Chanonry Lodge interested them very much. They thought me a very lucky 'wallah' having Lord Roberts' photo, as indeed I am. Then I showed them George's photo. in uniform, and the Subadar, after admiring it for some minutes said, 'Wuh bahut takra jawan hai, wuh apse tukra hai'—(i.e., He's a fine sturdy youth, he's much finer than you). Then seeing his *faux pas*, he added, 'lekin ap bhi tukra hain' (i.e., but you also are sturdy)—which quite cheered me up again."

"Ap. 15, 1915.—Your last letter brought me the splendid news that Lorne has passed his Medical Exam. and is to get a Commission in the 3rd Gordons.

"Thanks awfully for sending me Father's sermon on 'True and False Peace'. It is splendid. I am so glad to hear how you wear my old Sandhurst Red Cord, and put George's button on it. I am so glad Dougal Graham is picking up so well.

"On Monday I had the senior batch of recruits sworn in by the Moulvi, on the Koran if a Mohammedan, on the Grunth (or Sikh holy book) if he is a Sikh, and after that he becomes a 'pukka' sepoy and ceases to be a recruit."

“ May 6, 1915.—When I compare my mail with other people's, I realise how extremely lucky I am. My last mail was absolutely top hole. Was that Eugene Crombie's name I saw in the Casualty List? Poor Mrs. Crombie must be very anxious. I hope it is not serious. Mr. Menzies sent me such a kind letter, after his visit to you, giving me the news of you all. It was grand to get it.”

“ Have scraped through my Obligatory Pushtu exam., and I mean to go on working at Pushtu till I can get on with the language more or less properly.”

“ May 12th.—On Saturday afternoon we had a jolly good game of footer. It was a very hard game, and the men were all awfully keen. On Monday evening I went down to the lines to march the draft down to the station. It is a smaller draft than last, a different type of men—a much younger and keener lot. They go in charge of the Havildar-Major who is an extremely good man, and has done his work in the depot extremely well. We hope soon to make him a Native officer. He is a Pathan, an excellent disciplinarian, very keen on his work, very fair on the men and well liked by them.

“ I must say I felt it very much marching this second draft down to the station and again having to stay behind. They were very keen to go and in the best of spirits. Half the depot were there and they had a great send off. We have had a wire from the Havildar-Major to say they have reached Bombay. They sail the day after to-morrow. They are not going to the 33rd, but to the 40th in France. That is one of our linked regiments. We have heard that they did very good work recently in France, but suffered heavily, and that only three British officers were left with the regt. This may mean that I'll get my chance yet—and in Europe too. I'd like fine to join the 40th Pathans in France. They are a fine regt.—But at present the draft has gone and I am here.”

“ Kasauli. June 7, 1915.—On short leave with the McKendricks. It is fine being up here in the cool of the Hills after Bareilly and with such good friends. I feel again as fit as a horse.

“ Did I tell you I have now another puppy, a little rough-haired terrier, not unlike poor Yellagie? He is about 4 months old. Nazar found him in the Bazaar all skin and bones, in an awful condition, and bought him for 3 rupees and gave him to me. I find that he is well-

born, but the original owner had left suddenly on service and gave the pup to his bearer, and the poor thing has been starved. However, with care he is improving, and though still thin, he looks quite nice. He has a black, white and brown little head, but otherwise is white all over. As both he and Punch were feeling the heat at Bareilly, I asked Anderson by wire if I might bring them up, so they are both here and do enjoy it. They are both such nice dogs, and Punch has improved tremendously, and is a real companion, but still often and often I miss dear old Yellagie, the best dog that ever lived.

“I was awfully sorry to see in yesterday’s Casualty List among the wounded, the name of Basil Maclear. He was a Coy. Officer in F. Coy. at Sandhurst, and ran the footer there. He was such a good fellow and very good to me. He helped me when I was training for the Sports.”

“*Tuesday, 15th June.*—Just got your cable, judging from the address, I take that it is on account of my promotion from 2 Lt. to Lt., but this is the first news I’ve had about it. It’s great to have got it first from you at home.

“Sunday, 13th June, was Anderson’s day off. After a leisurely breakfast we went to Church. Mr. Williams was preaching and gave us a very good sermon. After morning Church we walked down to the Brewery. There is a great big tank there—and in the hot weather this is converted into a swimming pond. Mr. Beynon is the Manager of the brewery, and he, Mr. Barnes, head of the Laurence School at Sanawar here, Anderson and myself had a great time. After a very good lunch we came back to the Firs to relieve Nanny whose afternoon out it was. Anderson went off to Church in the evening, where he is to play the organ, while I stayed behind as Nurse to Gordon. We went a walk to the stables and saw the horse and he was as good as gold all the time.”

“*Wed., June 16.*—Yesterday evening we had dinner in the Club. Among other guests there was a Miss McDonald. She was sitting next Anderson and in the middle, without previously having said a word about me (not even having been introduced), she said to him, ‘Is that boy over there any relation of Mrs. Monty Butler? He’s the very image of her.’—Poor Aunt Annie!

“Now I’m just off to the Brewery for a bath. It reminds me of my old friend Clarence, except that whereas he was drowned in a butt of malmsey wine, I’ll probably be drowned in a cask of Meekin’s Beer.”

“ Club, Bareilly. June 27, Sunday.—Yesterday evening we had footer—quite a good game—but many of the best players went off with the last draft, and we miss them. I have moved into Hurst's room. He went off suddenly this week. It is much bigger, lighter and airier than the one I was in before. I spent this morning arranging my books and getting the room shipshape.—I must say one does miss there not being a Scots Church here. Old B. is absolutely unbearable, and the Baptist Mission fellow is uninteresting, and his sermons are quite unprepared.”

“ Thursday, 1st July.—I have had a very busy day. This evening the mail has turned up, so I am sitting down, with my work behind me, to read it.—Mr. Temple wrote me such a good long letter. Wasn't it good of him. He gave me a lot of Academy and other news. What a fine man he is, isn't he?”

“ Club, Bareilly. Saturday, Aug. 7th.—This morning, Nelson, our new I.A.R. man, turned up. He is a very nice fellow, has just done 6 months' training with the Guides, was originally in the Bank of Bengal.”

“ Sunday, Aug. 8th.—Broughton returned for his Recruiting work, and I went round to see him about various matters. Afternoon and evening I spent quietly reading, but for a walk before dinner.”

“ Tuesday, Aug. 10th.—Another I.A.R. man turned up, Morbey by name. He seemed an exceptionally good fellow. He was sent to take the draft to join the regt. in Egypt. I shall not dwell on the subject of the draft going off, for, as you can imagine, it was none too happy a moment for me to see somebody else take them off—especially as out of the 70 men, between 50 and 60 had been recruited by me, and I had been with them practically all through their training. They were a fine lot—the best we have sent yet and they all left very cheerily. We have just seen them off and they were in good hands, for Morbey is a sound fellow. But I did feel it a bit after the bustle of getting them off was finished and I am left alone. Now that the I.A.R. man Nelson has arrived, Broughton is to allow me to go off on a Musketry and Machine Gun course. I am awfully keen about the course. It is the one above all others that I most want to do. You will be glad to hear that I have at last got through my Higher Hindustani Exam. It is a great relief, I can tell you.”

“ Bareilly Club. Sat., Aug. 14th.—This evening we had a cheery

dinner in the Club to celebrate my putting on my second star! We had really a very jolly time. There were Bignell, Christie, Brodsky, Nelson and myself. It was a pity Fullarton was not there, but he was going strong up in Naini Tal."

"*Thursday, Aug. 26.*—I do hope Alick gets the pup he wants. It sounds a top hole little beast. It would be great to have a dog at Chanonry. I am glad to hear that George and Lorne liked the electric lamps, I got one myself lately and find it very useful. Fullarton, Mackenzie and I went to tea at Rosewarne's bungalow, and as they are a musical lot there, we had quite a nice time. They sang 'Devon,' 'Drake's Drum,' and others. You must have noticed that of late I have been going awfully little to Church here. But really it does me more bad than good. If only there were a decent padre like Mr. Williams—or a Scots church—it would make such a difference. On Sunday I spend some time in reading Father's or Dr. Kelman's sermons, which does me more good than going to the Church here. The Machine Gun officer of the D.C.L.I. is taking me daily for some teaching about the Machine Gun, it is very good of him."

"*Sept. 2nd, 1915.*—Your last letter told me of George leaving again for the front. His leaving seems to have been very sudden and you must have felt it, but of course you knew it was what he wanted and how it was the best way he could serve his country, and do his duty. He has had such a long waiting and it has been very hard on him. I am so glad he is off at last. I was so glad you sent me the details of the little service you had just before he left home. [On Sunday, Aug. 8th].

"I have been to Lucknow to see Major Lister about my eyes. He said my sight was excellent—but the difficulty was glare, this climate and the fact that I had been straining my eyes with overwork, and also that I wasn't as fit as I might be. I asked him if he couldn't send me home on sick leave, but he said no, as I would have to be examined by a Medical Board who at present would not send anyone home unless absolutely necessary, and that even if I did get home they would not send me to France simply because I had been invalidated home. I had been holding out great hopes to myself that I might get home and so out to France that way. All my efforts to get to the front have been frustrated! I have no luck at all. I am to return to Major Lister in a week, that he may see the result of some treatment he gave me."

“ Bareilly. Sept. 2, 1915.—You will be amused to hear of my job on Wednesday last, i.e., President of the Board of Examiners for 3rd Class School Certificates—Sounds fine, doesn’t it? The members of the Board were Nelson and the Jemadar. The 3rd Class is about my level. It would be disaster if they tried me on a 2nd Class exam. This one was simple enough—Reading, Dictation, Arithmetic and Register keeping, all in Urdu. . . . The Musketry class is to be held at Changlagali in the Murree Hills.

“ You will get this just before Maisie’s 21st Birthday. Please get her a good present from me. I had arranged one, but it looks like falling through.”

“ Sept. 4th. Lucknow.—I found the place under water as there had been heavy rains and the river had flooded its banks. Again Major Lister examined me carefully, and took no end of trouble and was very kind, and only charged me Rs. 16 as a fee. I had expected very much more. As I was driving back to lunch I saw an I.M.S. Major I knew waving frantically to me—so I stopped and asked him what was the matter. He said he was just going to Thibet, to our garrison at Chiousi [?], and he had no money to take him there and the Bank, which closed in a few minutes, was surrounded on all sides by a 100 yds. stretch of water 4 ft. deep—and he couldn’t get across. So I took him in my gharrie, and we returned to lunch. Major Leonard saw me off. He also is in the I.M.S., and is a friend of Uncle Charlie’s.”

*“ Musketry School, Changla Gali, Punjab. Sunday, 12th, 1915.—I left Bareilly on Tuesday. Had a busy day, left the packing to Nazar, except a few papers, at 7.30 handed over my business affairs at the Depot to Nelson; got back to the Club, had a hurried dinner with Fullarton and Nelson, and tore to the station to catch the 8.30 p.m. train. Arrived station 8.30; rushed in, followed by ten coolies carrying what looked like *all* my belongings, but there was no time to ask Nazar why there was so much; tore along and found one 1st Cl. compartment in which there was only one man; tumbled in, apologised, and hauled in my tons of luggage. Fullarton had come to see me off; without him I should never have managed it; I shall recommend him for the D.S.O. The other man in the carriage turned out to be Dent of the 3rd Ghurka Rifles, a very nice fellow indeed. We reached Changlagali on Thursday*

at 6. On Saturday we had our first parade. It seems quite like Sandhurst again. There are 25 fellows in our Mess."

" *Sept. 23rd, 1915.*—My dear Father,—You will like to know about the work of this place :—

" The Staff consists of a Commandant, Major Barrett, an adjutant, and 2 officer instructors, a Sergt.-Major and 6 Sergt. instructors, with other N.C.O.'s for duties at each range, also a Jemadar and 2 Havildar instructors, with a detachment of the 25th Punjabis for guard-duties, etc. The students are 25 officers, 24 sergts. and about 20 of Indian Ranks (offrs. and havildars). The latter work separately under havildar instructors.

" The British are in 6 squads, each of 4 offrs. and 4 sergts., with the extra offr. in our squad. We work in pairs, one offr. with one sergt., though for Examinations offrs. and sergts. are separate. To each squad there is a sergt.-instructor, specially picked men, who stay only 1½ years so that they won't get stale, and they teach all the subjects.

" They started us at the very beginning of musketry, as if we were recruits, and a very good thing too, as the object is to make us good instructors. We have now that part of our course behind us.

" We start work at 9 a.m., and the morning is split up into half-hours. This keeps us going hammer-and-tongs the whole time : 9-9.30, Aiming ; 9.30 to 10, Firing ; 10-10.30, Rapid Loading and Musketry Exercises ; 10.30-11, Lecture by an Offr. Instructor, Theory II ; 11-11.30, Interval ; 11.30-12, Fire Control ; 12-12.30, Care of Arms ; 12.30-1, Macrometer ; 1-1.30, Visual Training. One might think this trying to do too much in the time, but it has the advantage of keeping us interested and hard at it the whole time. I think it sound. So much jumping about makes it difficult to remember everything explained in each subject, but we have all to keep a diary of the work done, and I always use the interval to write up the three first half-hours.

" The afternoons are free, but it takes a lot of time writing up one's notes if one wants them to be of use when one returns to the Regt. The instructors, and especially the Commandant, get such a lot into the lecture half-hour that one can only take rough notes, and has to write them out later. Then one has books to read up, and lately our squad has been working in the afternoons for the Exams. Saturday and Sunday are holidays. A lot of fellows go over to Murree for these days, but I need

them for getting on. I find my slowness a great draw-back as usual, but if I get Saturday free I usually manage to make up.

“ The other officers in my squad are Owens, a Captain in the Terriers ; Dent, whom I travelled up with, from a Gurkha Regt. ; Maude of the Yorkshires, also a very good fellow—all senior to me—and Greenhouse, of the 77th, my junior, an exceptionally nice fellow, only 19, the youngest here but very clever. There are some other good fellows—Fraser Tytler of the 25th Cavalry, whom I knew at Bannu, Somerville of the 11th Cavalry, whom I knew slightly at Delhi, and Meade of the Gurkhas.

“ You will have heard of wars and rumours of wars on the N.W. Frontier. They had a good show at Shabkadr lately against the Mohmands, Maj.-Gen. Campbell commanding. It was, I believe, really well run. The Barrawals also have been troublesome, but are shut up for the present. However, we have heard of many more troops being brought to the frontier, and the mobilising of several regiments. There are rumours that the Black Mountain people are giving trouble. There may be a conflagration all along the frontier. All frontier posts are kept specially strengthened. An extra Regt. is in Bannu, and half the Bannu garrison live up at Miranshah on the Tochi Road. They had a show up there, but I’ll need to leave that and the Shabkadr one for another letter. The internal danger is for the most part passed.”

“ *Sept. 25th, 1915.*—My mail came in yesterday—but I kept it for to-day, and was well rewarded. So many thanks to you all for your splendid letters ! They made me so happy. I had a quiet Birthday, not altogether a holiday, though it was Saturday, as I had lots to get done. After Mess I got back to my fire in my room, and felt I was having such a good time with you all—for I got out all your photos. and had them around me. It won’t be so long now before I *really will* be among you for my birthday.

“ On Sunday morning I went to Church. The padre is rather elderly, but it was a very simple and nice service and what he said, though not striking, was good and interesting. He is the best C. of E. padre I have yet heard out here. We had ‘Rock of Ages,’ ‘Fight the good Fight,’ and one that I hardly knew and had not realised how beautiful it was and how appropriate at this time of War to almost every one—

Holy Father, in thy mercy, hear our anxious prayer,
Keep our loved ones, now far absent, 'neath thy care.

"Now that's all if I'm to catch the mail. Last week I had to run a mile on the road to Murree to catch the postman as I had mistaken the hour."

"*School of Musketry, Changlagali. Wed., Oct. 6, 1915.*—My dear Father and Mother,—As I was going down to an exam. after lunch to-day I got your cable. Dear old George! He couldn't have met a better death nor one that he would have wished for more. 'Dulce et decorum pro patria mori.'

"But why was he taken? I never thought he would be. There's no saying what he mightn't have done, or what he mightn't have become. Why was he taken and not me? It is so difficult to understand. Why can't the best be left? My going might have caused the same sorrow, but it could not have been the same loss. Men like George were rare. It is such men that the country needs, and yet those most needed seem to be the ones to go. For him who might have been so much to be cut down and others of us left seems wrong, but still God must have His reasons though I must say I can't understand them.

"After the exam. I went off for a walk alone and I thought of all the happy days we had had together. Never was there a better elder brother, never anyone who helped me more. . . ."

"*Oct. 7th.*—Yesterday we had a Test Exam. Paper, and it was just before it that I got your and Father's wire about dear George. After it I went for a walk by myself, and got back at 7 to a little ~~class~~ that some of our squad have in the evenings for extra work—rubbing up weak points, etc. I had a quiet evening in my room.

"I am just going off to send you a cable. After that I have to go out and make a sketch of some ground for a Field Firing Scheme, and in the evening I have to play footer for my squad in the inter-squad footer tournament.

"Be sure I'm thinking of you all, Mother dear."

This was the cable we received from him—

"A great fight and a good death. Trust him, he would not fail."

"*Oct. 13, 1915.*—I have had time for nothing but work which perhaps has been just as well. On Sunday morning I went to Church, and felt much the better of the simple little service. The rest of the

day I spent working. One of the main things in the Course is a lecture that has to be delivered by every student on some subject chosen by himself in connection with Musketry. I had chosen Machine Gun tactics. I knew no more of them than I knew of Hebrew, and all I could do was to get up my information out of the official handbooks. Well, I worked all Sunday at it, and was most disheartened in the evening as what I had done seemed so absolutely rotten, and almost a direct crib from the books. However, after dinner, I felt in really good form. I tore up all I had done, and started afresh on a new system of my own, and by the time I got to bed, 5 a.m. on Monday, I had got my lines of writing settled, and had finished $\frac{3}{4}$ of the lecture. . . . To-day (Wednesday) Major Barrett, the Commandant, heard the lectures of all No. 1 Squad. He seemed pleased with mine, in fact he said he was very pleased with the system I had gone on, and the reasoning and logical way I had worked it out. I thought to myself if only he had seen my first effort, he would have had something else to say to me!

“ Among the killed I see to-day the name of Major-General Thesiger. It is the same Col. Thesiger who commanded the Rifle Brigade, and was so good to me. His promotion has been very rapid during the War for he was a very young Colonel. Anybody who knew him could have prophesied rapid promotion for him, and had he lived there is no saying to what he might have risen. The regt. worshipped him and with good cause. He never sought popularity, he could be severe almost to harshness and had no pity for the inefficient, but I swear no Colonel was ever more looked up to, or better liked by both officers and men. They knew how able he was and how he could be relied on. They appreciated all his kindness and knew that he would always do his best for them, provided they did theirs for him.

“ It has been hard that almost every one of the married officers of the 4th Rifle Brigade has been killed, Major King, Capt. Sherston, Capt. Whitaker, Selby Smith, while Major Alexander and Hargreaves, the Adjutant in my day, and Kennedy have been wounded, and Calvert and Toynbee have been killed. There have been many casualties in our Regt. [the 33rd Punjabis]. . . . So far as I know there are only three of the original British officers left with the regt., Major Graham, Scott, and Bulkeley. The regt. has suffered severely. I am sure it did well.

I have more prospect of getting off now—especially if I work up the Machine Guns. I hope it won't be so very long before I'm sent for.

“The list is just published of those selected out of the class to stay for the Machine Gun course. I am glad to say I am in it. The whole of our squad has been selected. It is a fine squad, Maude is one of the best, and Dent is a jolly good fellow, and I have made great friends with Greenhouse. He is only 19, very clever, he passed 4th out of Sandhurst. Such a real good fellow.”

To his brother Alick he wrote :—

“*School of Musketry, Changlagati. Oct. 14, 1915.*—My dear Coll, Our brave brother George was killed, fighting for his Country, doing his duty. He could not have met a better death—he could not have died happier—of that I am sure. I know full well it would have been his choice had he had any. He has, as others also are doing to-day, cheerfully sacrificed himself for his God, country and home. And what better death could he wish? What better death could we wish him?

“What a magnificent fellow he was. No one lived a more upright and pure life. What a good elder brother he was to us all. It is up to us to follow that splendid example and do our utmost to live up to his high standard.

“It is difficult to understand why he, and why so many of the best are taken, while others of us not so worthy are left. But it is not our business to brood over this. However difficult it may be for us to understand, we must trust God and realise that it is for the best. And, realising this, we must do all that is in our power to ensure that that best will be carried out.

“He was exceptionally clever and wonderfully able, and had a rare strength and force of character that would have brought him within reach of the highest positions in the State. He had a most unselfish sense of duty, and had trained himself with self-denial, perseverance and a straight and pure life for whatever position God might think fit to use him in. And he would have used his power in any such position in the strongest, most unselfish and ablest way for the performance of his duty and service to others.

“It is up to you and I especially, Coll, to do our utmost to fill the vacancy caused by his death, and give to our God, our State, and our Home what he would have given. We must do as he would have

done, and by so doing minimise as much as possible the loss of one much better than us. Let us, Alick, at the end of our lives be able to say that we have done our best to fill his place, and that by the fulfilment of our duty and the living of our lives, his life was not sacrificed in vain.

“ This takes you the best of love from your very loving brother,
“ BEPPO.”

“ *Oct. 20th.*—The main thing in your letter just in is about Lorne’s departure. God keep him safe! I’m glad he’s off. He’ll be very pleased, and depend upon it, he’ll rise to the occasion if he gets the chance. I have just got a splendid letter from George dated Sept. 23. I am so glad he wrote, and shall value his letter. It was such a cheery and happy one, and he was so proud of his regt.”

This is the letter, Beppo’s last from George :—

“ *2nd Gordon Highlanders, B.E.F., 23rd Sept., 1915.*”

“ Dear old Bep.—I write these few lines to wish you a very happy Birthday.

“ I have been here about six weeks and have had a very soft time, but that will all be changed shortly, and, by the time you get this, you will have read in the papers about what we shall be attempting in a day or two. Everything seems to be in splendid working order here, and all ranks have unlimited confidence in General Joffre and General French. I saw H. C. D. Rankin in B[ethune] lately. He asked to be remembered to you.

“ You could not imagine a better battalion than the one I have now the honour and fortune to belong to—the old 92nd Highlanders.

“ Well, old boy, I must now stop, as I am going up the trenches to take over a position. You will be interested to hear that I am now second i/c of our Coy. and the chances are rosy for promotion. Best of luck always!

“ Your loving brother,
“ GEORGE.”

“ *Nov. 2nd, 1915.*—I have to-day such very kind letters from Anderson and his wife. They want me to stay with them on my way back. Indeed, whenever they heard the news, they had wired me to

come any time. How I should like to go ! Mr. Williams at Kasauli also wrote me such a kind letter.

" I have also such kind letters from Uncle Dunlop and Aunt Minnie, Mr. Menzies, Miss Penelope, Beefy Stevenson, Uncle Rob, and Helen Rottenberg—and from Uncle Bill in Cachar. They are all so very kind, and it has made all the difference to me out here to get all your dear letters.

" I see in to-day's Casualty list the name Capt. C. H. Sorley. I wonder if this is Charlie—I do hope it is not—I shall not write them unless I hear definitely from home that it is.

" Our oral exam is to-morrow. All our squad come along to my room to run over old exam. questions and our new work with our instructor, just as we did in the Musketry Course. Our final exam. is next Tuesday."

" *Rawal Pindi.* Nov. 11.—We left Changla just after our last exam. A lot of good-byes and we set off on little ' tats ' for Murree, lunched in Chambers' Hotel, then travelled down in the Motor Bus. It was great to get into mufti evening dress that night, and we have been busy ever since feeling like gentlemen of leisure. Nazar leaves me here to go to Bannu for a month's leave to get married. Personally I'd rather he didn't get married, but if he wants to, I suppose it's only fair to let him. Nanku seems to have arranged the suit ! "

" *Lahore.* Nov. 12, 1915. We got in here early this morning, Greenhouse and I. After breakfast (at Nedon's Hotel, where we are staying) we hired a two-horse landau, feeling awful knutts, and taking the fact that we were on holiday as an excuse for extravagance. We drove to the Montgomery Hall in the Lawrence Gardens, and there we saw amidst the portraits of Punjab celebrities that of Uncle Dunlop. It is hung in a good position, and looks very fine. In another part of the building was the portrait of Sir Charles Aitchison, while in the big Central Room were those of Nicholson and the two Lawrences.

" Then we drove on to the Chiefs' College where the boys were playing footer, hockey, etc. It is a big School for the sons and relatives of Indian Chiefs, and is run on the lines of a Public School at home—the age of boys ranging from 10 to 19 years. They all looked so jolly in their footer kit and were so keen. One of the English masters offered to show us round—a nice fellow of the name of Wright. We talked to several of the boys. They have excellent manners, and are on the whole

not unlike boys at home. They have got absolutely the idea and spirit of an English Public School. I should think a place like this would do a tremendous amount of good."

"*Kasauli. Sunday, Nov. 14.*—We left Lahore by the 8 p.m. train last night. Greenhouse got out at Jullundar. I had a through carriage to Kalka, and got here in time for breakfast, and got a right good welcome from our dear old friends. This evening we all went to Church together. Mr. Williams gave us a good sermon. Both Mr. and Mrs. Williams talked to me afterwards and were so kind.

"They all look fit here, though Anderson's a bit tired. The boys are in splendid form. Maisie is great. They say she is rather small, but an expert like I thought her rather large for two months. As Babies go, she is quite respectable! They say she does not weigh much, but on the other hand, she has excellent lungs!

"*Sunday, Nov. 21.*—On Friday we stirred the Christmas pudding—just as at home. We put the boys to bed, and then the three of us had such a happy evening. They have been so good and kind to me all along. After tea to-day I reluctantly said good-bye and set out for Kalka. There I found Mr. Williams starting service in the little Church—a nice simple service and after it, I was glad of the opportunity of attending Communion. It was the first chance I had had for some time. After Church Mrs. Williams took me into their little rest-house, and gave me cake and coffee, and then I ran down to the station and caught the 7.30 train.

Of this visit Mrs. McKendrick wrote at the time:—

"Anderson and I both think him looking older; one realises with all his bravery what a great sorrow he has had, and yet one which has made more of a man of him. He is so good to our children. He brought wee Maisie the duckiest pair of silk Japanese slippers and a funny Tommy doll with 'Are we downhearted—no' on a label, and lovely sweets for the boys. They do look forward to his visits, for the romps they have together, and the stories in the evenings."

"*Bareilly. Nov. 25.*—The Colonel has written to Army H.Q. to ask for me to be sent out to the regt. So I hope that before long I may get off. The regt. is at present in France—but there are rumours that it is to be moved. This afternoon we all went round to Broughton's bungalow to get a photograph taken."

" Bareilly. Friday, Dec. 3rd.—I have a Christmas present for Maisie, a silver brooch with our regimental crest. I had meant to send this for her 21st birthday, but there was difficulty about its being made, and it's only just ready. It should arrive by next mail.

" For you and Father my present is not ready, as it is taking time. I hoped to get all my Kashmir photos. off this mail for Christmas. I have been getting them in order, and writing what they were, most of yesterday, but they are not finished. They will come by next mail. Christmas seems to be fairly rushing at one.

*" I am doing the Musketry work here now—and the officers, British and Native, have got to put up with my lectures. I am playing again with the recruits. All that I taught before have gone off in drafts, and I am starting the new ones. It is great sport, as though the footer *as footer* is rotten, the boys are as keen as mustard."*

" Tuesday, Dec. 7th.—News—going off!"

" Wed., Dec. 8th.—Got my photo taken. Dined with Dent in the Ghurka Mess. They were giving a farewell dinner for the 2nd in Command, Col. Eastmead, who is going to Egypt in the same convoy as us, to command their 2nd Battn. there. I hope he is in the same boat. You remember he was President of the Court Martial at which I was interpreter! The Ghurkas are an extremely fine lot, and I only wish they had been longer in Bareilly. After dinner we sat round a big wood fire outside the Mess Tent, and all their Indian officers came to drink Col. Eastmead's health."

" Thursday, Dec. 9.—I had to see the draft medically examined and get done myself. The rest of the day was spent in packing and arranging what to take and what not to take. Ogilvy was a tremendous help. In the evening I gave a little dinner in the Club, Ogilvy making most of the arrangements for me. My guests were Capt. and Mrs. Broughton, Ogilvy, Connor (all of the 33rd), Lindorp, I.A.R.O. and Maclear, I.A.R.O. both attd. 41st Dogras, Princeps 3rd Cav., and Dent of the Ghurkas. It was quite a success I think.

" I have missed Nazar terribly over my packing. The lad doing his job was useless, and has made so many mistakes. I hope to find Nazar at Bombay. I am leaving the bulk of my things in store at the Depot, but taking a good deal along with me. I am sending back my Kashmir heads and skins, also my alligator skin and one black buck skin,

the first I shot. My other black buck heads and skins are all worm eaten, I am not sending them."

"*Friday, Dec. 10th.*—Good-bye to friends at Club, dined quickly with Broughton and went down the lines to get my draft. Ogilvy and Lindorp marched down with me. The 41st band joined with ours to play us down. The Ghurkas had also offered me their pipe band, which played in turn with the others. It was great to be marching to the pipes. There was quite a crowd at the station to see me off. The draft were in great form and went off cheerily. Now, I am in the train. Off at last!"

PART V.

WAR.

EGYPT AND THE ADEN FRONT.

BEPOO's next letters relate to his voyage to Egypt, to rejoin his Battalion at Ismailia, where they were stationed for a short time after their return from the French front. Appointed on the strength of his record at Changla Gali to command of the Machine Gun Section, he proceeded with the Regiment to the Aden Front, where they remained for fourteen months, and where he was promoted to be Brigade Machine Gun Officer. This Part covers from 13th December, 1915 to April, 1917.

“ *S.S ‘Scindia’*. *Wed., Dec. 15.*—We reached Bombay on Monday 13th and there was dear old Hector on the platform. It was good to see him again, and we had a quiet evening in the flat, talking over many things. All the rest was a rush—getting the draft into Camp, reporting to Embarkation Officer, shopping and arranging banking and other affairs at Cook’s Office, and finally we left Bombay at 4 p.m. It was great to have old Hector to see me off. Just before we left an orderly came running up with a good-bye letter from the McKendricks and a wire of good luck from Uncle Bill.”

“ I forgot to tell you that I got a *splendid* surprise on arriving in Bombay—for standing behind Hector was Nazar ; I can’t tell you what a relief it was to see him. He had arrived in Bareilly the morning after I left. He repacked the kit I left behind and came on by express that evening, arriving at Bombay the same day as I, who arrived later with my draft on a slow train. According to Ogilvy’s instructions he reported to the Embarkation Officer, who sent him down to meet me at the station.

"It is great to find that Col. Eastmead is commanding our boat and that I am to be his Adjutant for the voyage. All the ship's officers are from Glasgow, including the Captain."

"*Thursday, 23rd Dec.*—What with arranging parade programmes, fire and boat alarms and other things I was hard at it up to Sunday. That was a bit of a rest. Allan took morning service. He is a C. of E. padre who enlisted in the Territorials, a very fine fellow. It was a fine simple service with well-known hymns, 'Rock of Ages,' 'Sun of my Soul,' and others. There was Communion Service afterwards. I had asked Allan if I could stay for it, and he was only too willing. So, for the first time in my life, I attended a C. of E. Communion. I was very glad of the opportunity.

"On Monday inoculated for typhoid. It took pretty badly. My arm was very painful all night and I got no sleep. The doctor kept me in bed all Tuesday as I had a high temperature. On Wednesday he allowed me up. We lay in Aden harbour almost all that day—what a barren place it is! This afternoon, Thursday, Colonel and Mrs. Eastmead, Mrs. Ryder, Mrs. Tweedie, the Sergt.-Major and I have been busy making up Christmas parcels for all the children on board; while the Officers and Engineers of the Ship have been making a Christmas tree out of an old door with bamboos stuck in it for branches and the whole painted green. The families of the 14th Hussars—23 women and 56 children—are all coming home on this boat, so we have plenty to provide for."

"*S.S. 'Scindia,' Dec. 25, 1915.*—A merry Christmas to you all!"

"Yesterday afternoon we had a cricket match, then we were busy getting the children's presents ready and decorating the Christmas tree. It was hung with presents and coloured electric lights and looks most pretty. After dinner a great concert! I had an anxious moment when the Sergt.-Major called on me for a song. I rushed for the door, pursued by Thomson who tackled me low, but I got away. Just before bed a dozen of the men came up and sang Christmas Carols, splendidly. There was one particularly pretty one 'Noel, Noel,' that I did not know, tho' it appears to be fairly common.

"This morning we were woken up too with Carols. The men were keen about it, and they certainly were very pretty—the Carols I mean, not the men. We had Church at 10, a very nice Christmas service and

I stayed for Communion. After lunch I wrote about all my Kashmir photos., so that you will easily be able to understand them.

"After early tea we had the Children's party. Every child got a present, a box of sweets, four crackers, and some fruit. The Sergt.-Major has been the moving spirit. He is a great little lad. Then we had games and races. The mothers and children were all so happy, and the whole thing went off without a hitch."

To his Father—after describing Ship's officers and work on board :—

"I brought with me on board in two packing cases my two Ibex heads, masks, and skins, a blackbuck skin and a crocodile skin. The 1st Officer has offered to send them through the Anchor line authorities, so I accepted his offer. He said they were only too ready to oblige in ways like this, so I left them with the ship's people to send on. When I gave them your address, the Second Officer said, 'Aye, yon name's well kent tae us a.' The largest of the Ibex heads is, as you know, my long-deferred present to you and Mother for your Silver Wedding. I only wish it could have been a Markhor. I'll tell you what I want done with the rest."

"*Camp, Ismailia, Dec. 31st, 1915.*—We disembarked yesterday and came on by train. It was great to see the regiment again. But of the old lot only Scott and Bulkeley are left. Col. Graham is commanding. Col. Ridgway has not yet returned. The other officers here are McCormick and Williams. Only the Headquarters of the regt. is here. The regt. itself is scattered along 150 miles of railway, guarding. The Machine Gun section is scattered with the rest, but when we get together I hope to have command of it. I can get no information as to the whereabouts of the 19th Cav. I should so like to see Uncle Charlie if he is in Egypt."

"*Monday, Jan. 3, 1916.*—I was so thankful that you and Mother were not on your way out to meet me here when I heard yesterday that the 'Persia' had been sunk by a submarine close to Alexandria. I fear many lives have been lost.

"Yesterday afternoon I walked with one of the Indian officers to the Hospital Camp some miles out to see one of our men there. It was a good walk and I enjoyed the exercise. In the evening Scott, Pender and I went to Church, and after it we had dinner with Bulkeley in the Club. Scott si adjutant now, and a very good adjutant he makes.

Bulkeley is Quartermaster. As for me, I wish nothing more than to get command of the Machine Gun section."

"*Ismailia, 3rd Jan.* *Telegram.*—Sir George and Lady Adam Smith, Chanonry Lodge, Aberdeen. Loving Congratulations—Dunlop Smith."

[On Father's knighthood.]

"*Ismailia, Jan. 10th.* To his Father.—How splendid to read in your letter of the big increase in the numbers of the University on Service. How well they've done! I see we've got compulsory service now. Asquith appears, from the scrappy information we have got, to have treated the whole thing in a masterly and fair-minded way. But I cannot understand why Ireland should be exempted. Still one cannot judge till one has more information.

"By the way, the results of my courses at Changlagali are just out. I have qualified all right in Musketry, Adjustment of Macrometers and Machine Gun, and in addition have been given a D for the Machine Gun. D, as you probably know, stands for 'Distinguished'. I am told that I am the only one in the Class who has got a D, but until I get the paper with all the results I shall not know for certain. I am awfully sorry that Dent didn't manage to get one, I thought he would as he is very clever and worked hard, and was awfully keen about it. He is such a good fellow, very able, and certainly deserved a 'D' more than I. You may remember that he was the other fellow in the Class who got with me 100% in the Orals. In order to get a 'D' 90% was required in the written exam., perhaps he got flurried.

"Thanks for the Memorial Number of the G.U.M. with George's picture and what Franklin wrote about him. It was fine to see Francis McCunn's photo. next to George's."

"*Ismailia. Jan. 12, 1916.*—You will be glad to hear that I have got command of the Machine Gun section. I have four guns and fifty men, including 6 N.C.O.'s, under me. The section suffered very heavily in France, and only ten of the original lot are left, so it means a lot of training, and the whole thing to be re-organised. I'm glad I shall have this time in which to prepare, as one only wants to take trained men whom one knows into action. . . .

"Hullo! I've got to put on the new address, Lady Adam Smith, I feel quite a 'knutt' doing it!! I'm so pleased. It's

splendid. Do send me any papers that have to do with Father's recent honour."

"*Later.*—Danny wrote too, and told me about getting her hair cut short. You must send me a snapshot. You told me how in your telegram you wanted to put in 'Father and Mother,' but had to sign 'Principal Smith'.—The rule applies here and in India that the sender's full name must be put in. I once tried to sign 'Beppo,' but it created consternation. The Post officials thought it must be some code word, and I was nearly arrested in consequence! I am so glad about Father being unanimously appointed Moderator. How splendid if I could get home for the Assembly!"

"I have got well into work now with the M.G. section, it keeps me very busy. In the afternoon we have footer or hockey. We are encamped on the edge of the lake where all the Ismailia bathing-boxes are. Our Mess is in the verandah of one. The bathing-box is divided into small compartments, one the pantry, and in the other we take refuge after dinner, when the wind is particularly bad. Major White turned up the other day. Everybody is sorry that he has been taken from the regt. and sent to a Field Ambulance. Of course we had good talks about Aberdeen."

"*Jan. 18, 1916.*—My dear Father, my most loving congratulations on your appointment as Moderator. It is grand, and I am so proud about it. How I would love to be present at the Assembly! Wouldn't George have been pleased, and how grand it would have been if only he could have been with you through the Assembly time! Yet we know that in spirit he will be, and that must be a great comfort and help to you."

"*Jan. 30, 1916.*—I have just got in such a good mail, with such a kind letter from Aunt Helen, and cheque for £2, which will be most useful. Then the old Aberdeen United Free Church sent me a box of cigarettes with such a kind enclosure from Mr. Dawson. How awfully good of them to send me anything! Then there was a fine letter from Maisie and that great batch of letters about George. I am grateful to you for sending these. It is fine to read them and to see what a wonderful influence George had on all that knew him."

"*Alexandria. Feb. 6, 1916. (Sunday).*—You will be surprised to see where I am! On Wednesday night I got a wire from Uncle Charlie saying he would arrive Ismailia on Thursday afternoon. I met him at

the train, and it was splendid seeing him again. He had to go at once to G.H.Q., but came later to Camp. We had a good chat and I walked back with him, and he said he would come along after lunch next day.

“ Well, next day about midday I was busy firing the Machine Guns, when an orderly came from Camp and told me my Uncle was there. I thought he must have got his work over quickly and come for lunch, and I hurried back to Camp. When I got there I was told he had gone off as he had an appointment with some general—but he had left instructions with the Colonel. Moreover they told me he was not the same Uncle as had turned up yesterday. This absolutely flabbergasted me. I set off to find Col. Graham with whom instructions had been left, and found him at the Club, talking to—Uncle Jack ! Col. Graham said he was getting a bit suspicious of my uncles ! It was fine to meet Uncle Jack again and he is looking very fit. I lunched with him at the Club. He told me of George Bruce being at Sandhurst. He had to go back to Cairo by the 2 o'clock train, so I saw him off.

“ Meanwhile, Uncle Charlie had been kept busy and did not turn up in Camp till about 6 p.m. I introduced some of the Senior Indian officers to him, and we joined the rest at the Club. After that we went back to Mess and had a cheery evening. The next morning Uncle Charlie and I met at the station and entrained for Alexandria (I had 3 days' leave). We missed the connection at Benha, so we went on to Cairo. We had lunch at the Hotel, saw the Citadel and drove round the town, then tea at the Turf Club with Uncle Jack. The two uncles were very pleased to meet, and talked a lot together. We got the 6.30 p.m. train for Alexandria, dined on board, and arrived about 10.

“ I have spent my time here hunting up the H.L.I. territorial units, in which there might be any school friends. I hear that only a few details are here, while most are at Abu Sueir [?] near Cairo. I know that Rhoda Whyte is in a Hospital here, and am trying to find her.”

“ *Monday, Feb. 7th.*—I found where Rhoda was, and went to see her at the Hospital. Her uniform did not make much difference. She was in great form, and showed me over the hospital, and it was great to talk of our respective relatives and friends. She was on duty at lunch time, but came to tea with me in the hotel. We had it in a small sitting-room, and talked of George and Robin, recalling many old happy

days. She drove with me to the Station and saw me off. It was awfully nice seeing her."

Of this happy meeting Rhoda Whyte wrote me :—

" 15th General Hospital, Alexandria. Feb. 7th, 1916.

" I wish you could have been in my shoes for a few hours to-day, when Beppo was here. He is just the same, a bit tidier as to the hair, a bit browner, and a bit older looking of course, but the same old Beppo of Arran days. We hadn't nearly long enough for all we had to say. The 25th Sept. meant the same to us both, and there were a hundred and one other things we had to talk about. I was thrilled to hear of his rush to get back from his expedition in Kashmir in August a year ago. He looked so very handsome in khaki."

" *Ismailia. Wednesday, Feb. 9th.*—I left Uncle Charlie at Alexandria. He has been so good to me, all the time, and it has been fine knocking about with him again. When I got to Cairo on Monday evening, I made straight for the Club and found Uncle Jack. We had dinner at the Continental Hotel, after which we talked for a bit, then went to see some of the Scottish Horse who were dining there. It was the pipes that drew Uncle Jack to them.

" On Tuesday I found my way to the 5th H.L.I. Camp at Abusueir. I found Willie Buchanan (alias Buckey), just the same as ever and very fit. He took me into the Mess where we found Col. Morrison, Ronald's father. Later Ronald came in ; Findlay, an old Kelvinside Accie., and Fyfe, also from Kelvinside ; Spiers and Stuart and Jim Burton, who were at school with us. Some were in the H.L.I., some in the 7th Scottish Rifles—the only regts. I had the opportunity to see. At the beginning of the War they were full of Academy fellows, but suffered heavily in the Dardanelles, and many old friends are home wounded, while others have gone with George.

" Buckey and I went into Cairo, Fyfe joined us later, and Spiers turned up after dinner. We had a very jolly dinner. The toast was ' The Academy ' given by Fyfe, later on we had ' The Rector ' and then ' Kelvinside Academy ' for Fyfe's benefit. We had a splendid evening, talking of old days. They are a fine lot—and so is the whole battalion. The men looked fine in their kilts, with their regular Scots faces and honest Glasgow accents. It did one good to get this look into Scotland

again. We have fixed up a great meeting in Glasgow, when the War is over.

"Now I'm back in Ismailia, and find two good parcels from home. One contained George's sleeping bag, the other all sorts of useful articles, but best of all the little flask and medicine case that were found on George. These I value more than I can tell.

"You told me about your all going to 'Peter Pan'. How splendid that Father went too! How Danny and Margarete must have loved it! The two of them seem to be in great form with the Mad Teaparty and the other Fairy play. I do wish I could see them. I was so glad to hear that Lorne had got leave. And I got a splendid long letter from Ian Thomson."

"*Feb. 10th, 1916.*—Just three years to-day since I left Aberdeen with George to join Father in London, before sailing. Often and often I have remembered those last days at home—our time in Glasgow together, you and I shopping, coffee at the Grosvenor after lunch with George Laird, Willie Buchanan and C. D. Rankin, and then Laird motored us out to see the school playing at Anniesland. That was the last I saw of the school. The day before I had lunch there. Then you joined me, and George Laird sent us out in his motor to Scotstown to see Dr. and Mrs. Eaton. Then our last happy evening with the McNeills. The next day we travelled to Perth, do you remember? You went on to Aberdeen, and I to Glenalmond. There I had a jolly afternoon with Alick, who drove part of the way back with me.

"I got home that night and then what a busy time we had! What a happy Sunday! And on Monday our games in the drawing-room with the children just before I left—you busy with last preparations, George playing the piano for Musical Bumps, which Kathleen, Danny, Margarete and I were playing, and Maisie sewing my name on to my tartan rug. Then the good-bye to the four girls in the hall, and the taxi-drive to the station with you. Well, I'll be back before so very long now. We counted on five years, didn't we? and three have gone."

"*Feb. 15, 1916.*—We are now on board ship and expect to have four or five days of it. It does seem a pity to have got so near home and be unable to get nearer. Still, I heard the pipes playing last night, some of their tunes 'Highland Laddie,' the 'Barren Rocks,' etc., being

most appropriate, having been substituted for the 'Coral Strand'. Can't say one can get up much enthusiasm for either."

This was how Beppo let us know that his destination was to be Aden -- at that time all definite names of places were forbidden.

"Have just read *The Right Stuff* by Ian Hay. Excellent! I shall write Bisset to send it you as an advance Birthday present."

"Feb. 28, 1916.—On Monday the 21st, a week ago, we disembarked. You will see by the Censor Mark that we are in Aden. As it is nominally an Indian station, there is no secrecy about it—or in telling you about the place, so long as I give you no military information of value to the enemy. Our camp is at Sheikh Othman, about 10 miles out, and half an hour's journey by train.

"On Sunday evening I went to look for the United Free Church, that, I heard, had an evening service. I found that the Church was at Steamer Point about 14 miles off.

"Brigade Orders came in this evening, and among them the order that I was appointed Brigade Machine Gun Officer. It's a jolly good job, but it's not through any virtue of mine that I have been given it, but partly because there were not many other people in the field, and partly because Colonel Graham and Scott sent in a strong recommendation for me, which was very good of them. I have thirteen guns of different units under me, and if for any attack we get reinforcements from the troops in Aden proper, I shall have several more. It is a big job as the outposts are very extensive."

"March 3rd.—To-day I have written a report on the Machine Gun positions. I am proposing some drastic alterations in the distribution of guns. I shall take it myself to H.Q. and I hope they'll approve of it, as I have taken a lot of trouble over it, and in my own mind I have no doubt as to the advisability of it."

"Sheikh Othman. 4th March.—The Regt. has just been inspected by the General commanding at Aden. The proposals that I sent up have been accepted in part, though not wholly. However, the main principles have been accepted all right."

"Tuesday, March 7th.—I rode to Imad, a place about 3 or 4 miles off [3½ m. E. of Helwan], held by a detachment from the Brigade."

"Wednesday, March 8.—Colonel Ridgway has returned. He looks very fit and has quite recovered from his wound. The German

attack seems to continue, I fear the Casualties must be heavy. I trust that Lorne and other friends come through all right."

"*Tuesday, 21st March.*—On Sunday and Monday (12th and 13th March) I wrote a report on uses the Brigade Machine Guns can be put to on various occasions. On Tuesday I submitted it, and most of my proposals were agreed to, and some are already carried out. I only hope that, having got what I wanted, I'll live up to, and not waste, it."

" My average day is as follows :—

" Parade with Machine Guns, 6.30-9. Breakfast, 10 a.m. Office Work, etc., 11 a.m. Visit my M.G. mules to see that they are being kept all right. 12, Visit the Brigade office if necessary. (But this time, 10 to 1, may be used as above or in a variety of other ways.) Lunch at 1, then if I have no more work to do, read or sleep. Then at 4 p.m. I fire some of my guns on the range, till 5.30 or 6. Then if not too tired, ride or walk round portions of the outpost line, visiting machine guns stationed there.

" You may have heard from Reuter's telegrams of the great battle of Imad near Aden on the 16th !! Of course I can't give a detailed account, but there wouldn't be much to give. I saw the enemy, but that is about all. It was quite a successful show as far as it went. We got back to Mess that night pleasantly tired. A little mild excitement of that sort does us a lot of good."

"*March 23rd.*—This morning I paraded the Brigade Machine Guns —quite successful."

"*Saturday.*—Went into Aden to store my extra boxes, did some shopping, and called on the padre of the United Free Church, whom I found to be Dr. Young, a medical missionary, who knew me when I was 'so high'. His hospitals, Mission houses, etc., are out here, and have come in very useful as hospitals, headquarters, etc.—as they were the only European houses in this place. He still runs his work in Aden and in addition has work with the Aden garrison."

"*Aden. March 26.*—There was an alarm again last Thursday night, which gave us a lot of trouble and some marching, but the enemy would not oblige—so we had just to march home again. On Friday afternoon Bulkeley and I rode out to Helwan [N.E. corner of the outpost line, and site of the Flying Column Camp], where the Colonel and Scott were

last week on the Flying Column. We had tea there and rode back in the evening."

"*Thursday, March 30, 1916.*—This morning we lined the roads for the visit of the Viceroy Designate. He arrived by the P. and O. early, drove out here, and was taken to look at our front from a large tower in the neighbourhood. He breakfasted at Head Quarters and then saw C. O.'s and all the Indian officers before driving back to Aden. He, Lord Chelmsford, is a cousin of Colonel Thesiger who commanded the 4th Rifle Brigade, and was so good to me at Dagshai and Delhi. If he is anything like what his cousin was, he'll make one of the best Viceroys India has had. I had such a very fine brave letter this mail from Mrs. Thesiger. It was a very beautiful one. In it she said, 'I am grieved to hear that you have lost your brother, but we must not lose sight of the fact that they are now absolutely happy, and that we shall meet them again'. I have also heard from Mrs. Selby Smith and Mrs. Sherston."

"*Sheikh Othman. Saturday, April 8.*—We had our Regimental Sports at the end of last week, just after the Viceroy's visit. They lasted three days and were a great success. On the last day the regt. was 'at home' and every one in Sheikh Othman turned out for the show. After prize giving we had a torch-light display by the Regtl. signallers, and then dancing by the P.M.'s and Pathans in front of a great bonfire. It was a most successful affair and quite waked Sheikh Othman up. None of the other regts. had had anything of the sort.

"On Wed. morning we had a great brigaded Machine Gun Parade. We had 11 guns out, it was a long morning, but it all worked fairly well, and we learnt a good deal. It's the only way one can learn here to do the work, and profit by one's mistakes.

"On Friday morning we (the brigaded M.G.'s) took part in some operations with the 69th. In the afternoon, I rode round to see the M.G. sections of the 69th and 109th in their lines. To-day, I am busy getting fresh ammunition, etc. To-morrow evening I hope to go into Aden to the Church there. I got a letter from Dr. Young asking me to dine there after the service. I think of you all at Sannox and long to be with you."

"*Wed., Ap. 12.*—After tea on Sunday I caught the train into Aden, and was met by Dr. and Mrs. Macrae in their motor. Dr. Young had arranged for them to take me on to Church. Dr. Macrae is also at

present doing Govt. work in Aden. They were both very nice indeed. We had a good service, and afterwards Dr. Young took us all up to dinner. On Monday morning early I rode out to Imad to see the Malay States M. Guns. After tea I rode round the picket line.

“On Tuesday we had a very good show with the 109th. During breakfast Col. Graham came in from Khormahsar (Wireless Stn. about half way out here), where he is in command. As I had to inspect the immobile guns there, I took advantage of motoring back with him. I’m afraid you must be fairly fed up hearing about Machine Guns, but I haven’t much other news to write. One great thing about my work is that it is mostly out of doors and not much in Office. I’m awfully fit just now.”

“*April 13.*—The Colonel came and watched us firing. He takes a great interest in the Machine Guns. So does Colonel Graham.”

“*April 17.*—It was so interesting hearing of Father’s visit to Ripon, and splendid to hear of J. L. M.¹ turning up there. I knew he was sure to have either gone with the Canadians or come home to join some Scots battn. Disquieting news about the Shackleton Expedition ; I hope James Wordie is safe.

“Kathleen sent me a splendid box of chocolates. Please tell her I thoroughly agree with the Cheltenham rule not to eat chocolate during Lent. It is a good rule, and if anyone else is likely to be sending her boxes of chocolates I shall write to the Headmistress and suggest that the rule hold for all the year round ! Coll. is evidently hiding his light under a bushel ! So many people have written asking—as if it was the latest thing in Ladies’ fashions—‘Have you seen Coll.’s new handwriting, a decided improvement on the old ?’ It has not reached me yet, but doubtless, in due course, the War Office will forward a sample marked, ‘For your information and guidance please.’”

“*Officers’ Hospital, Aden. Friday, April 28th.*—On Thursday 20th we had a scheme, arranged by Col. Ridgway, of the Brigade M. Guns working with the Regt. in an attack. It was very successful, I think, as well as instructive and interesting for the men. We had helios in the enemy’s position which shone on any of the M. Guns that exposed themselves. The General came out from Aden to see the show—and it

¹ Captain J. L. Morrison, Argyll and Sutherland Hrs., Professor of History, Queen’s University, Kingston, Canada.

really was a success. But directly it was over I had to go to bed with fever, a temp. of 103. The next day Colonel Graham came in and said he would have none of this nonsense of lying in a tent out at Sheikh Othman with fever—and that I had jolly well got to go into the proper hospital in Aden where one gets good doctors, good nurses, good food and comfort. So he sent for the motor ambulance, and by midday, Friday, I was in bed here. They look after me awfully well !! ”

“ *April 29th, Sat.*—I leave Hospital to-morrow (Sunday) and Mrs. McCormick, wife of Major McC., has very kindly asked me to stay with her for a few days to get up strength before returning to the regt. The head of the hospital is Dr. Young. He comes round twice a day to see that the treatment is right. The resident surgeon diagnosed my case at once, after testing my blood, as Malaria, and treated me accordingly, without any fooling about. The sisters are all very good to us, and take no end of trouble to make us comfortable.

“ On Thursday, Benson, Blair and I went for our first outing. We went to Dr. Young’s house close by for tea, and he took us down to his little steam launch which he has as Port Medical Officer, and sent us out for a trip. We made a tour of all the shipping. It was fine being out, breathing the sea air, and it was very good of the Doctor sending us.

“ My last English mail was one of the best, I got it the day before I went ill and have re-read it all with delight here. Maisie sent me such a splendid letter that almost made me feel I was in Arran. It was such a jolly fresh letter that I almost smelt the Arran air. How I always look forward to my mail and its news of you all, whom I am always thinking of. As I sit up in this verandah and see the homeward bound mails go by, I long to be on one coming home to you. But it’s not time for that yet. Good luck to Father and you in the Assembly. Ever so much love to you, Mother.

“ From your very loving son,

“ BEPPO.”

“ *Aden, Wednesday night, May 3rd, 1916.*—My dear Father and Mother, I have been thinking so much about Alick lately. He is getting on for his eighteenth birthday by when he ought to have settled what form his service to his country is going to take. . . . As he is not particularly keen on the Navy I take it that it will be the Army. There he has the

choice of Cavalry, Artillery, R.E. and Infantry. . . . I expect it will come to Infantry. I should be *against* his trying for the Indian Army just now.

“I know how very hard and anxious it will be for you, dear Father and Mother, to have your third son, still so young, on Service also, but I know too that you would be the last to grudge him, and that you are eager that your third son should also serve his Country. At the same time though undue delay would be wrong, yet undue hurry would be useless. He is still young and there is no point or good to be gained by hurrying him too quickly into the thick of things. Still I know how hard it will be for you both, but I know also that you would not have it otherwise.”

“*Thursday, May 4th, 1916.*—On Sunday morning Blair and I left Hospital. We drove to the McCormicks’ Bungalow, and since then I’ve been having a real slack time.

“I am reading *The Crisis* by Winston Churchill. It is very good indeed, though I like *The Crossing* still better, that Anderson McKendrick read aloud to us at Kasauli. A most interesting part of *The Crisis* is what is written about the Germans. It makes one think.

“You ask how Nazar likes Aden and how he is doing. I’m afraid the climate does not suit him at all. He has had fever on and off all the time here. He came in here to see how I was getting on, and he was not looking well. I suggested his going back to India but he said ‘No, he must stay with me’. In a cold climate he would be as right as rain. But I hope he’ll get over this soon.

“I was sorry to hear from you of Almond’s death. He seemed such a good fellow. Still they are all happy now, and they’ve done their duty.

“After tea I went out and did some shopping with Mrs. McCormick and we went on to the Club. Colonel Ridgway was there. He is convalescing with the General and hopes soon to return to Sheikh Othman. We came back here to dinner. Mrs. McCormick is awfully good to me, and it is such a change to get away for a slack time like this. On Saturday I give a small lunch party at the Club, Mrs. McCormick, Scott and Bulkeley. The two latter are coming from Sheikh Othman. Then we are all going on board H.M.S. ‘Fox,’ on which is a cousin of Mrs. McC. who has asked us to tea. After that I shall return to

.Sheikh Othman, while Scott and Bulkeley will stay on for the Sat. night dance."

"*Sat., May 20th, 1916.*—Your descriptions of Arran were fine, and it was great to hear of your reading *Martin Chuzzlewit* again. How I remember those first years of reading we used to have in Westbourne Gdns. Father, you, George and I, I picture them so vividly. How we all did enjoy them! You've no idea how glad I am to get Tom's Arran photos. They always seem to bring me nearer home. Among my letters I got splendid ones from Father and Aunt Minnie. She is so very good writing me so often.

"The attack on Verdun seems to be over. The Germans may have gained a little ground but their losses can never be made up for by the little they've gained. Townsend's surrender is in a way a blow to our prestige, but much better than that we should continue to suffer great losses in trying to relieve him, and probably his surrender leaves the main Army free to manœuvre as is best for the main ends in view. It certainly is to a certain extent a blow to our prestige in Mespot., but in India itself it will make no difference."

"*June 4th, 1916.*—Colonel Ridgway leaves by this mail for England on sick leave. On Saturday he came out to say good-bye. Col. Graham and Major McCormick have been laid up too. I forgot to tell you that the General recently ordered us to move out of the garden in which we have been staying, within 24 hours, as it was supposed to be responsible for all the malaria we have been having. So all the poor officers are living now in tents outside in the sun. Huts of straw and matting have been made for the men—but those for the officers are not yet ready."

"*Saturday, June 10th, 1916.*—Yesterday Blair, Scott and I were in Aden and went to visit the McCormicks. I am looking forward eagerly to next mail with a further account of the Assembly. The sea battle is great news, and I am confident that the result is overwhelmingly in our favour though we only get such scraps of news about it, and the Germans have got their version well to the fore. Kitchener's death is a great and sad loss, but we must be thankful it did not occur sooner.—Now much of his work is over and he has set his system going and others will be able to carry it on."

"*June 16 (Friday).*—On Tuesday I rode to Imad where we have one Double Coy. under Bulkeley. I inspected the guns there and stayed

the night with Bulkeley. The next morning, as we had arranged, Dixon of the 25th Cav. came along with a Cav. patrol, to Imad, and took me to examine the ground near the Turkish positions. We managed to see a good deal, and it was very interesting to see the clever way the Cav. worked, taking every advantage of the ground. But the main point was for me to get an idea of the ground, so that I may know later how to make most use of it for the M.-guns.

“Your jolly p.c. from the Assembly is the only thing in by the mail. I know how busy you must all be. Mr. Macgregor’s remark on it about the Moderator ‘daein’ fine’ and their all being ‘awfu prood o’ him’ made me so pleased.”

“*Sat., 24th June, 1916.*—Yesterday I went to meet the new draft which Peckover is bringing from the depot. I went on board the ship and saw them all. Most of the men I had started the training of. My batches of recruits are about over now, and absorbed in the regt.”

“*Sat., July 1, 1916.*—What a tophole mail I got on Thursday last, all about the Assembly. I found it waiting after a hard day’s work and what an evening I had reading it. People thought I must have been advertising myself in *The Times* as a lonely subaltern wishing correspondence and that this was the result. Several of the letters ought to have come last mail, as you posted them all right—but they sometimes get delayed in Egypt. What a great time the Assembly must have been! . . . The old Glasgow students’ dinner must have been great. It was good of them to have remembered me. I did so appreciate it. The Gaiety dinner too seems to have been a great success. By this same mail I had a letter about it from Dr. Barbour and he sent me such a kind letter with the round robin and that beautiful little silver pencil. How very kind and thoughtful it was of him. One of the things that pleased me most was to hear of the Broomielaw deputation. How very nice it was, and it reminded me of when Father used to take George and I down to the Broomielaw service. I am glad you and Father got a few quiet days at Fincastle after it was all over. I was so sorry to hear of Dr. Barr Pollock’s death. He was such a good friend to all of us.

“Now for the great event of the week in our Mess—the arrival of the gramophone records. Everybody is enthusiastic. Every night after dinner comes the question ‘Where are Dunlop’s new records?’ First I put on ‘Iolanthe’ and the ‘Pirates of Penzance,’ then the songs from

the 'Yeoman of the Guard' and then the Selections from the 'Gondoliers' and finally, what I think was most appreciated of all, in spite of most of the Mess being Sassenachs, those beautiful Scots songs and reels played so finely on the Violin. You can't know what pleasure these have given to all the Mess. I do wish you could have looked in and seen us that first night with these tunes going."

"*Sheikh Othman, Sunday, July 9th.*—Here we are again having a Gilbert and Sullivan evening. To-night Major McCormick has come back from port duty and had not heard them before and he is 'all over them'

"How well we seem to be doing in this great advance in France. I hope it is going to be a real success. Our troops must be fighting finely. I hope all our friends are safe—Lorne, Ian Bartholomew and the others.

"Last Sunday Dr. Young held a service out here for tommies in a tent. I went to it, and afterwards walked with him to where his car was waiting. The huts that have been building for us for several months are at last ready, and are much cooler and more comfortable than tents. In the centre of the officers' Camp is our Mess, and round it are huts with 3 rooms each. The C.O. has a hut to himself. Scott and Dempster are the other two in the hut I am in. We are really quite comfortable except for the dust storms, of which we get about 2 or 3 a week. They are awful. A tremendous wind and nothing but dust, so thick that one cannot see from one end of the room to the other even after shutting it up as much as possible. One can do nothing while they are going. All work is at a standstill and the only thing to do is to get into one's waterproof and slightly dust-proof valise and sleep till it's over. The dust fills the whole room and gets into your eyes, and reading and writing are equally impossible. Then I go out absolutely black for an hour or so, while Nazar and my orderly clean things up a bit and then I return for a bath. These dust-storms go on for about a couple of months. We shall be glad when they stop."

"*Sheikh Othman. Sunday, 16 July.*—My dear Mother, I got your cable last Tuesday about dear Lorne. . . . There is no need for me to tell you how I feel his loss. You know what friends we were. I can't tell you all his friendship meant to me, but he's lived and died nobly and left us such happy memories. Do write me—as I know you are already

doing—about dear Mrs. McNeill. I'm glad she's got Ian with her.—Poor old Ian!—He was such a devoted brother always wanting to help Lorne—how he will feel it. . . . Anyhow it's fine to know that George and Lorne are together now.

“Work goes on in the same old way and there's plenty of it, which is perhaps a good thing in a way. I'm keeping very fit.”

“*Friday, July 28th, 1916.*—We had the G.O.C.'s parade this morning. It was the new general, Maj.-Gen. Stewart,¹ who came out from Aden to inspect us. We now have Bdr.-Gen. Walton Commanding at Sheikh Othman. All Machine Guns were parading apart from regts., and were brigaded as a separate unit under me. Gen. Stewart took a great interest in the M. Guns and will, I think, help. Already he is going to get more British officers to help me, which will make a lot of difference. Of course I'll have to train them, but, once trained, it'll be a great help to have them. Did I tell you that I met Gen. Stewart before, at one of the piquets, and there he asked if I were any relation of Uncle D.'s, whom he knows. At that place he saw my new night firing appliance that I invented, and a drawing of it has been sent up to Army H.Q. in India, on the chance of their wanting to experiment with it, and perhaps take it up. [Major Popham writes us: ‘We used it for a time in our defences and found it very good,’ and Major Scott writes: ‘This was submitted to A.H.Q. through the Brigade’].

“It is splendid news that Maisie has passed her exams. all right. I am so glad she has got it all over. She's a great ‘knut’ now being a full-fledged M.A.! It's great. I have got your letters about Lorne. They brought it all home to me as I sat alone last night after Mess. It's a tremendous gap that Lorne has left behind, but he did fine, and as you say he lived every moment of his short life and lived it well. Those lines of Stevenson's ‘In Memoriam’ that you sent fit Lorne exactly.”

“*Sheikh Othman. Aug. 6, 1916.*—I have been busy with a lecture to I.O.s and N.C.O.s. I have started these lectures on my own. I have let myself in for a lot of work, for at my slow rate of working it takes me at least six hours to prepare one lecture. Still I found they were necessary, and I think they are doing good.

“I have also been writing out a scheme for a tactical parade I was

¹ Maj.-Gen. Shaw had left before the arrival of the 33rd from Egypt. Brig.-Gen. Walton was in temporary command till the arrival of Gen. Stewart.

having for the Brigade M. G.s. This parade was on Thursday and was quite good. I had a Coy. of Infantry out to represent the Inf. that we were co-operating with, and though we had many mistakes, both my own and the people's under me, I told the Indian Officers and N.C.O.s I was glad of the mistakes, for it was only by making them that we could learn what to do and what not to do. But that I never wanted the *same* mistake to occur twice. The General and Major Popham (the Brigade Major) came out to watch ; and criticised and gave advice to me at the end. The rest of the morning I slept, and in the afternoon I had to get on with some plans—about which I shall write fully in my next letter to Father."

" *Sheikh Othman. Aug. 12, 1916.*—I have just sent a letter to Father with the news that I am now commanding a separate unit, the Machine Gun Coy. instead of being B.M.G.O. and having to look after one section with one regt., and another with another, and so on. I was afraid that the regts. would be annoyed at all the M. Guns coming entirely under me and right away from them, but they have all been awfully good about it. Indeed I am very lucky. The M. Gun Coy. officially came into being yesterday (11th August, 1916), and we are very busy getting everything shipshape.

" Halliday and I went into Aden after lunch, did some shopping and had tea at the Club. I had a talk with Mrs. McCormick who seemed so pleased at having got a letter from you. I am so glad you wrote. They have been so kind to me. I gave a little dinner at the Club to Scott, Dempster and Halliday, to celebrate the birth of the M.G. Coy. We had a small table to ourselves and it was a great success."

" *Sunday, Aug. 13.*—It has been a bad day. At breakfast a letter from Ham. to say that, by the General's order, he was to instruct at a Bombing class here. An hour later a letter from Halliday to say that, by the General's order, he was to do Scouting instead of M. Guns. It does not give the M. Gun Coy. a chance, as I am left with so many points of petty detail that I have no time for proper training. In addition to running six sections and their training single handed, I have to run all the organisation and administration of the M.G. Coy. and the Camp."

" *Monday, Aug. 14.*—Moved into an old brick barrack place in the M.G. Camp. It is on the whole handier to be living near the men, though I go to Mess with the regt. just the same. Now here I am

without permanent officers, no opportunity to train the men as they are being kept on continually in the Outpost line. It is very hard on them. I am working as hard as I possibly can, and can't get all the work done. It's a false economy, for if I go sick through overwork, there's no one to take my place—and if they work me so hard, I run a good chance of going sick.

“ I asked for a motor bike or a second charger to help me get over the work. They won't give me the motor bike, but may give me a second charger if nobody else needs one—which practically means I can't have one. Therefore I'll have to ride about in a dignified way on a mule when my horse is tired. It'll make rather a good picture ! I must get my photo. taken on a mule ! ”

“ *Sheikh Othman.* Sept. 9th, 1916.—My dear Father and Mother, this should reach you just about the 25th, and you may be sure I shall be thinking of you all, especially on that day. I'm sure we all feel the same, that whatever work we may have been doing, it has been George's memory and example that has spurred us on and kept us at it, and that often he has been close to us, looking over us and helping us with it all.

“ George and Lorne and the others that have gone are all happy now, and have left us such happy memories and splendid examples. I shall be thinking of every one of you at home on the 25th, and shall know your thoughts, and that they are also with me here.—How I long to be back with you all. It won't be so very long now. Give my love to them all.

“ From your very loving son,

“ BEPPO.

“ P.S.—I hope you will get my present all right on the 25th. It takes with it my best love.”

This was a silver frame that Beppo designed—for George's photograph—with the Gordon Crest and the words “ Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori ”.

“ *Sunday, Sept. 10.*—After lunch in the old ruined ‘ palace ’—more like a dirty rabbit warren—which is our Mess on Outpost work, I rode back to the M. Gun Camp and spent a fine afternoon reading my mail.

“ Father sent me his review in the *Spectator*¹ of *Arabia Deserta*,

¹ April, 1888.

which was most interesting. I had a grand afternoon with all these letters and thinking of you all at home. I just sat thinking of how you would be spending this September Sunday—and how nice the garden and the trees and everything would be looking. I thought of you sitting or lying reading or writing in the garden, and after tea perhaps a walk by the sea. How I longed to be with you !

“ Rosewarne (of the D.C.L.I.) came round to tea. After it we got out the gramophone which I had borrowed from the Mess, and played some native songs on it for the men. We have about 18 of these records, and it's a great treat for the men to hear them. We sat down in Camp chairs in the open with the gramophone on the table in front of us, and all the men seated on the ground round about.”

“ *Monday, Sept. 11th.*—Did some firing with the 33rd Section.”

“ *Tuesday.*—Went in by Brigade Motor to Aden, as there were several things to get and arrange about. It's so much more satisfactory to go and see people about things than to write reams and reams of paper. I lunched with Major and Mrs. McCormick.”

“ *Wednesday.*—I had a Bde. M. Gun parade which was quite a success.”

“ *Thursday.*—I had some work to do in the Flying Column direction and stayed to breakfast with Col. Graham, who is commanding it this week.”

“ *Friday.*—We had a Bde. field-day in which all the M. Guns took part. It was a good day—the best we have had, and we learnt a lot. Ham. came to dine with me.”

“ *Sat.*—After tea we (the Machine gunners of the various units) had a good game of rounders. The men like this very much—which is a great thing, for it is easy to get up a game.”

“ *Sunday, Sept. 17th.*—I have got a fine little M. Gun Camp — [description]. Very compact—and easier to run things when I have them all under my hand. The one disadvantage is that we are so very far away from the Mess—a mile and a half, or two. We thought of having a Mess of our own, but there are too few of us, and now that they've taken Halliday and are to take Ham. away, it's as well we didn't start one. To cover this distance, which I have to do frequently in the heat, I have just got a mule tonga. It was good of Col. Forteath (head of the S. and T. here) letting me have it. I have two prs. of trained

draught mules, and they go along—sometimes 1 pr., sometimes the other—at quite a good pace. It makes all the difference—to ride it in the heat of the day, instead of tiring out my pony and myself, and in the evening when one is tired after the day's work."

"*Sept. 23rd.*—On Wedy. morning early we had a big parade, and later I motored into Aden to lunch at Mrs. McCormick's, to meet Capt. Armitage. He is Capt. of the 'Salsette,' the P. and O. boat between Bombay and India. He has been for voyages with various explorers—notably on the 'Discovery'. He is a friend of Uncle Charlie, and was full of stories about him. Rosewarne and Welman, who have recently been on the sick list, were convalescing at Mrs. McC.'s. She is so good putting up everybody after they leave hospital. It must mean a lot of bother and expense. . . . Yesterday I had a ride round the Outpost line, and finished by lameing poor little Turkey.—He is a splendid little pony and I'm so sorry he's lame, as he won't be fit for work for two months."

"It was splendid in this last Home Mail hearing about Margarete's Birthday and her having the little Dinner Service. How well I remember when George and Maisie and I used to have it! Fancy Margarete being six now! Why she must be just about the age Danny was when I left home. I shall be thinking of you all next Monday the 25th, and I know your thoughts will be here too. Most of all, we'll be thinking of dear old George and remembering all he did for us, and how happy he used to make us."

"*Sat., Sept. 30.*—I'm very cheery just now. I asked to see the General personally the other day, and fixed up quite a lot of things with him. First I have been given a number of British Officers. True, Ham. is leaving to be Adjt. to his regt., and I shall miss him greatly. He has done me very well and is a real good sort. But I have examined Hosking and Peckover and passed them, so they will each command sections.

"Then a lad called Neville—straight from Changla, who knows something about the job, and another, Ellison—who has done none of the work, but is learning under Jenkins. Great help having Jenkins to teach these fellows! I am putting them each on to a job in addition to commanding their sections—as Adjt., Quartermaster, and Transport Off. Of course these jobs are all on a small scale, but it gives each a respon-

sible little bit and some extra work to keep them busy—which is a good thing. After they pick up their work, it will relieve me a lot and allow me to devote more time to training, etc., which I want to do. I also fixed up about getting the officers' quarters in my Camp enlarged, tho' we shall continue to mess with our own regts. Also a lot of new equipment I have been asking for has turned up. So I'm happy at present!—To-morrow I'm going in to Evening Service at Aden and Communion."

“ *Sunday, Oct. 1st.*—It was a very good service and I was glad to be able to go. The last Communion Service I was at (except the C. of E. Services on the ‘Scindia’) was at Mr. Williams’ little Church at Kalka just before I came on Service. What a lot has happened since!

“ I motored to Aden in the morning and visited the Hospital where we have some sick. Then I went to the Macraes where I lunched. They were as kind and hospitable as ever, and after lunch I settled in a long chair in a breezy corner and read my home mail, a regular feast: besides your letters from home two splendid—one from Aunt Minnie, who is always so good writing to me, and the other from Dr. Kelman. Well, by the time I had finished this splendid mail, it was about teatime. After doing justice to that, we motored over to Church at Steamer Point in the Macrae’s motor. After service I dined with Dr. Young, and motored back to Sheikh with a Major in the S. and T.”

“ *Oct. 7th.*—This week has been spent in teaching the new officers their duties, and in getting huts built for them. From now on, I hope to get properly to training. I was near getting knocked out with fever some time ago, but luckily didn’t. Things would have got into an awful mess if I had. Now here I am, as fit and cheerful as ever with the hot weather drawing to a close. In two or three weeks there ought to be a change in the temperature, at nights even now it is getting almost chilly. September is said to be the worst month in Aden—I’m glad it is over. Please send me a rattle and some mouth organs.—Sounds funny, doesn’t it! The object of the rattle is to have something to simulate the noise of the M.G. fire on our practice parades. It’s a big thing that twirls round, like what the students use at a Rectorial! The mouth organs are for the men, who are rather fond of them.

“ Kathleen has sent me such a beautiful Birthday present—those lines of George’s—splendid ones—and she has printed them so beauti-

fully and with such care and had them so nicely framed. It was a grand present. She couldn't have given me a better."

These were the lines :—

Courage, faint heart, press forward to the hill !
The ridge looms dark ? It only hides the day.
Wait for the dawn to come ? O forward still,
And meet the sun halfway.

“Sheikh Othman, Oct. 19, 1916.—My dear Father.—Very many happy returns of the day. I send you this line before I go to bed to tell you that though I never wrote you *for* your Birthday, I did remember it when It came—yes, and George's too, yesterday. I thought of both you and Mother and dear old George.

“ What a splendid letter came in from you last mail telling me of your tour and visit to the Fleet. Now I am thinking of you specially at the Western Front. I am glad you have gone and shall be so eager to hear about it. I fear I have been very bad writing, but these few weeks I have been kept hard at it, and it does not look like getting less either. I am taking an extra officers' class and what with preparing lectures and tactical schemes, I can't get a moment to myself. I write this, long after Mess, and after preparing work for the class to-morrow. This takes you my best of wishes for the next year, and my best of love, Father, from your very loving son, BEPPO.”

“Sheikh Othman, Monday, Oct. 27th, 1916.—The Memoir of George has arrived. I can't say how glad I am to have it. It is so beautifully and simply written. It recalls all one's happiest memories from—well from as early as I can remember. However much I wrote about it, I couldn't tell you how greatly I value it. The pictures too are splendid—just what one wanted !”

“ *Thursday, Oct. 30.*—Dr. Young is now holding morning service here. I went last Sunday—but was rather late, as my stye had burst in the night. On Monday I had all the final exams. of the Class. On Tuesday I tested all our guns by firing them. In the evening I had some of the class to dinner, also a fellow of the previous class, Taylor. He is a Planter in Assam, is now in the I.A.R.O. attd. 26th Cavalry, a nice fellow, thoroughly Glasgow. He was at the High School and we have lots of mutual friends.

“ On Wednesday, yesterday, we had a big M.G. parade in the

morning. After breakfast I borrowed the General's car and went into Aden on business. This was finished about 3, so I went up to the McCormick's bungalow. I lay down to rest on a bed in the verandah, and woke up to find them all at tea a little farther along the verandah, and highly amused !

“ Please get Christmas presents for the family from me, good useful presents again for them all from Father down to Margaret. There is nothing to be got here except Ostrich Feathers, but I am told these are not now the thing. However if Maisie would like them let me know. I am telling Cook's to send you £5 for these, and another £5 to pay for the Birthday presents you got for me to give them all. So glad you got a real nice one for Maisie.”

“ *Friday, Nov. 3rd.*—The regiment having left, my M. G. Coy. was given half their lines, as our other ones, though very nice, were considered too near the outposts to be safe. Owing to the extra transport we have, it is better to be in a safer place. Where we are now we are not likely to have a repetition of a shell landing 4 yds. from our quarter guard (in the camp marked X on the sketch) with others almost as uncomfortable. Some infantry are to have that place while we and the Ammn. Column are safe. The latter are now beside us, and their officers and all the M.G. ones live in the 33rd Officers' lines and have a joint Mess which is jolly. Rosewarne is cdg. the Amm. Column—such a good fellow, it is fine having him.

“ The General is not great on leave, but thanks to Major Popham, who insisted that it was necessary for me, he gave me three days—to get a good rest. I got off on Thurs. and arrived at Major McCormick's in time for lunch. It is good indeed of Major and Mrs. McC. putting me up. They are very pleased because the place where his and Bulkeley's Coys. are for the next 3 months is the place where their bungalow is [Steamer Point]. So he lives there and Bulkeley and the war babies (as the Quetta lot are called) form a Mess close by. It is nice having this half of the regt., at any rate, so close while the other with Regtl. H.Q. are so far off.”

The Head-quarters and one Coy. were at Kamaran, about 150 miles up the Red Sea, one Coy. was at Perim, and two Coys. were at Aden.

“ Yesterday (Thursday) Aunt Annie's ship, the 'Kaiser-i-hind' came

in. I fixed up with the Examining Officer, who boards all vessels coming into harbour, about an hour before they get in—and boarded his little steamer at 4 p.m. About 5 I was on board the 'K.-i-hind' and there was Aunt Annie at the top of the ladder. I got an hour's start of all other visitors to the boat, and then six hours more after it anchored—for all P. and O.'s stay six hours at Aden. Aunt Annie fixed up a cunning 'bundobust' with the deck steward to bring us up some dinner in a corner of the deck. It was great sport, and she was so good and kind and so amusing. We put the kiddies to bed while Nanny had supper. What jolly little kids they are, and Aunt Annie showed me photos of Austin and Iris. How nice they look !

"It was splendid hearing about you all at first hand—of her time with you just before, and during the Assembly. She told me about every one of you, and it made me so happy. She told me how well Father looks in his uniform. I was relieved to hear he was wearing a soft khaki shirt and collar, and *not* a dog collar. She says he is in great form with a full Colonel's badges. The ship sailed at midnight and I got back to the McCormicks' bungalow.

"I have just opened a parcel that Aunt Minnie had sent by Aunt Annie to me, containing such a neat little electric torch. Wasn't it kind of her?"

"*Sheikh Othman, Nov. 9th, 1916.*—I was down choosing the mules, the day I wrote you last (Friday 3rd) when I got an urgent message to return at once to Sh. Oth. and that a car would call for me in $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour.

got out and found it was absolutely necessary. This affair has kept me hammer and tongs at it ever since. I have had to put off my next class in consequence and I hope I may get my 3 days' leave before beginning it. My time is taken up by this—but as this is secret I have consequently no news. This mail (Nov. 9) brings. Col. Ridgway. We shall be glad to see him.

"Did I tell you that I have got the best hut in Sh. Oth. ; designed by Col. Ridgway as the hut for O.C. 33 Punjabis and improved by Col. Graham, it is now in the hands of yours truly. It has an extra layer of grass on the top, is sun proof, and furnished with stuff from Officers of the 33rd which they could not take with them. Brigade H.Q. asked me to Mess there, but I find this more convenient and have arranged to pay Rs. 12 per month to Bde. H.Q. to drop in whenever I want. So now you know how I live !

"I wish I could write and tell you what it is that cut short my leave and is keeping me so busy just now, but as it is a deep secret, I cannot even hint at it."

With regard to this Major Scott writes :—

"The Turks brought down all their guns and shelled Sheikh Othman from 11 p.m. till 3 a.m., dropping over 800 shells. As only one man was killed and three wounded, the Turkish gunnery was none too good." About this time Beppo wrote :—

"The only thing I can say about it is that the M. Gun Coy. suffered a great loss in the death of Sergeant Smitham of the D.C.L.I. M. Gun Section. He was our only casualty and was hit very badly, poor fellow, and died within ten minutes. We feel his loss greatly—he was greatly liked and admired by both officers and men. Before the war, he was a Schoolmaster in Cornwall. He has a wife and two children. He often used to talk to me about them, and I know he always looked eagerly for news of them. I wrote Mrs. Smitham last week. I went into Aden to the funeral (military) which was very impressive. If you have time would you write to Mrs. Smitham? The address is, Mount Pleasant Rd., Camborne, Cornwall."

"*Aden. Friday, Nov. 17.*—Here I am again staying with the McCormicks, having been given leave to make up for that from which I was called away last time. Have seen Col. Ridgway, looking fitter on the whole, but he has a nasty go of influenza.

"Dined in the Mess of the Detachment of the 33rd here, Bulkeley, Murray-Shirreff, Power and Keegan. The other guest was Lord Sidmouth, doing A.D.C. to Genl. Stewart. On Thursday Col. Ridgway came out to inspect all of the 33rd at Sh. Oth., i.e., the M.G. section, a few Signallers, etc.

"The last Home Mail was splendid. The letter *par excellence* was Father's, about his time at the front. Then you told me of the visit you and Father made to Cheltenham to give Kathleen a surprise on her Birthday, and I got a letter from her full of it, saying it was one of the happiest days of her life."

"*Sheikh Othman. Sunday, Dec. 3rd.*—This morning Rosewarne, Taylor and I went to Dr. Young's service. In the evening, Rosie and I went for a ride."

"*Monday, 4th.*—Work as usual."

“*Tuesday, 5th.*—Keegan’s birthday party at their Mess at Steamer Point—Murray-Shirreff, Bulkely, Power, Keegan and I spent Wednesday there, was recalled in the evening.”

The following relates to the Battle of Jibir :—

“*Thursday, 7th Dec.*—Was out all day and last night. I can’t tell you any more as I’m not allowed. But we are all well and kicking though a bit tired. It was quite an exciting and interesting day. The M.G.s. had a fair amount to do.”

“*Friday 8th, Sat. 9th.*—Busy with reports and work.”

“*Sunday 10th.*—Taylor and I went to kirk together.”

“*Monday 11th.*—Went into Aden on business. Met the McCormicks, who very kindly asked me to spend Christmas with them, which I hope to do.”

“*Thursday, Dec. 14.*—I am getting up a team of officers to play the D.C.L.I. We are weak and they strong, but we may get a good game. Bulkeley is, I hope, coming from Steamer Point to play and stay the night. A brother of his died of illness in India a short time ago.

“But I haven’t told you of my prisoner, a Turkish officer. When I went into Aden on Monday I had to take him with me. We sat in the back of the motor together. He spoke no English nor French, so we couldn’t have much conversation, but I gleaned from him a vital bit of news—that the Turks against us have *no* motor cars.

“I’ve got such a nice letter from Mrs. Smitham in reply to mine. She wrote a brave fine letter—full of happy memories of her husband and of thoughts for the children.

“What a lot of interesting news in the papers this last week, the change of Government, Germany asking for peace (though on impossible terms)—a good sign and should cheer feeble hearts, but still there will be a long time before the peace that we *must* have.”

“*Dec. 15 (Friday).*—The General gave us (all the officers in Sh. Oth.) an excellent lecture.

“In the aftn. we had that game of rugger that I told you I was getting up—Officers *v.* D.C.L.I. They beat us by 20 pts. to nil, but it was by no means one-sided. It was jolly good, though they were in better training than us, and had the advantage of having played before as a team. Bulkeley came out from Steamer Pt. to play, but could not stay to dinner. We all felt ever so much better of the game, though

of course we were fairly tired. Still, it shook us up and made us the more cheery—an asset in a place like this."

"*Sunday, Dec. 17.*—Taylor and I went to Church. I spent the afternoon working out a new training scheme, and two other schemes that I have had in my head for some time."

"*Monday, Dec. 18.*—Gave my schemes to my various officers, and planned how we would carry them out. I thought specially of you and Father on your Wedding Day."

"*Wed., Dec. 20.*—We had a big Brigade M.G. parade—all sections working together. The General came out to see it."

"*Thursday, Dec. 21.*—A holiday. Polished off business letters and bills. I hope by the end of the month to have paid off every bill I owe up to date—and start afresh in 1917."

"*Friday, Dec. 22.*—This morning we had a lecture on Cavalry in the Field, by the Col. of the Cav. Regt. (26th) here.

"In your letter of 22nd Nov. you tell me of your work on the Committee for appointing Welfare Workers under the Ministry of Munitions. What a lot of work you are doing with that and other things! You refer to my notes written in the midst of the urgent work. I wish I could tell you what that was. It was a big 'bundobust' all round and my share of it was very heavy. I really had not a moment to spare, all that time. Still, it is over and things are easier. I have this mail got a splendid letter from Ian Bartholomew. I am so glad to have it—but Marshall (to whom I have given leave to go into Aden to post our letters) is waiting. His motor bike is kicking up an awful din, fairly straining at the leash, so I'll have to write you about that letter another time.

"I shall be thinking of you all on Christmas, you may be sure."

"*Christmas Day, 1916 (Monday).*—At Major McCormick's bungalow, Aden. I came in yesterday at teatime, and found my mail as I had arranged waiting for me. I went to Church in the evening, and back here to dinner and to stay the night, but have to go back to Sh. Othman this aftn.

"I woke at 8 a.m. and lay in bed reading my mail from you all. By the time I got up the Mc.'s were just back from the English Church, where they had been, and we wished each other a Happy Christmas."

"*Later.*—During the morning Major McC., Bulkeley and I went to a Christmas morning 'At Home' on H.M.S. 'Clio'. Then we had



CAPT. R. DUNLOP SMITH
33RD PUNJARIS

lunch at our Detachment Mess. After that I motored out to Sports and tea at Sh. Othman given by Rosewarne for the Ammunition Column. I went with him to dinner at the D.C.L.I. We had a very happy evening playing blind man's buff and all sorts of games. It was great sport."

" *Dec. 27.*—Rosewarne, Kendall, Moberley (all D.C.L.I.) and I motored into Aden and had dinner with the Macraes. They gave us a rattling good dinner, and Mrs. Macrae had arranged the most beautiful Christmas table decorations with imitation snow, ice, etc."

" *Sunday, Dec. 31st.*—Went with Taylor to Church (at Sh. Oth.) and on the way back he took me through the Cavalry lines and showed me some white and grey horses that he had coloured a sort of dun colour with Permanganate of Potash. I shall do the same with Turkey—taking discretion to be the better part of valour.

" Motored into Aden. Visited man in hospital. Lunched with Bulkeley. Am writing now on their Verandah overlooking the sea. There are only a few small boats in harbour, but to-morrow morning both mails come in—from home and from India.

" Bulkeley has asked me to dine here (Steamer Pt., Aden) to-night, and see the New Year in. Having done so, I shall motor out to Sheikh in the early hours of the morning.

" Well, Mother, 1916 is just closing. It has been a very busy year for us all, and it has been full of interest too. Like 1915 it has taken away many, many friends—above all, Lorne—but it is all for a purpose and we have much to be thankful for too. What a happiness all your home letters have been to me! This takes you all the best of wishes for 1917, I shall think of you much to-morrow.

" From your very loving son,

" BEPPO."

" 1917. *Thursday, Jan. 4th.*—This mail is specially welcome because of that copy of the parchment slip sent to George about his first action. I am so glad about it—but do so wish he had got it before he went out the second time to France. I am putting it in the Memoir.—I got such a nice letter from Mrs. King, wife of Major King of the Rifle Brigade—killed. She is now doing hospital work in London.

" The rattle, mouth organs, etc., have arrived. The former caused

great excitement, first among all the officers who all agreed it was the best rattle for the purpose they had seen. The men had never seen one like it before—and are convinced it was specially made for Machine Gun work. The mouth organs were greatly appreciated, and the 33rd Section immediately started to divide them up amongst the Sikhs and Mohammedans, as the one cannot use the other's. . . . To-day the Havildar came up to ask me for permission for them to take them on parade—to use when marching. Of course I said yes.

“ The second parcel was from the Old Aberdeen United Free Church. It was so good of them sending it, and the chocolate and all the other things were most welcome.

“ Yesterday I went into Aden for business connected with my banking. I am now going to bank while here with the National Bank of India, instead of Cook & Sons, because the latter have not got a place here. Then I went up to the Divisional Office, and was straightway asked by G.S.O.'s 1 and 2 what I had come to cadge now, and what I was after for the Machine Guns. They treat me as a sort of half joke and half nuisance ! Still, as long as I get what I want it's all I care !

“ In the afternoon arrived my new puppy. He is a nice little fox terrier—a month old—a very jolly beast, though he did keep even me awake last night whining for his ma. I have now three dogs—two in India and this one. For Punch and Whangy, I pay a separation allowance of Rs. 7 per month to keep them fed, etc. I get news of them occasionally. To-day I went to choose a second charger. Turkey is still far from strong—and the other has a habit of trying to get one off, and if he fails he simply falls down on top of his rider, so I think I'd better change him.”

“ Jan. 12, 1917 (Friday).—About my puppy—a fellow Ingram in the S. and T. gave him me. He is a splendid little fellow—black and brown markings on his face and the rest all white.—At first, he seemed rather lonely and moped, but he has bucked up tremendously and is now quite doggy. I think I shall call him Jabir, because just about the time he was born, about 5 weeks ago, we had a strafe at a place of that name.

“ On Sunday (the 7th), I motored into Aden directly after lunch, partly on pleasure, partly on business. I soon got over the latter with Major McC., and then sat down and read *Pip* (by Ian Hay, quite good),

till 4 p.m. Then Major and Mrs. Mac., Bulkeley and I drove to Goldmore Valley for a picnic.—From the name you might think it was a beautiful valley with streams, trees, grass, etc. But in reality there is nothing but rock, and just enough sand to blow all over one's tea and sandwiches to give them a flavour. We can't expect everything in Aden. And there was a fine bathing pool—barbed-wired off the rest of the sea to keep sharks out. After tea Major Mac. and Bilkes bathed, and Mrs. Mac. and I paddled at the edge! It was an awfully jolly afternoon. It's the first picnic I've been to for ages. In the evening I went to the Communion Service, and after it had dinner with Dr. Young, who was very kind.

“The Home Mail is bound to be in in a day or two now—I wish it would buck up. I have written to Uncle Charlie telling him he *must* spend a week here on his way to India.”

“*Officers' Ward, Hospital, Aden. Jan. 19, 1917.*—The Home Mail arrived very late, but it was a splendid one. Father sent me *such* an interesting letter, telling me all about the change of Government and the situation generally. Maisie, Alick and Kathleen all weighed in with most cheery contributions, and I got a fine letter from Dougal Graham. He is understudying now a Bde. Major in France. He's getting on in the world. I'm so glad.

“A new weapon [the Lewis Gun] has arrived, closely related to my own, it was brought by an instructor from India—a very keen fellow. He has been recalled to India, and the two Generals decided to place the rest of the instruction of the Brigade in my hands. So I have had to spend some time working it up.

“My knee has been troubling me again with boils, and Richardson (Edin. Univ., R.A.M.C.) has sent me to Hospital. But I hope it will only be a day or two—as it was a blow when I had only just got this new job, but the class can start without me and I shall soon be back.

“Yesterday Genl. Stewart came to inspect the Hospital. He, you remember, commands the whole of Aden, while Genl. Walton under him commands at Sh. Othman. When he came round to me, he said, ‘Hullo, I didn't know you were here. Who's doing your work?’ I explained that Jenkins was doing the M.G. work, and Pearson the new class work.”

“*Jan. 26th.*—Still in hospital. My knee has been much more

troublesome than I expected. This is a fine hospital—for Officers—recently built. It is the most airy building in Aden—just above the Station Hospital proper. The sisters are very good to us, and the British orderlies make things most comfortable.

“Bilkes (Bulkeley) came in a day or two after me and we share a room. He had fever but is now better, and will be out soon. For the last two days I have been allowed to hobble about a bit and sit in the verandah, as long as I keep my leg up. And yesterday Bilkes and I went for a drive in a taxi to see the Tanks—no, not the new invention but very, very old tanks just as wonderful in their own way. They are just above the Crater, made in the solid rock, built so that all the rain water falling on the Aden rocks is drained into them. They were discovered full of rubbish about 200 years ago by an Englishman, were cleared out and repaired.

“The McCormicks have visited Bilkes and me twice up here, which was very good of them. I gave them the Coffee set and they were so pleased with it. Among my last mail were such kind letters from Grandfather in Edinburgh, and Grandmother in Crowborough.

“Soon after I get out of hospital (in a few days I hope), the regt. will have joined up together again in Sheikh which will be good.”

“*Sh. Othman.* *Mon.* *Feb. 5.*—Started to work again.”

“*Tues., Feb. 6.*—With McCormicks to a farewell concert given by the D.C.L.I. in Aden.”

“*Sheikh Othman. Feb. 11, 1917.*—It was yesterday, four years ago, when I left Chanonry and Aberdeen. I was thinking last night of that last day—our games with Danny and Margarete in the drawing-room—then dinner altogether—and the good-byes to Maisie, Kathleen, Danny and little Margarete, who couldn’t understand it, and lastly, you and my drive together to the station, Mother. May it not be long before we do the same drive, but in the opposite direction! Then there were Ian Thomson and others seeing me off at the station, when you had gone home, Mother, and then the evening with dear old George in the train. How cheery he was, and how we talked of my return and all we were going to do together, and of his possibly coming out to India. How I did long for him that time in Baltistan and Kashmir, he would have loved it, and I planned then for doing it all over again with him. But it was what we were going to do when I returned that we

talked of most, and now it is not to be. We were to have done such a lot together. And Lorne too . . . and now he too is gone. Still, it is great to think of him and George together now. What a lot has happened since then. We have had these great losses, but they have left us happy, happy memories.

“ Much love to you, Mother dear. It can’t be so long now before we’re all together again. From your very loving son, BEPPO.”

“ *Wed. and Thursday.*—Busy arranging about new lines that we have to move into. Knee burst out again. Had to stay in bed all Friday. Better to-day (Sunday).

“ Your letter written at the end of the old and beginning of the new year, told me of Mrs. Rawnsley’s death. What a loss it will be to the Canon ! He will feel it, and I know how sorry you will be, Mother. She was always so good and so kind to us all. I think you were wise not to go to the funeral, but wait till the Bard gets better and then go and see him for a bit.”

“ *Sheikh Othman. Sat., Feb. 17.*—The chief event of the week has been changing to the new lines allotted to us. We actually moved yesterday, and to-day are busy getting things in order. We are going to live in some old mud huts, which I take to have once belonged to the Arab upper classes. They were in a filthy broken down condition, but the Sappers and Miners are doing wonders in filling up holes, plastering, whitewashing and cleaning. At first sight I was desperate about them—but now they look better. We are making quite a comfortable little Mess room.

“ The regt. are beginning gradually to get together again. By the time I get back to our old quarters after writing this, I expect to find Maj. McC. with 2 Coys. [from Aden]. In a day or two we shall have Regtl. H.Q. back [from Kamaran], and soon after the one remaining Coy. [from Perim]. It is to make room for them that the Machine Guns have been moved just now.”

“ *Thurs., Feb. 22.*—My new room is going to be quite nice when it is finished. It is the only double one and is some way from the others, but nearer to the men’s lines. It is a second story room—servants below me—and has a good roof, which will be fine for sleeping on when the weather gets hotter.

“ The Regtl. H.Q. and another Coy. turned up yesterday. It was

very nice seeing them all again, and having them back, though of course they were ever so much more comfortable where they were—and must be sorry in some ways to come back. The last Coy. is due in shortly, and then we shall all be together."

"*Sh. Othman. Friday, March 3rd.*—This morning a Major in the 69th Punjabis gave the Brigade a most interesting lecture on the Battle of the Marne from the French official Sources.

"Our little Mess here is now well started and to-night we are going to have as our first guest, Boal, the Sapper officer who transformed it from a ruin into quite a nice little place. In the main building we have the Mess downstairs—a nice room with a sort of porch outside. It has thick mud walls on three sides and a small courtyard on the fourth. It is whitewashed all round and we have some matting on the floor. Above are rooms for two officers, both quite good with a roof where one can sleep. In another part of the same building is a room with verandah for one officer. Close by is another building with only one room, but quite nice now it is done up. In it stays Peckover—while Neville, Hosking and one other officer stay in the Mess building.

"The men's lines, about 300 or 400 yds. from the Mess lines, are an old deserted Arab village, consisting of a line of small rooms holding four men each. They are quite comfortable, and have a solid mud and brick roof over their heads. In front of this row of small houses is a sort of oblong 'square'. In this are tethered the mules, quite handy. On the far side of this square and rather to the end of it, stands my domain—a large double-roomed, semi-detached, chateau.

"On entering this historic mansion one finds on one's left a store room (for what I can't imagine!) and a tame temple now disused—I suppose it was really what my old friend Vergil used to call *Penates et* something, any way the place where you kept the household gods. On the right are spacious servants' quarters. One ascends to the first (and only) story, by a massive mud staircase, 2 ft. wide, remarkable for its steps which range from 3 to 20 ins. in height. On arriving, panting, at the top, one is challenged by a veritable 'Hound of the Baskervilles,' Jaber by name. Having appeased this beast with a caramel to stick its teeth together, you are free to roam over the two balcony sort of places in front of the rooms. To tramp the whole ten yards from the end of the one to the end of the other takes time, but by popping into one of

the rooms (3 by 4 yds.) one can partake of refreshment to help one on one's way!

"In our little Mess we have decided that each officer should contribute two papers. I am arranging for the *Sphere* and *Punch*—which you so often send me—and shall also put in the *Observer*, which Aunt Minnie sends me regularly. We have all been reading the two numbers of *Khaki* you sent. They are jolly good. Janet's things are A1." [His cousin].

On March 8th occurred the bombardment of Waht. The M.G. did not come into action.

"*Sunday aftn., March 11th.*—This morning I went to kirk and Dr. Young gave us a very good short sermon.

"The men are going in batches on leave home to India and are very pleased. British officers are also allowed a month's leave in India or Egypt—but not home. If I go to India I shall see the McKendricks and Hector and Aunt Annie, as she lives near the new training centre for the Indian M.G. Corps. I shd. like to have a look at things there and get some of the latest tips to bring back."

"*Friday, March 16th.*—In Hospital again—with boils—but nothing very bad and expect soon to be back."

"On March 17th seaplanes dropped bombs at Hatum—M.G.'s in Reserve.

"*Sunday, April 1st.*—I missed last week's mail. It's the first time I have done so, and I'm awfully sorry.

"One day recently the G.O.C. came to inspect our lines, and the sections at work. He said little—but up to date I still hold my commission! I have seen a fair amount of the regt. though our camps are so far apart, and one week out of three they come and live quite close which is nice for me."

The Machine Gun Camp was at Dar-el-Amir to the south of Sheikh Othman; when the Battalion was on the outpost line it was on the north side, the best part of a mile off.

"This morning after service in Sh. Othman, Dr. Young brought me in the motor and I am spending the day with him. I am writing this to you between tiffin and tea. This evening is the Communion Service here—and that is really why I came in to-day. Dr. Young is so kind

and has put beside me piles of papers and books to read—including *Punch* addressed to him in Grandfather's handwriting.

“The event of the week has been seeing Uncle Jack. On Friday Dr. Young telegraphed me to say ‘Your Uncle Buchanan on board troopship in harbour’. I immediately ordered the tonga, and while it was getting ready, washed off the marks left by the morning's dust storm. Then I drove to the Brigade Office and got leave to stay the night in Aden if necessary. All the Staff cars were out, and there was not even one for hire, so we whipped up the old mules and drove the tonga into Aden in record time. I was not long in finding what ship he was on, and in getting hold of a small boat to take me out. Just as I was approaching the ship, the companion was taken up. Coming alongside I looked in vain for Uncle Jack, till I suddenly heard a cheery voice calling me, and saw him miles and miles above me. Our conversation was carried on by means of shouting, he up on the promenade deck, and I in a small boat away below. I thought with sympathy of the man in New York who broke his neck looking up at one of the new sky scrapers.

“It was splendid seeing Uncle Jack again and he looked very fit, not so tired as in Egypt. He is on his way home after 6 months in Mesopotamia. He had not heard about George Bruce being wounded till I told him. He said there might be a chance of his getting to Salonika or of George Bruce being sent to Hospital at Alexandria—but he would hear all about it in Egypt.”

“*Later.*—I was very glad to get this chance of going to the Communion Service. It was a good simple service and Dr. Young spoke very well. After it, the Macraes and a Major Wells came to dinner and we were quite a jolly little party.”

“*Sheikh Othman.* April 10th.—The main doings of this week have centred round the undoing of my little command. General Stewart has issued an order from Aden and all under me are returning to their own regiments. It is very unsatisfactory from my point of view, but it won't affect me personally, as I am to-day handing over my job to Neville. He should do well—but owing to the new arrangement it will be a smaller job than before.” Of this Colonel Popham writes us: “The brigading of guns was broken up contrary to our advice. It was afterwards found expedient to brigade them again on the lines that Dunlop advised.”

Dunlop continues : "The great event of this week occurred yesterday—Uncle Jack having turned up a week ago, therefore Uncle Charlie was due ! See history of Smith and Buchanan families in Egypt.

"Just as I was finishing lunch, I got a telephone message to say Uncle Charlie was on board the P. and O. and that I was to go there at once with Nazar. We went post haste, and I had about half an hour on board with him. It was fine seeing him and getting all his news. We had so much to talk about. I was so sorry to part with Nazar. He has done me awfully well for over $3\frac{1}{2}$ years. I miss him dreadfully and feel quite lost without him, but for his own sake I am glad. He needs the change, and it will be fine for him getting home.

"I thought of you much on the 7th Mother, and sent you by cable my best love. You will know how much I was thinking of you, and remembering many April 7ths of the past."

"*Sheikh Othman, Monday, April 16, 1917.*—I have now completely handed over my job, and am back with the regt. as a Company Commander.

"On Saturday afternoon I went into Aden with Scott. We did some business and had tea with Mrs. McCormick, and I dined with the 69th. On Sunday morning I went to Church, and then slept till lunch. I am going into Aden soon, for finally settling up some things and to arrange about my baggage. This is probably the last time I'll write you from here. I am told that I may now give you as my future address : EAST AFRICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE."

"*Aden, April 21st., 1917.*—On board. Every one is on shore dining, but I being officer on duty have to stay on board, though one of them is coming to relieve me at 9.30 so that I may also get on shore to say good-bye. Since I last wrote we have had an expedition round the coast, and got back yesterday very tired. A letter has just come in from the General to Major Graham, who is commanding at present, saying how pleased he is with our work on this little show, and how well the men did during a long tiring hot day with much marching. So we're all quite pleased.

"The following extract from an order of General Walton commanding at Sheikh Othman, will interest you : 'On the departure of the 33rd Punjabis, the General Officer Commanding the Aden Infantry Brigade, desires to express his thanks to all ranks for their services here in the

outposts and in the field, particularly the Scouts and Machine Gunners, who have done so much hard and excellent work. He is glad to record the excellent behaviour in Camp of the fine Battalion and wishes them all success in their new venture and a happy return home in due time.'

"The G.O.C. Aden also issued an order on us leaving which was very nice, and along with the special one on this recent little show that makes the third in a week. I am enclosing the Alpha and Omega of the Brigaded Machine Guns under me in Aden—i.e. my first and last orders, the former dated Friday, Aug. 11th, 1916, and the latter April 12th, 1917."

The latter closes with the following paragraphs :—

"On Lt. Dunlop Smith proceeding to East Africa with his regt., 2nd. Lt. Neville will take over duties as B.M.G.O.

"All papers, files, etc., up to date, will be shut up in a box and will be stored in the Brigade Office. From this date, all indents, files, etc., will start afresh.

"On ceasing to be B.M.G.O., Lieut. Dunlop Smith thanks both officers and men for the support they have given him, for their hard, willing and cheerful work. He wishes them one and all the best of luck in the future."

Signed F. M. HOSKING, 2nd Lt.,
Adj. Bde. M. Guns.

"I also enclose an extract of the order which I wrote about Sergeant Smitham's death. Will you send a copy on to his wife, as I think you have her address.

"The B.M.G.O. regrets to announce the death of Serjt. Smitham of 1/4 D.C.L.I.—M.G. Section, during the bombardment on the morning of Sat., 14th October, 1916.

"A keen soldier and a thorough gentleman, Sgt. Smitham won the esteem and admiration of all who came in contact with him—men and officers alike. His hard honest work and his willing help will be greatly missed in the M.G. Coy.

"He met his death as he would have wished, handling his guns, and among the men he had trained.'

R. DUNLOP SMITH,
Brigade Machine Gun Officer, Aden.

“ *On board S.S. ‘Purnea’.* April 25.—My dear Father,—You will be interested to hear something more of the little raid we had on the Turkish detachment just before leaving Aden. We were all on board our transport, awaiting our escort—nothing doing—when suddenly we got the orders for this. I, with one British and two Indian officers and a half-Company and Machine Guns and Regimental Scouts, was sent on board H.M.S. —— in Aden Harbour. That evening H.M.S. ——, on which I was, H.M.S. —— and this transport steamed out of harbour and up the Arabian coast under cover of darkness. At dawn next day, my little force was landed—to cover the disembarkation of the regt. and find out about the country, etc. We met with no opposition and everything went well. An 8 mile march in soft sand in the heat of the day brought us to our destination—only to find the bird flown. Eight miles does not sound much—but I can tell you that I’d rather do 16 at home than 8 in Arabia, in soft sand and under a blazing sun. We were comfortably tired and very thirsty at the end of it, and the beer that our thoughtful Mess had brought along on a captured camel was the best I ever tasted. We had just got down to our food when news came that the Turks were two miles off at a place where all their stores were. So up we got and moved on. We reached them without resistance, though we had a brisk exchange of shots with their retreating rearguard, while the Machine Guns which we got on to the roof of a tower must have frightened them a bit. We destroyed and burnt many stores and the tower, and blew up a couple of old cannon. We managed to commandeer some camels to bring back the Machine Guns. The men had done splendidly in handling these and the Ammunition the whole way out. Our last few miles march to the shore was done in darkness. There we bivouacked for the night, protected by our outposts. Early the next morning we embarked, and returned safe and happy to Aden.

“ There can be no harm in my giving you this account, as I have put in no details of a nature that could be objected to, nor have I mentioned any names.”

This expedition, of an amphibious character, was directed some thirty miles eastward. The objective was a hamlet, Sheikh Abdullah, in a fertile hollow. The cruisers covered the landing of the Regiment, which burned large quantities of Turkish stores and blew up two old guns.¹

¹ From notes by Colonel Popham and Major Scott.

Colonel Popham, officiating as Governor of Jerusalem, writes us from there on 24th July, 1920, as follows :—

“ Dunlop was an admirable young officer, as keen as possible, energetic to a fault, and resourceful and careful of his men. He helped us to develop Brigaded Machine Gun work—a new thing at that time and place. Aden was left to wallow in equipment that was considered fairly good in the South African War. His work was much appreciated by General Walton, and he was the greatest help to me, as I felt all I had to do in his case was to let him alone, a great compliment to any unit from a Brigade Major, I can assure you ! We had far more units to deal with than ever ought to fall to a Brigade Major, so I speak feelingly of a unit that was managed so well as Dunlop managed his.

“ I would like, if you will permit me, to close by offering an expression of congratulation on your son’s excellent performance, and of his observance of all the best Traditions of the Army. Such men can *so ill* be spared.”

TRAVERS

by Colonel Graham

Scale $\frac{1}{300,000}$ or about 5 miles to the inch

Kilwa Kivindji
our Divisional HQ 132 miles south of
Dar-es-Salaam

Ssingino

where he rejoined us before
moving to Beaumont's Post

Road to Mgerigeri

Beaumont's Post
outside which he was
killed, - June 12, 1917.

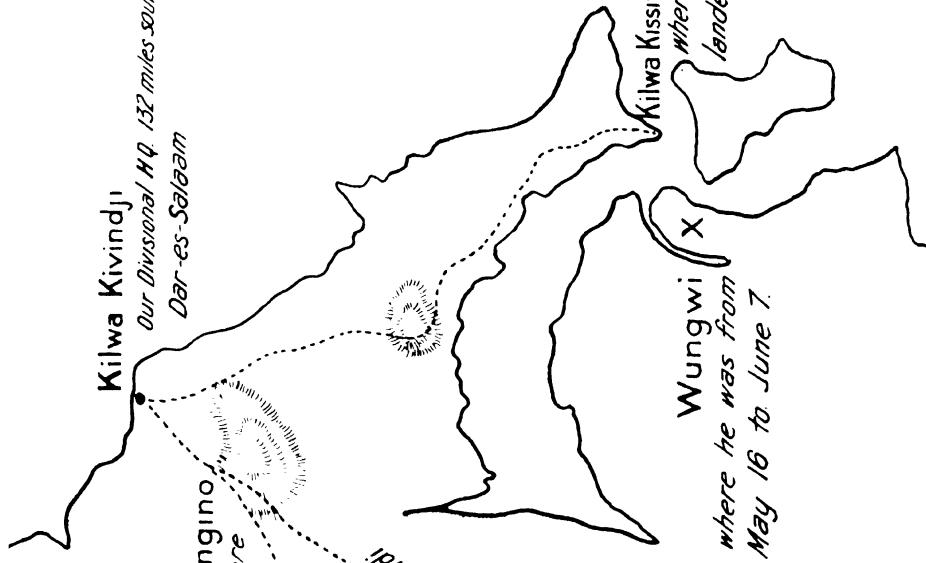
Narumgombe

where Capt. Bulkeley, Mr. Power &
Mr. Taylor were killed, & Capt. Scott
was badly wounded. - July 19, 1917.

Wungwi

where he was from
May 16 to June 7

Kilwa Kissiwanzi
where he landed



TRACING OF MAP OF KILWA DISTRICT, EAST AFRICA

PART VI.

WAR.

EAST AFRICA.

WE are now come to the last, brief stage of your brother's service on earth.

After some fifteen months on the bare desert of the Arabian front at Aden, the 33rd Punjabis were ordered to East Africa, and found their destination in a totally different kind of warfare, in the tropical jungles and swamps of the low coast-lands about Kilwa Kivinji, and the mouth of the Ngaura and other streams, about 130 miles south of Dar-es-Salaam. This change in the conditions of their warfare was aggravated by a lamentable deficiency of medical equipment.

But before they reached Kilwa, they enjoyed on a visit to the Seychelles, scenery and mountain air of a happy contrast both to the "barren rocks of Aden" and the jungles of the East African coast ; and your brother had his last, very brief, holiday.

On the approach to the Seychelles, after giving a description of life on board, he wrote as follows :—

"H.M.S. 'Purnea'. April 27, 1917.—My cabin companion is Dempster. He is Quarter Master of the Regt. and is in the I.A.R.O. —before the war a tea-planter in Assam.

"We are in among the Seychelles Islands, making for Mahé, the largest. Those which we have passed all rise quickly from the sea, with quite respectable cliffs, which show up yellow with bushes interspersed and in a few places, trees in abundance. The sun shining on the bushy slopes of the islands shows them up in parts with a ruddy glow—not unlike a blaze of purple heather. [Later].—We have just reached Mahé

—a most beautiful harbour, a lovely place, all green, the hills, or rather one great hill, rising very steeply, beautiful cool-looking bungalows dotted about amongst the trees. It looks delightful. We haven't seen such green for ages.

“We are awaiting orders—probably we shall join a convoy and go on with it to East Africa. I hope we shall get a few days to see the place.”

“*April 28th, 1917.*—This island, Mahé, appears after the barrenness of Aden, to be a very heaven with all its green. Last night, Dempster and I went on shore and had a drive round, finishing up at the Club where there were one or two planters and a lot of Navy men. We got back to dinner, and had a cheery evening with the officers of H.M.S. ——, who had been our escort.”

“*Sunday, 29th April.*—Spent morning quietly on board. Went ashore in afternoon for a cricket match, the 33rd and H.M.S. —— v. Seychelles, quite good though we won easily. I was not playing, but enjoyed looking on. It was a lovely green field they played on, such a relief after Aden.”

“*Monday, April 30th.*—Seychelles is in many ways connected with Mauritius and a lot of the people are Mauritians, mostly of French extraction. Dempster, whose father had been chief judge in Mauritius, found he knew some of these, and to-day he had them on board to lunch—Mons. and Mme. Gellé and a friend of theirs.

“H.M.S. —— and the 33rd got up some joint teams to play Seychelles at tennis. Bulkeley, Dempster and I acted as very efficient spectators.”

“*Tuesday, May 1st.*—Major Graham, Bulkeley, Scott and I lunched on board H.M.S. ——. In the afternoon Bulkeley and I and a R.N.R. fellow went together to the Botanic Gardens of Victoria, the little town by the harbour on the island of Mahé. These gardens are most beautiful with all their tropical plants.”

“*Wednesday, May 2nd.*—We (Bulkeley, Dempster and I) spent last night with the Gellé's friend, in order that we might start early this morning to climb Mont (or 'Morne' as they say) Seychellois.

“We started at 6.30 up a mountain path with trees on either side, Hibiscus, Jambosa, rubber, cocoanut, and capucins—so called from the shape of the seed which is about the size of a small egg and bears quite

a resemblance to a Capucin Monk with his hood. About an hour and a half up this path brought us to a little hut in a most beautiful situation some 1000 ft. up. Here we were met by a most hospitable old gentleman who gave us breakfast, after which we went on again with a native guide who cut a way for us through a very thick jungle of palm and other trees and all sorts of dense vegetation. All the way up, working through this jungle, we got but brief glimpses of any view, and saw the sky only through branches of trees and gaps in the thick foliage.

“By 12.30 we had reached a summit, but not the summit we were making for. We sent on our African guide to a peak to the N.W. connected with us by a semicircular ridge, to see if there was a good view. In the meantime we sat down to a little lunch. We found stuck in the fork of an old tree a bottle (neck downwards into the soft earth of the fork) in which was a bit of wood with the following inscription—‘A.G. G.H. L.K. 1874’. We wished we had had material to add our mark on the other side of the stick, as evidently very few people ever come up so far. It was the first time that Mons. Gellé had ever been up.

“Our guide shouted to us from the peak to which we had sent him that we should come along, following in the way he had cut in the jungle. We reached our destination quite quickly. The peak is almost 3000 ft., much higher than I had thought.

“Coming down was a much quicker job than going up, and by 3 p.m. we were again at the hut where we had breakfasted. We had a fine cold bath and found our host had prepared a splendid lunch for us. The four of us sat round a little table on the verandah with a most beautiful view in front—the slope of the hills, the harbour with its little pier, and the two warships and others, lying at anchor, while a huge sailing vessel was just coming in at the entrance. The smaller islands close by looked so pretty with their green, and with their bright sandy beaches, shining up silvery between the blue of the sea and the green of the island. The sea itself looked just like a ‘layer’ map, the different depths all so plainly marked.

“The family sat round us while we had our meal. They were all so nice and simple. First there was Mr. Gellé, who had been our ace of trumps over this expedition, making all the arrangements, and evidently liked by every one here. He is a barrister, educated at

Mauritius and at the Temple in London. Our kind old host was a solicitor, who spoke English brokenly with a strong French accent. There was a cousin of his who was the father of some jolly children—Albert and Renée, about 9 and 7 years old, and little Lily aged 3 or 4. They were awfully jolly kids, Renée about the same age as Margarete, with long golden hair and quite pretty. We had great games ; with startling rapidity I changed from 'l'ours' to 'le chameau,' to 'le cheval,' and all sorts of other things. The rides on 'le chameau' were the most popular.

"We spent a very happy afternoon, and it was 6 p.m. before we took our leave of this kind household. We came down in the cool of the evening with a great swing and were back in Victoria about 7 p.m. and got to the 'Purnea' for dinner.

"The day was a 'succes fou'. I have seldom spent a more enjoyable one, what with the climbing, one's companions, and the children—I certainly have not had so enjoyable a day for ages. We were so absolutely free from care and worry. It was a real treat, and I feel ever so much better for the exercise."

"*Thursday, May 3rd.*—We sailed out of harbour with our new escort. As we passed H.M.S. —— our escort thus far, we gave them three rousing cheers, which they returned with equal strength."

"*Sat., May 5. On board H.M.S. 'Purnea'.*—I have been busy working at some stuff that will be useful when we arrive. We hope to reach our destination (Dar es salaam ?) on Monday."

"*Monday, May 7, 1917.*—We have changed our course and are now going to Kilwa Kissiwani. We expect to arrive sometime this morning."

"*H.M.T. 'Purnea'. Tuesday, May 8th, 1917.*—Here we are at the end of our sea journey at Kilwa Kissiwani. Yesterday was busily spent in preparing for disembarkation, and sorting out our kit. All the transport here is by porters which means we can't take very much.

"This is an extraordinary place, up along a very long, narrow, though deep creek. We disembark on to some low ground with mounds covered with vegetation ; there are a number of huts and tents, but no buildings. Both yesterday and to-day it has rained, but they tell us that this week ends the rainy season. Half the battalion has already reached shore, and it is our turn to get into the lighters now, so good-

bye for the present. You will get all my previous news in letters that I gave to a doctor on board to post for me in Dar-es-Salaam when he gets there. The best of luck to you all, and the very best of love.

“From your very loving son, BEPPO.

“Am as fit as a fiddle. Tell Father I hope to write him from our next destination.”

“*Friday, May 11th.*—After disembarking, we marched a long six miles to this place where we encamped. It is on an atrocious road on the way from the point of disembarkation to Kilwa Kivinji, the H.Q. of this force. On the evening of the 9th the G.O.C. commanding the Force paid us a visit. Yesterday and to-day we have prepared for moving forward. To-morrow we march to Kilwa and then on—two days' march to the column of this Force to which we belong.”

“*Kilwa, Sunday, May 13th.*—Yesterday we marched on here. This is the H.Q. of the Force. On the march we halted in a grove of cocoanut trees and found the cocoanut milk most refreshing. . . . Any gifts to strafe mosquitos would be most welcome.”

“*From place unknown. Sunday, June 3rd, 1917.*—Mother, I feel absolutely ashamed of myself for not writing you for so long, but I have had such lots to do since I came to this place and so much to worry about that I really have not been able to get anything written. Well now, I'll carry on. I wrote you last about the 15th [it was the 13th. L.S.] from that good place where we were all together. We had hoped to be together there (of course I can't give names) for some weeks and get some training done in this kind of warfare, *so very different from what we had been accustomed to.*

“But on the 16th I was sent off with my Coy. on a special job (I am in command of A. Coy., all Punjabi Mahomedans, and Keegan is my Coy. officer). On the 17th we arrived at our original place of disembarkation, and went on board lighters and were towed by the Navy for some way—to be finally shot by them into a mangrove swamp. Some wading brought us to dry land where we were met by a mysterious Dago-looking fellow who turned out to belong to our Intelligence Dept. A few hundred yards brought us to the Camp—a piece of high dry wooded ground more or less surrounded by swamp—and we found one of the officers of the lot we had relieved was to come to the 33rd. His

name is Taylor and he's in the I.A.R.O. ; was formerly a planter in Burma. He's a very good and capable fellow and as he has already done over a year here, he's very useful in teaching us the work.

" Our first ten days here had little excitement, but plenty of work getting the place into order, for very much had to be done—the swamp has now dried up a good deal. Then we had 5 or 6 days of minor excitements and alarms, and now we are quieter again.

" You will be amused to hear that for a few days I had a small naval detachment under me. They were a splendid lot and I was so sorry to lose them. It meant having another officer in our little Mess which was very cheery. One thing has kept me very busy all this time—looking after the sick, for in a place like this, there is bound to be a lot of sickness. And up till a couple of days ago *I had no medical assistance at all*, and had to look after all the sick, both Sepoys and African porters, myself. It was no light job, and took up an awful lot of time. However by dint of worrying and annoying people, I have at last got a sub-assistant surgeon and it makes all the difference. The last few days we've all had our 'go' of fever. Taylor started, then Keegan, and then I. Taylor and I are quite all right again—but Keegan is not right yet. It is very quiet here, as one never sees anyone, except when the naval officers pay us a visit.

" Since leaving Aden we've had no letters at all, but I'm not worrying, as I know how many you must have sent, and it'll be all the more when the mail does arrive—we hope for it daily."

" *Same place. Tuesday, June 5th.*—This morning I had a parade, and I am shortly going to give a lecture to the I.O.'s and N.C.O.'s on work in this country. Then we shall have a game of rounders—(the Capt. of H.M.S. — very kindly gave me a couple of tennis balls for this). Then I shall have a bath, dinner, a smoke, and early to bed."

" *Same Place. Thursday, June 7th.*—We have been relieved here, and are now simply awaiting boats to take us off. Whilst waiting, we have had a slight excitement. It's been fairly busy handing over, etc., but that's finished now. Before long we shall be with Colonel Graham, Scott, and the rest of them, I expect."

" *East African Expeditionary Force. Sunday evening, June 10th, 1917.*—My dear Mother,—After a couple of days' marching, I am back at Regt. H.Q. again.

“ This is to give you the joyful news that a mail from home is just in. Again I have come off an easy winner. You all have been so good writing me so regularly. You can hardly guess what a treat all your letters are to me. I have not yet had time to open any of them, and as we start marching early to-morrow, I must get to sleep now, but I’m so looking forward to reading them quietly, at our destination to-morrow night.

“ How I have been thinking of you all at home this quiet Sunday evening, and remembering Sunday evenings of the past at home, and looking forward to others soon to come, I hope. Much love to you all.

“ From your very loving son, BEPPO.”

That was the last letter he wrote.

Early on the morning of Monday, 11th June, the Force left Kilwa and marched to Beaumont’s Post, near the River Ngaura.

The packet of home letters was never opened—for when the regiment reached their destination, Beppo was told off to take a patrol early the next morning to explore the new country. Again he put aside his desire to read his letters till his work should be accomplished.

On Tuesday, 12th June, he went out with a patrol to reconnoitre the ground. The country was very thick bush with long grass, in some places 12 ft. high—as unlike the Aden country as could well be imagined. The patrol was a mixed one, 26 strong, half Gold Coast Regiment and half from Dunlop’s Company of Punjabis. When about two miles from their base in the direction of Kilwa, a heavy fire was opened on them by a German ambush which was at the side of the path, well concealed in a very dense belt of jungle ; it was evidently lying in wait for a ration convoy which was expected that morning. All of the patrol were killed or wounded. Beppo was hit by a bomb. The Gold Coast sergeant was hit in the shoulder. He said, “ I told the Captain Sahib I had been hit and he sat up. He got hit almost at once.”

The Colour Havildar of the 33rd was killed and his orderly, and only the Gold Coast sergeant and one or two men were able to make their way back to Beaumont’s Post with the news.

A large party went out and brought them in.

His friend Capt. Bruce Scott wrote : " We buried him in the evening with a Union Jack over him. The Colonel (Colonel Graham) read the service, and Bulkeley, Dempster, Power and I carried him, followed by his Machine Gunners and Indian Officers. We gave him the best resting place we could. You have the very, very deepest sympathy of all ranks of the regiment who will always remember Dunlop Smith Sahib."

The Colonel wrote, " We have placed a small wooden Cross on his grave. The men of the regiment who were killed with him, are buried quite close to him ; there were six, including his orderly. We were all deeply affected as we had all learnt to love your son. I know his services were very much appreciated at Sheikh Othman, and I can only say I never wish to have a more zealous and hard-working officer under me."

And so our boy's work on earth came to an end. After the way he had struggled with his difficulties, and the strenuous and patient care he had devoted to train himself for useful service—after his labours had begun to bear fruit, and every prospect lay before him of a distinguished and useful career, it seems to our human understanding very mysterious. But—the end is not yet.

And in the meantime, do they not man the outposts of our Empire and testify to its unity, the young British Officer and his Indian soldiers, whose bodies lie together in the jungle of East Africa ?

Colonel Ridgway, who returned to the regiment at the end of June, wrote : " I was very fond indeed of your boy, and feel his loss keenly : he was a most excellent officer, very keen, and a thoroughly lovable gentleman. I had occasion to recommend him in my report some little time ago for a mention in dispatches, for the excellent work he did with the Machine Gun Section, and I do trust that his name may appear in time."

The following came from Colonel Graham in answer to one of mine.

“ D.A. Q. M.G. Base, Daressalam, 14:h Nov., 1917.

“ The place to which your Boy went (on the 17th May), was Wungwi, opposite Kilwa Kissiwani (where the regt. had landed)—as the Germans had been shelling the ships in the harbour. He took over from a detachment of the Kashmir Rifles, and had a Mr. Taylor with him, who had been at Wungwi and knew all about the place ; he belonged to the 57th, was an Indian Army Reserve Officer, and a very plucky one too. I am sorry to say he has been killed since at Narum-gombe, when Capt. Bulkeley and Mr. Power were also killed.

“ There is no need to tell you how well your son did at Wungwi, for he always did well. When he undertook a job he always carried it through, and never spared himself any trouble. He did magnificently in Aden with the Brigade Machine Guns, and I know they missed him when he left with the Regt.

“ I don't know whether he ever told you about a small expedition the 33rd had above Aden, just before we left. I was then commanding, and we were taken up the coast, escorted by two men of war, and then landed and marched 15 miles through heavy sand, carrying our Machine guns—had a small fight, captured two old guns, a lot of ammunition and destroyed the Sultan's palace. General Stewart was very pleased, but no one in the Regt. got anything out of it. Your boy did as well as anyone else, and we all tried our best, as we were a very happy family in those days. I hope you will not hesitate to write and ask me any questions you may think of—it is no trouble, and I love doing it for the sake of an old friend. I looked upon those three boys, Capts. Scott and Bulkeley and your Boy as my own, and treated them accordingly. Yours sincerely, ROBERT GRAHAM.

“ I am making you a tracing from the map, showing you exactly where the places were. I cannot send you a map as I should get into trouble with the Censor.”

Colonel Ridgway also wrote : “ In any future reference the proper name of this place is Mbanga, roughly 10 miles southward from Ssingino Hill on the Kilwa Lindi Road, and some $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles farther from Kilwa itself. The grave is not on the direct road, but about 800 yards to the East of the actual Beaumont's Post (on the Kilwa Lindi road) so called because the first officer who made it was Beaumont.

“Just South of the Post (800 yds.) is the crossing over the Ngaura river. The grave is covered with large stones and protected by branches on all sides against the depredations of animals. On the wooden cross is “Killed in action, June 12, 1917. Captain Robert Dunlop Smith, 33rd Punjabis.”

“I am taking the liberty of sending you a sketch, executed by an officer of the carrier corps, by name Lt. Murray, of your boy’s grave. The etching is excellent and gives a very good idea of the grave and its surroundings. In the foreground are the graves of two of the six men who were killed at the same time.”

The following letter was sent us recently from Lt. W. H. Stevenson, 33rd Punjabis.

“Kacha Garhi, N.W. Frontier, India, 2nd May, 1920.

“The Indian officers had a teaparty for the British officers yesterday, and I mentioned to some of them that I had seen Beppo’s relations when I was at home. One of the Indian officers, Jemadar Sohna Khan, who was Beppo’s Machine Gun Havildar, said he had been trying to get your address ever since he had returned to India as he wanted to write you a letter. I send his letter with a literal translation. He was evidently deeply attached to Beppo and was overjoyed at the opportunity of writing to you. Yours very sincerely, W. H. STEVENSON.”

“I/33 Punjabis, Kacha Garhi, 1st May, 1920.

“Your honours, I send my respects to you and your family. I am very sorry that up to the present I have not been able to find out your address, and so could not write to you.

“The Captain Sahib’s death was a great sorrow to me, as he used to treat me always like a brother. For this reason I shall always remember him and his relations. I hope that perhaps you will write me an answer some time.

“I trust that you feel your great loss less severely, remembering that the Captain Sahib died so bravely as he did. I, with my own hand, buried the Captain Sahib, and I keep always in my heart all connected with his burial and grave.

“ I send my sympathy for your loss through the death of the Captain Sahib’s brother. I and all those who were in the Machine Gun Section send their salaams and sympathy. SOHNA KHAN, *Jemadar, 1/33 Punjabis.*”

From Lt. Col. D. M. Tomory. Port Health Officer.

Dar-es-salaam, 9th Sept., 1917.

“ Dear Principal Smith.—I landed some sick and wounded from Kilwa a few days ago, and in conversation with Major Graham, heard the very sad news that your son Capt. R. Dunlop Smith was one of those who had been killed in the neighbourhood of Kilwa, at a previous engagement to that from which I am receiving patients. Major Graham and all of them speak so highly of him and are full of grief at the loss of so fine a young officer.

“ I would also express my respectful sympathy. Personally I did not know him, as he landed at Kilwa from the Indian transport that brought him—the ‘Purnea’. It came on here, and in the course of my duty I visited the ship and the officer asked me to take their letters ashore to post them. The top letter in the bundle was addressed to you and the officer told me that Capt. Dunlop Smith was your son. So I wrote him at once asking him to call on me if he came here, and asking if there was anything I could do for him. I have felt the news of his death as a personal grief for your sake, and my heart is full of sympathy for you and yours in this great sorrow. The respect and affection with which his brother officers speak of him is deep and sincere. That, and the honour of his life and death, and that he gave his life for his country are the only thoughts of comfort I can presume to offer you, who know so well the sources of true comfort and have so often yourself helped to bind up the broken hearts of others.”

Lt. Neville, who had succeeded Dunlop as M.G.O. at Aden, wrote :

“ 69th Punjabis, Aden, 22/10/17.

“ It was with the greatest sorrow I received news of the death of your son. I find it difficult to express to you my feelings, but I offer you on my own behalf and on behalf of the remaining members of the old M.G. Mess our sincerest sympathy.

“ We have heard little news from East Africa, but Col. Harding our C.O., met some sepoys of the 33rd in Bombay. From them he gathered that your son was surrounded in thick jungle while out scouting, and fell fighting to the end. I have had many inquiries throughout Aden, where his loss is keenly felt.

“ He was a welcome guest in every Mess, which his *joie de vivre* never failed to cheer. The Machine Gun Mess during his able Presidency was known throughout the Force as the cheeriest in Aden. Grousing and bad temper were unknown, though we were admittedly the hardest-worked unit here. The Coy. has since been recognised by the War Office, and has been placed on a firm basis. It is a great pity he had not the satisfaction of knowing this, for it was due to his intense enthusiasm and untiring efforts, as well as his able pioneer work that this was made possible, in spite of considerable opposition from India.

“ I was chatting to the men of my old section, every one of whom served under him. They have never been so happy as they were under his command. They knew that they were always treated fairly, and that if there was anything he could do to increase their comfort he would do it, counting the trouble a pleasure.

“ Always a keen sportsman, he not only organised games among the officers of the station, but created a most admirable *esprit de corps* among the Machine Gun sections by starting Coy. games and doing everything to further them. To-day the M.G. teams are among the best in the station.

“ It was with regret I left the M.G. Coy. to do Adjt. to the Regt. There are now only two of the old M. Gun Coy. left here—Hosking being the other. Taylor (of the Cavalry) is still here.

“ Jabir, I regret to say, I have lost sight of. He went with his master to East Africa. Many attempts were made to keep him here. Had not the orderly refused to lose sight of him, I might have had him now. I tried hard at the time. Yours sincerely, F. NEVILLE.”

Capt. Bruce Scott wrote later, saying :—

“ Dunlop’s dog, Jabir, was left behind at Ssingino with the 40th Pathans, when we went forward to Beaumont’s Post. I expect he was taken and kept by some officer or other on permanent duty in Kilwa.”

Letter from Revd. Dr. John C. Young, Aden.

" Port Health Officers' Bungalow, Aden, 21st July, 1917.

" Dear Lady Adam Smith,—I cannot tell you how sorry I was to-night when I heard of your gallant son's death in East Africa.

" I have not as yet heard any particulars as to how he fell, but Major Williams of the Devon Battery met me to-night, and told me that he had seen a notice of his death in the *Times of India*, Weekly Edition, for the 30th June. A little further on, Capt. Gull confirmed the news, and said how sorry all his brother officers were when they heard of his death. He was such a generous soul that all liked him, for his sunny smile always disarmed resistance and drew out the best that was in a man.

" It will always be a pleasure to me to remember that it was in the East that I met him, as out here so many are tried and found wanting. For nothing moved him, he clung to his father's principles and was never ashamed of his mother's God. Every one knew exactly where he stood in matters of right and wrong, for he was an earnest, honest, upright Christian man who exemplified by his walk and conversation his love of both God and man. Consequently I feel certain that in years to come the men of his regiment will tell of the Machine Gun Officer's bravery, as well as repeat stories of his tact and talent in dealing with his men, so that being dead he will yet speak a good word for Jesus.

" Dr. Smith and you have had to suffer grievous loss, but like so many others at this time you do not sorrow as those who have no hope. Both your sons were ready for the call—ready for service or for sacrifice, and I can vouch for it that while in Aden, Dunlop longed for skill to do his duty both to King and Country, but he also aspired to the highest Service and longed for that nobility of soul and valour of spirit that would make him the least selfish of men and the most loyal of subjects, as well as the staunchest of friends. Yours with deepest sympathy, JOHN C. YOUNG."

From Dr. J. C. Young, Aden, to Dr. George Smith, Edinburgh.

" 31st July, 1917.

" My dear Dr. Smith.—I cannot tell you how depressed I felt when ~~my~~ devoted Mother and Son, he always spoke of you as if that were the case."

hearted, loyal-hearted young fellow that all respected him, although of course there were some who differed from him *toto caelo*. No one could live the pure, true, honest Christ-like life that he did without encountering opposition, and no one could work as he worked without less energetic men finding fault ; but though I have heard it said that he was the hardest working man in the Brigade ; that he was always 'swotting up' something, that he was far too conscientious in everything he did, yet I never heard a serious word spoken against him, and now all here lament his death, as the death of one who was upright and honest, as well as 'true to the core'.

" As Machine Gun Officer he came into closer touch both with the men of his own unit and the native officers of other Regts. than he could possibly have done had he not been in that position, and I can assure you that no European officer ever won their love, friendship, and esteem so quickly as he did.

" The first time I went to Sheikh Othman to hold a service, my motor car had wandered into the market, and he came along with me to find it. Some native officers, seeing us, came over and saluted. They did not belong to his regiment, but immediately he asked if they had seen the car, two of them said that they would find it, and when we got to where it was, we found that one had gone to search for the driver while the other was doing his best to start the car and get it into position for us. That incident in itself spoke volumes to me, and the cheery smile with the ready help showed the place that Dunlop held in their hearts. . . . I believe that in this new sphere his capacity for work and for real friendship will be utilised by Him who doeth all things well.

" With truest sympathy and warm affection,

" Yours most sincerely, JOHN C. YOUNG."

Extract from a letter to us from Mrs. Moffat, Missionary, Madras.

" The enclosed letter was sent to me by a former student of my husband's, and I feel sure it will comfort you to know how greatly your son's Christian life influenced those around him. The writer of the letter is P. Poonoose, a Syrian Christian. He joined up at the beginning of the war, and is now a Jemadar in the 75th Carnatic Infantry."

The letter referred to is the following :—

awful shock : our own loss seems so acute and so real that I hardly dare think of what you must be passing through.

" Just every corner in this house and round it seems to remind one of him. Once, the day he was leaving us, it was winter, and we had some people in to tea—the boys were early in bed and were ready for their prayers just as the people left. Beppo came in with us—and first there was a great game—and then we all knelt down together while the boys said their prayers. I remember so well, when my brother was missing, and A. got the cable to say he was a prisoner, I was in the kitchen and Anderson ran down to tell me, and Beppo was waiting at the top of the stairs to tell me *how* glad he was. We just loved every minute of the time he was with us always, because he was so genuine, and so easy to make happy—just a home boy, and he used to read out to us in the evenings often—sometimes things his Father had written, once or twice an essay of his own 'one on Lord Roberts I remember

75th Carnatic's Indian Officer, Dr. Young writes : ' Mr. Poonouse of the 75th Carnatic's is a regular attender at Church, both in Sheikh Othman when stationed there, and here when he is stationed at Steamer Point. At present he is at Steamer Point, and I always see him on Sunday at Church and on Thursday nights at my Bible Class. I think he was at Sheikh Othman when I first heard of Dunlop's death, and so must have heard what I said there. But I also spoke at Steamer Point of him and his faithfulness, and reminded my hearers how he had partaken of the Communion with us on the first Sunday in April.'

We received this letter from Mrs. McCormick—wife of Major McCormick—who had been very kind to Dunlop, and to all the young officers at Aden.

" My husband says he is sure you would like to hear that your son made a very good name for himself as Brigade Machine Gun Officer, and besides that, he was a great favourite with every one who knew him.

" He had, I think, the most beautiful face of any one I have ever met, and he was as good as he was handsome, and the world is so much poorer now, and the Regiment, to have lost him. We feel as if we have lost a real friend in him. I do wish I could tell you how dreadfully sorry I feel for you. I think you and he must have been an unusually devoted Mother and Son, he always spoke of you as if that were the case."

hearted, loyal-hearted young fellow that all respected him, although of course there were some who differed from him *toto caelo*. No one could live the pure, true, honest Christ-like life that he did without encountering opposition, and no one could work as he worked without less energetic men finding fault ; but though I have heard it said that he was the hardest working man in the Brigade ; that he was always 'swotting up' something, that he was far too conscientious in everything he did, yet I never heard a serious word spoken against him, and now all here lament his death, as the death of one who was upright and honest, as well as 'true to the core'.

"As Machine Gun Officer he came into closer touch both with the men of his own unit and the native officers of other Regts. than he could possibly have done had he not been in that position, and I can assure you that no European officer ever won their love, friendship, and esteem so quickly as he did.

He wasn't the typical soldier. He never would have been if there was a reserve strength in him which was known to his friends, and these friends swore by him. I do not know what his career would have been ; perhaps his ideals were too high for success, but he would have been—and was—a power for right wherever he went, and in whatever he had to do. His purpose was single, and his life was a reflection of it.

"We were talking last night of his games with the boys, how he joined with us at their bedside, when they were saying their evening prayers—and how he helped us to choose a name for wee Maisie. How he loved to talk about holidays in Arran, and the humours of Old Aberdeen, and of how George and he spent their last halfpenny on a newspaper at Southampton [returning from a trip together in Jersey], and they reached London with nothing. It was all of a piece—all sunshine—no clouds. As my wife has often said 'If our boys can only grow to be like him'. Yours sincerely, A. G. McKENDRICK."

From Mrs. McKendrick.

"The Firs, Kasauli, 5th July, 1917.

"My dear Lady Smith,—We were dining out 2 nights ago, and met some people from Bareilly, who told us the news. It came as an

awful shock : our own loss seems so acute and so real that I hardly dare think of what you must be passing through.

“ Just every corner in this house and round it seems to remind one of him. Once, the day he was leaving us, it was winter, and we had some people in to tea—the boys were early in bed and were ready for their prayers just as the people left. Beppo came in with us—and first there was a great game—and then we all knelt down together while the boys said their prayers. I remember so well, when my brother was missing, and A. got the cable to say he was a prisoner, I was in the kitchen and Anderson ran down to tell me, and Beppo was waiting at the top of the stairs to tell me *how* glad he was. We just loved every minute of the time he was with us always, because he was so genuine, and so easy to make happy—just a home boy, and he used to read out to us in the evenings often—sometimes things his Father had written, once or twice an essay of his own (one on Lord Roberts I remember specially), and then Newbolt’s poems or Kipling—but it was always the same simple soul, so genuine and *so* humble. His one thought when George had been killed seemed to be—if only he had been spared, because he would have been so much more of a help to you and to others, and *he*, Beppo, had been taken. . . .

“ He always looked so strong and well-knit in his khaki shorts and stockings. What games he used to have with our boys ! If they could grow up as loving and simple and true as he was, I would be very proud.

“ I wonder if you know how much he cheered our Welsh minister here. He is a Baptist missionary, but also takes the services in the Presbyterian Church. He has had a stiff time, with small congregations, lack of enthusiasm, etc. ; and after Beppo left Kasauli—I think after his second visit—he sent a cheque for Rs.30, and said how much he had enjoyed the services. It was a real help to Mr. Williams, who is a splendid preacher, and a good man. The last time he came here, Beppo had arranged his leave so as to be there for the Communion Service, on the first Sunday in the month. . . .

“ But what impressed us so much, was his tremendous love for his home—every bit of it, and every inmate of it—and his pride in you all, especially you and his father ; and we felt it a real privilege when he could talk to us about George, and read some of those letters, for the love there was so deep. It must seem so long since you saw him, and

he must have so grown and developed. We are very grateful for those visits he gave us here. We have a carpet and some khud sticks which he sent us to keep for him—and a book of his father's on the Psalms which he lent us.

“ Is there anything at all we could do for you ? Anderson is trying to write to the Principal. With love from us both, and just all our sympathy. Yours very sincerely, M. McKENDRICK.”

From Hector McNeill, Lorne's brother.

“ Khatau Mansions, Bombay, 10th Aug., 1917.

“ I hardly know what to say to you. . . . Dear Beppo, I think he was one of the finest characters I ever knew, manly to a degree, and with a nature so gentle and unselfish. I knew him as a boy at home, and out here I knew him as a man. His friendship with Lorne I shall never forget. They were wonderful friends. They and George died as they had lived, in the finest possible manner, and now they are with each other again. You will be proud that your boy has given his life for his country. There is no finer death.

“ Yours affectionately, HECTOR L. McNEILL.”

From his Aunt Annie, Mrs. M. S. D. Butler.

“ Murree, July 31, 1917.

“ I think with the greatest happiness of my few hours with Beppo on the 'Kaiser-i-hind' last November, in Aden roads. He was the first on the ship in the doctor's launch, and the last to leave at 10.30 that night. I was simply determined not to miss a moment of his time and I feel I was inspired to arrange his dining with me—against all orders—and thus prolonging our talk. How the children loved him ! While Nannie went to her dinner, he and I sat with them, and instantly they were on his knee, and talking to him as if they had known him always.

“ Much love to you all from ANN.”

From Major Charles Aitchison Smith.

“ In Camp, Gilgit, Kashmir, 31st July, 1917.

“ Words are useless—but I can say how much I feel for you both, as I loved the lad. What a career he gave promise of, the dear boy!

“ I am with the Mehtar of Chitral at present. He and his nobles, although unknown to you personally, ask me to send their respectful sympathy to you both—adding that such a death is the highest honour the boy could have gained, however hard it may be for you.

“ Young Nazar, his servant, is very broke about it.

“ Yours as ever, CHARLES.”

We cannot more fitly close this Memoir of our boy, than by quoting from a letter he wrote when proceeding on active service between Bombay and Suez—a letter to be sent to his father in the event of his death.

“ S.S. ‘ Scindia ’. Dec. 26, 1915.

“ Before leaving Bareilly, I made out my Will for everything to be left to you. [He then makes provision for his servant Nazar.] There will be many things among my kit that will come in useful for Alick.

“ I want those six Volumes of Napier’s *Peninsular War* given to the 4th Btn. of the Rifle Brigade, who were so good to me, and with whom I spent such a happy year.

“ I want you to send one of my Ibex heads, mounted, to the Glasgow Academy, where you know well I spent such happy school-days.”

He then gives a long list of friends “ whom I should like to have some small belonging of mine, so that they will sometimes be brought to think of an old friend.”

“ My two dogs, Punch and Whangy, I left in Bareilly with Peckover and Conner who were to keep them for me. They had better remain there.” [He paid their “ separation allowance,” 7 rupees a month, all the time till he died.]

“ My rifle, at present in charge of the depot, I want given to any good young fellow you know of coming out here.

“ I shall send this to Dr. Kelman to give you in the event of my death.

“ If I do go, I hope I'll keep up the honour of my home and country and die worthy of my old school, and of the two regiments to which I have belonged.

“ Don't sorrow for me. You know that I shall be with George and other friends who have gone in this War. I shall have died happily. One can't die better than in doing one's duty.

“ You may be sure I shall be thinking of you all at the last, and of all the happy times we have had together. How grateful I am to Mother and you for all you have done for us all.

“ Give them all my love—especially my love to Mother and yourself. God bless you all.

From your very loving son,

BEPPO.

“ A life wasted that might have been useful ?

“ Men who have died for men in all ages, forgive the thought !

“ There is a heritage of heroic example and noble obligation not reckoned in the wealth of nations, but essential to a nation's life ; the contempt of which, in any people, may, not slowly, mean even its commercial fall.

“ Very sweet are the uses of prosperity, the harvests of peace and progress, the fostering sunshine of health and happiness, and length of days in the land.

“ But there be things—oh, sons of what has deserved the name of Great Britain, forget it not !—‘ the good of ’ which, and ‘ the use of ’ which, are beyond all calculation of worldly goods and earthly uses ; things such as Love, and Honour, and the Soul of Man, which cannot be bought with a price, and which do not die with death.”

J. H. EWING
(in “ Jackanapes ”).

It is three years ago to-day since our dear Son fell in East Africa. This Memoir has been written very fragmentarily during those years. Owing to the distance from home, to the delay in getting back his scattered papers and possessions, to the difficulty of communicating with his still more scattered friends, and finally to the fact that there was so large an amount of correspondence to be looked through, there have been so many breaks in its compilation as to make one at times wonder if one should leave it altogether.

But yet one could not forgive oneself if his dear memory were let die. In the hearts of his Father and Mother, his brother and older sisters and all those who really knew him, his memory will last as long as they have life to remember. But it is already dim to his younger sisters and to them the early family days are vague and indistinct or quite unknown. It is for them in particular, that this record has been made.

There is one word that sums up Beppo's life and character—Faithfulness.

And if this Memoir shows how, through all difficulties, disappointments, absence from home, and changes of fortune, that was the keynote of his life, it may be an inspiration and encouragement to us who are still living in this world.

That his faithful heart and loving interest are with us still, I have no doubt whatever.

Death has no dominion over them.

His MOTHER.

Chanonry Lodge,
Old Aberdeen,
June 12th, 1920.

